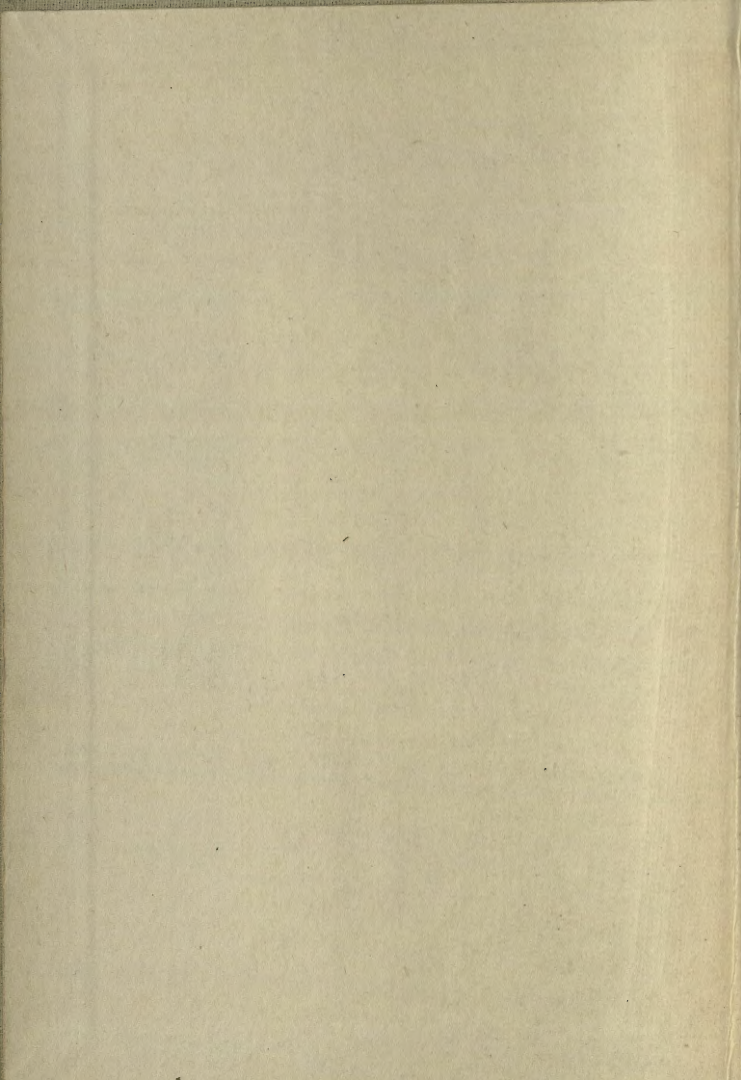
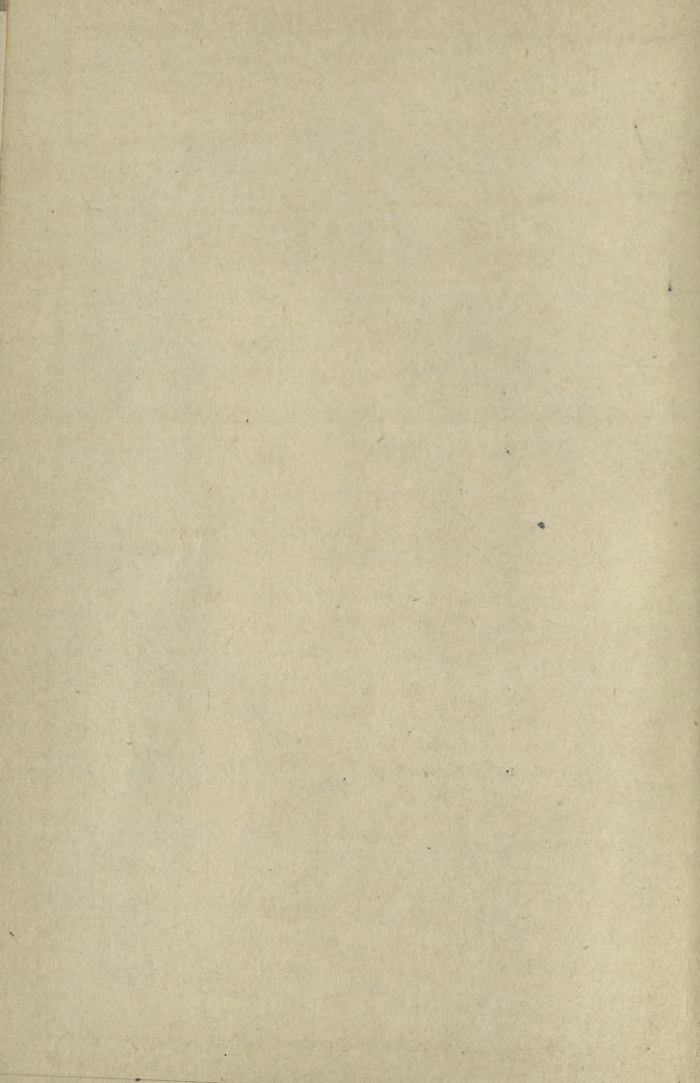


Crowns of Rejoicing

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS







Crowns of Rejoicing

FOR

CHURCH, SUNDAY-SCHOOL, EVANGELISTIC
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Edited and Compiled by

CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE

and

E. O. EXCELL

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MUSIC PUBLISHER

2205 Van Buren Street, Chicago

A PSALM OF PRAISE

Praise ye the Lord:
Praise God in his
sanctuary: praise him
in the firmament of
his power. ~ ~ ~ ~
Praise him for his mighty acts:
praise him according to his
excellent greatness. ~ ~
Praise him with the sound
of the trumpet: praise him
with the psaltery and harp:
Praise him with the timbrel
and dance: praise him with
stringed Instruments and
organs. ~ ~ ~ ~
Praise him upon the loud
cymbals: praise him upon
the high sounding cymbals:
Let every thing that hath
breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord. ~

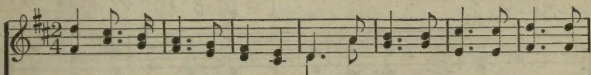
Crowns of Rejoicing

No. 1.

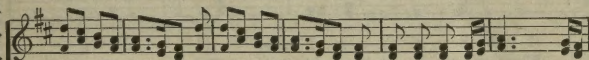
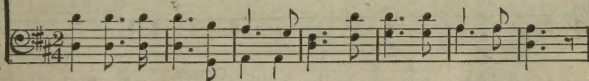
Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

G. F. Handel.

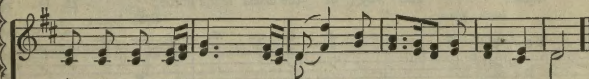
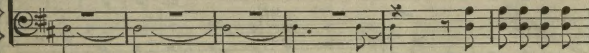


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

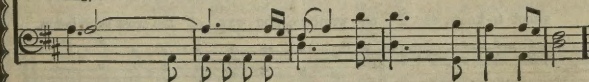


ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And Heav'n and nature sing, And
comes to make His bless-ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And Heav'n and nature



Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n, And Heav'n and na-ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, And won-ders of His love.
sing,.....



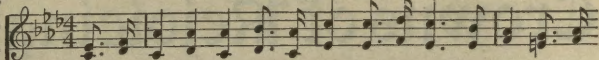
And Heav'n and nature sing,

No. 2. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

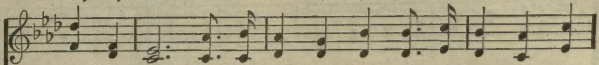
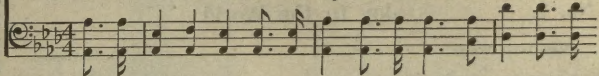
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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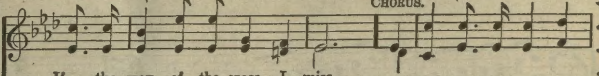
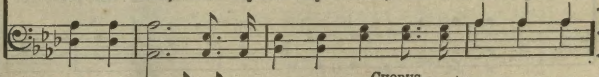
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it

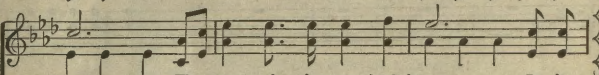
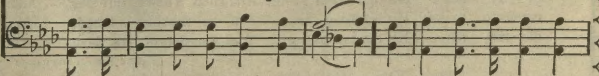


way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

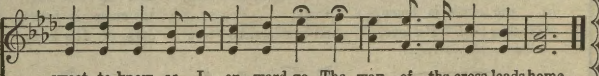
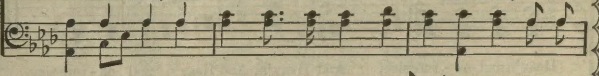


CHORUS.

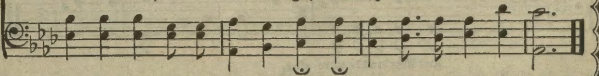
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;



sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.



No. 3.

No Compromise.

H. L.

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Haldor Lillenas.

1. No com-pro-mise with e - vil shall be our bat - tle cry, For God and
 2. No com-pro-mise with er - ror, for Bi - ble truth we stand, Let none re -
 3. No com-pro-mise with world-li-ness, no yield-ing to the wrong, No low - er -

right must con - quer, and sin and wrong must die; Un-flinch-ing we are stand-ing,
 move the land-marks e-rect-ed by God's hand. With loy-al-ty our watch-word
 ing the standard that's stood thro' a - ges long; With Je - sus as our Lead - er,

un-com-pro-mis-ing-ly Be - neath the flag of ho - li - ness for - ev - er
 and faith in Christ our stay, We'll brave-ly storm the forts of sin and thro' Him
 His Spir - it as our Guide, We'll firm - ly stand for righteousness what-ev - er

CHORUS.

we will be.
 win the day. No com-pro-mise, no com-pro-mise, This shall be our bat - tle -
 may be-tide.

cry,.... For God and Right we will bold-ly fight, We will keep the standard high.
 battle cry,

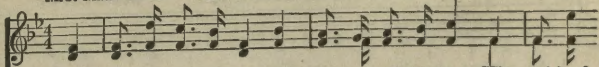
No. 4.

I Love Him More and More.

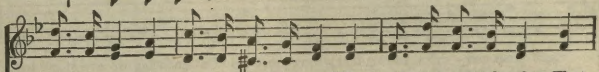
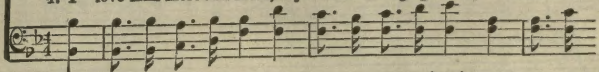
Mrs. Maud Hullt.

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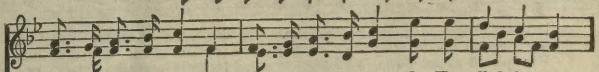
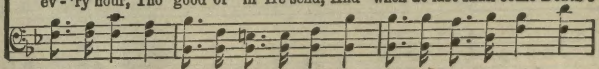
Haldor Lillenas.



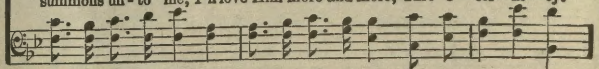
1. I love Him more and more, My Christ who died for me, Who suf-fered
2. I love Him more and more, For ev-'ry day and hour, In ev-'ry
3. I love Him more and more, And as each day goes by, I learn to
4. I love Him more and more, My soul's unchanging friend; I'll trust Him



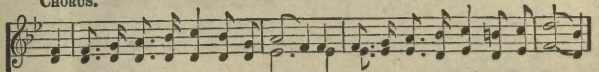
on the cross In pain and a-go-ny, Who paid the dread-ful price, That
walk of life He keeps me by His pow'r; Temp-tations may surround Me
rest in him, And feel Him ev-ernigh; And trust-ing un-to Him, The
ev-'ry hour, Tho' good or ill He send, And when at last shall come Death's



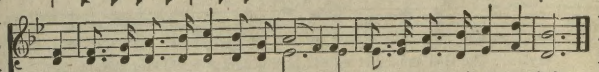
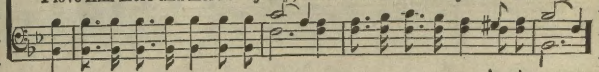
I might ransomed be, Each day He dear-er grows, For He died for me.
like an an-gry sea, I trust Him thro' the storm, Since He died for me.
path I can not see, I know He'll take me thro', For He died for me.
summons un-to me, I'll love Him more and more, Thro'e-ter-ni-ty.



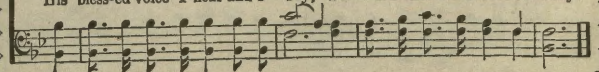
CHORUS.



I love Him more and more ev'ry day; His blood has washed my sin-stains a-way.



His bless-ed voice I hear and o-bey; I love Him more and more each day.

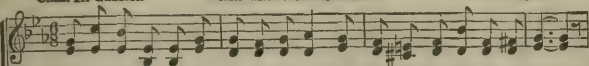


No. 5. Whom Have You Helped Today?

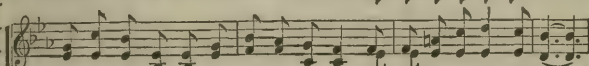
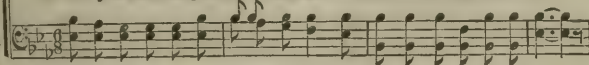
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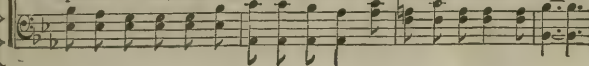
Fred H. Byshe.



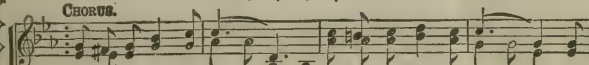
1. Ma-ny are anx-iously seek-ing to-day, For wis-dom to guide them a-right;
2. Ma-ny have bur-dens of sor-row to bear, And cross-es you never have known;
3. Ma-ny around you are sore-ly in need Of words you might eas-i-ly speak;
4. On-ly a word, as you hur-ry a-long! Who knows of the good it may do;



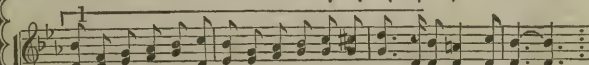
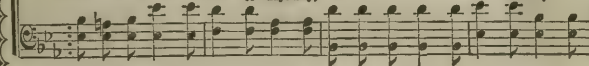
Al-most dis-cour-aged they grope on the way, Like wanderers in the night.
Trembling, they halt on the brink of de-spair, De-ject-ed, unsought, a - lone!
Pa-tient-ly, ear-nest-ly, mute-ly they plead With you for the aid they seek.
Spok-en in love, God will make it a song Of bless-ing and peace to you.



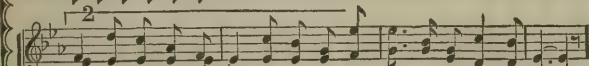
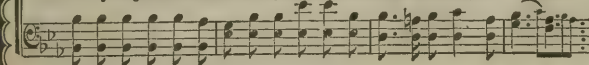
CHORUS.



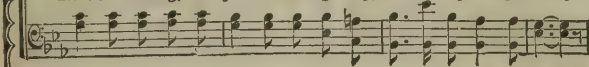
{ Whom have you helped today?	Whom have you helped to-day?... Whose
{ Whom have you helped today?	Whom have you helped to-day?... Your
	to-day? Say, to-day?



cares have you lightened? Whose face have you brightened? Whose tears have you wiped a-way?



heart con-fess-ing, Have you the blessing— Say, whom have you helped today?



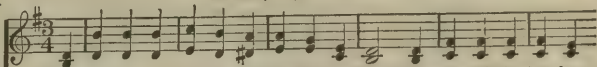
No. 6.

He is So Precious to Me.

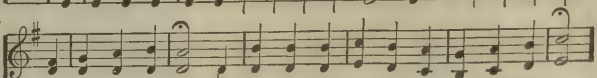
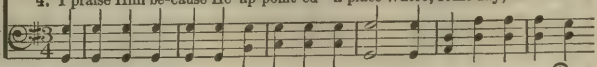
C. H. G.

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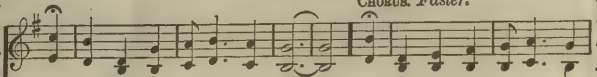
Chas. H. Gabriel.



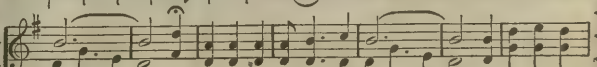
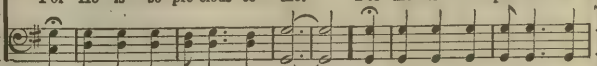
1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in



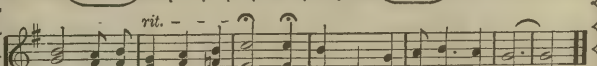
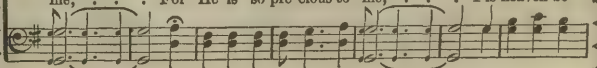
with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

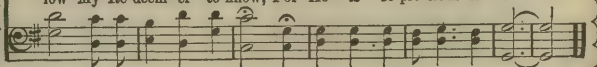
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so}me



pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'Tis heaven be-



rit. low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.



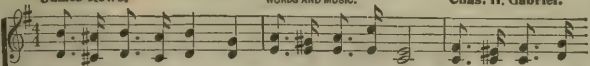
No. 7.

Trust His Precious Love:

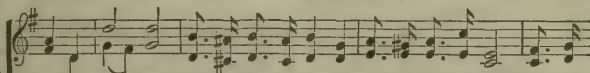
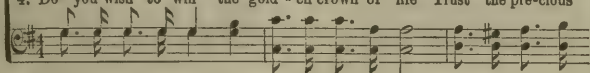
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

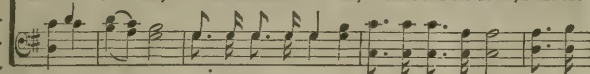
Chas. H. Gabriel.



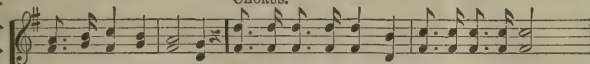
1. Would you feel your life grow sweet - er ev - 'ry day? Trust the pre-cious
2. If you wish to keep your soul from doubt and sin, Trust the pre-cious
3. Are you lost in dark - ness? Com-fort do you need? Trust the pre-cious
4. Do you wish to win the gold - en crown of life Trust the pre-cious



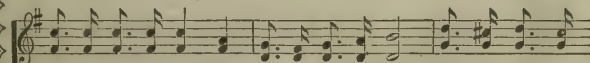
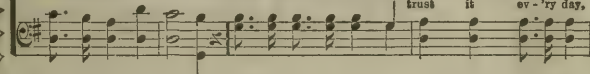
love of Je - sus; Would you see the thorns and shadows flee a-way? Trust the
love of Je - sus; He a - lone can keep you pure and sweet within, Trust the
love of Je - sus; To the lov - ing Sav-ior none in vain will plead Trust the
love of Je - sus; Till all storms are o - ver, till shall end the strife, Trust the



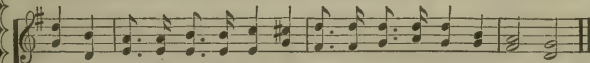
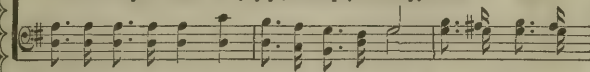
CHORUS.



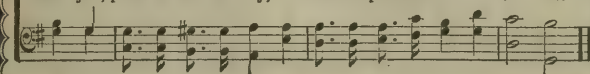
pre-cious love of Je - sus. Trust the love of Je - sus, trust it ev - 'ry day,
trust it ev - 'ry day,



Let it be your com - fort, joy and hope, and stay; Let it o - ver-



flow you, praise it all the way, Trust the pre-cious love of Je - sus.



No. 8.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
 heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

Rit. - - - - -

CHORUS.

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . . O that will be
 O that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
 be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;

rit. > > > I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

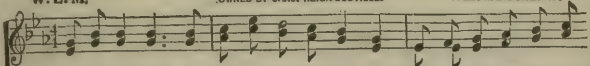
No. 9.

Count It All Joy.

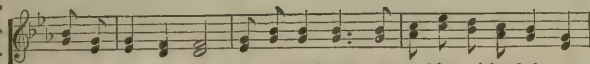
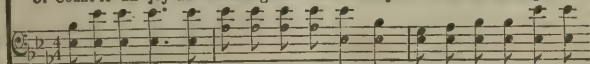
W. E. M.

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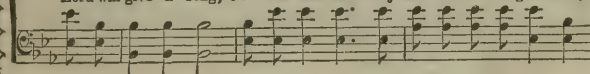
Wm. Edie Marks.



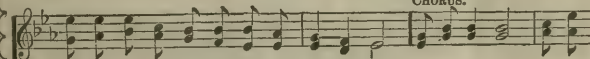
1. Count it all joy to bear the cross of Je - sus! Just a lit - tle bur - den
2. Count it all joy when sore - ly tried and tempted! He has promised grace to
3. Count it all joy when walking thro' the val - ley! E - ven in the night the



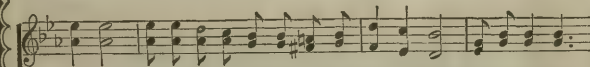
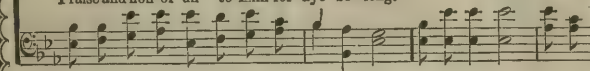
for the Mas - ter's sake; Soon there will be ex - ceed - ing weight of glo - ry
help in time of need; Trust - ing in God, press ev - er on to con - quer,
Lord will give a song; Je - sus can turn thy sor - row in - to glad - ness;



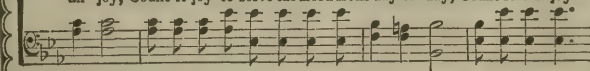
CHORUS.



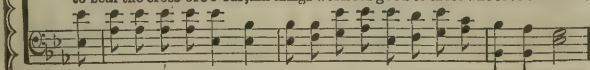
For His tried and faith - ful serv - ants to par - take.
He will al - ways prove to be a friend in - deed. Count it all joy, count it
Praise and hon - or un - to Him for aye be - long.



all joy, Count it joy to serve the Lord from day to day; Count it all joy



to bear the cross of Je - sus, All things work for good to those who love the Lord.



No. 13.

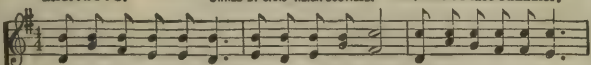
Gathering for the King.

Mrs. N. P. C.

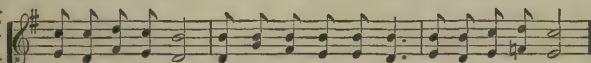
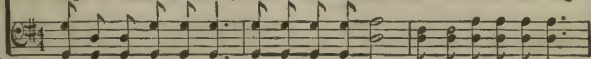
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

OWNED BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

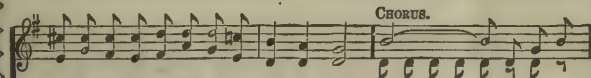
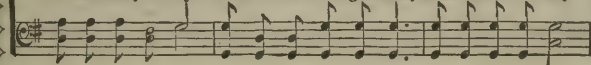
Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler,



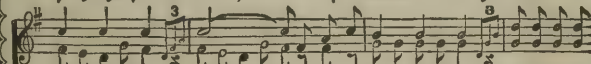
1. Har-vest fields are waving with the ripened grain, Hear the call, O reap-er!
2. Plen-te-ous the harvest, la-bor-ers are few; You have promis'd, worker,
3. Reap-er in life's harvest, hear the clar-ion call! Hast-en at His bid-ding



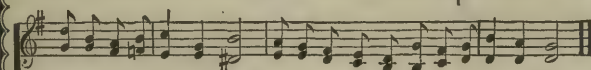
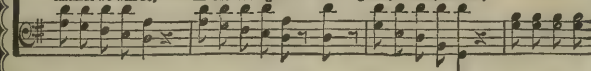
shall it be in vain! List-en! 'tis the Master, call-ing since the dawn;
 will you not be true? Faith-ful to thy du-ty, think not of thine ease;
 to the work, a-way! Rich re-ward He'll give thee, trust Him for it all;



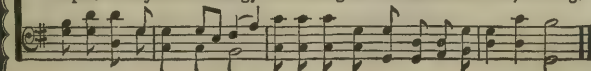
O, for earnest workers, ere the day is gone.
 Gath-er for thy Master precious gold-en sheaves! We.....have heard Thee
 Daylight soon will vanish, gather while you may. We have heard Thee call and



call-ing, Lord, In.....the field we'll glean for Thee; We will join the
 faithful we will be; In the waving field we'll glean, O Lord, for Thee;



reapers as they work and sing, Gath-er-ing the harvest for the Lord, our King.



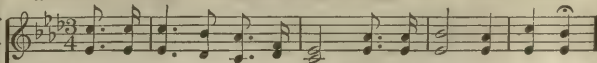
No. 16.

Spend One Hour With Jesus.

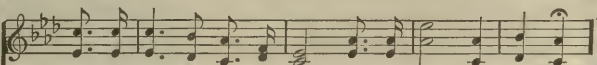
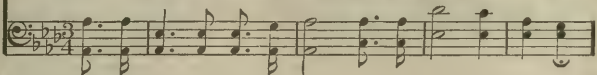
Katharine A. Graves.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

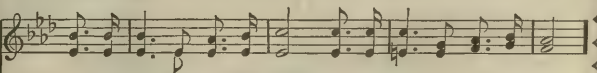
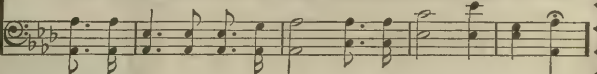
E. O. Excell.



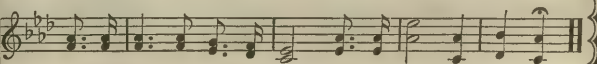
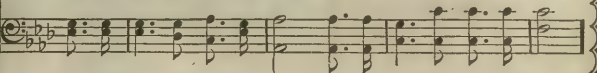
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do. you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



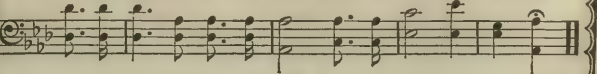
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
 He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
 Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
 Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,



He will ev - 'ry joy re-store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.

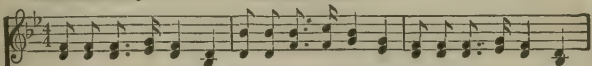


No. 17.

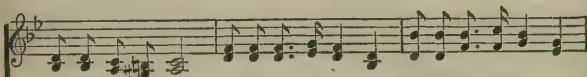
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.
4th v. and arr. by C. R. S.ARR. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

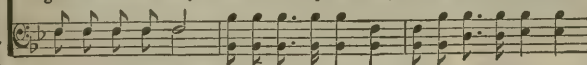
George A. Minor



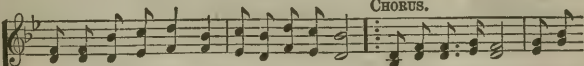
1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sow-ing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our
4. Blessed who-so-ev - er is the in - vi - ta - tion, We are all in-clud - ed,



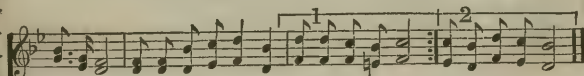
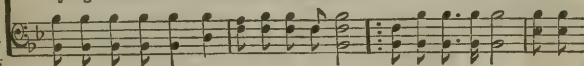
and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap - ing,
win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,
grace is full and free; Men of ev - 'ry na - tion, swell a - loud the cho - rus,



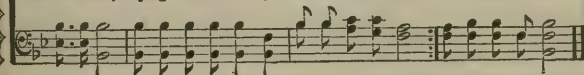
CHORUS.



We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing souls to Christ, bringing
Saying "who-so-ev - er" He in-clud-ed me. He in-clud-ed me, He in-



in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.
souls to Christ, We shall come rejoicing, bringing souls to Christ; bringing souls to Christ,
clud - ed me, Saying "who-so-ev - er," He in-clud-ed me; He in-clud-ed me.



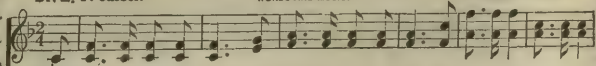
No. 18.

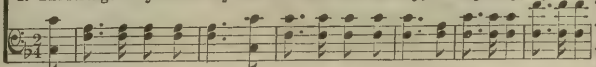
Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

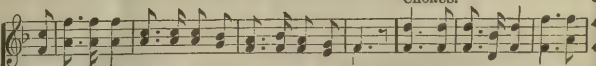
Flora H. Cassel.

- 
1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

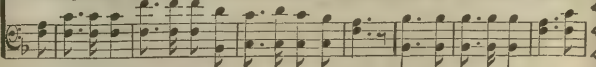


loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

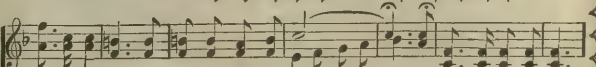
CHORUS.



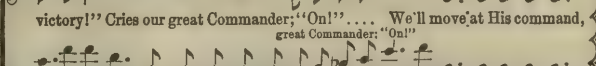
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander: "On!"



We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



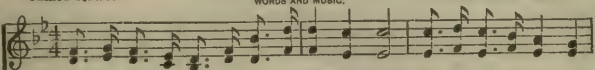
No. 19.

Just the Love of Jesus.

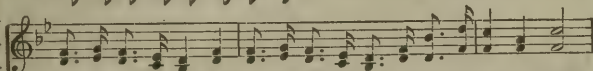
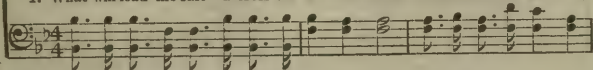
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

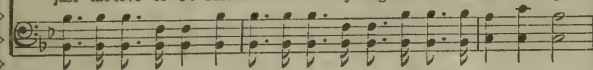
Wm. Edie Marks.



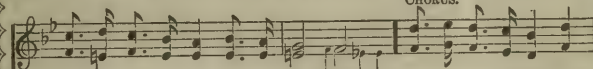
1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je - sus,
2. What af-fords me shel - ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je - sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth - ly strife? Just the love of Je - sus,
4. What will lead me safe a-cross the si - lent sea? Just the love of Je - sus,



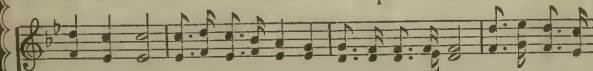
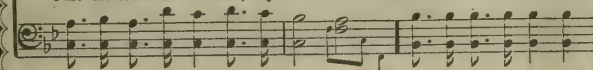
just the love of Je-sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
just the love of Je-sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e - vil keeps?
just the love of Je-sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je-sus! What will be my song thro' all e - ter - ni - ty?



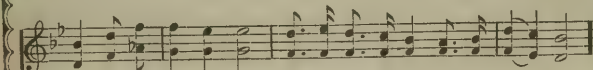
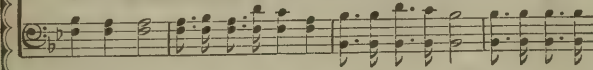
CHORUS.



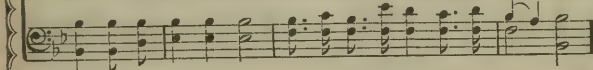
Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Just the love of Je - sus,



O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my



soul to that safe re-treat? Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior!



No. 20.

The Sun Will Shine Again.

JAMES ROWE

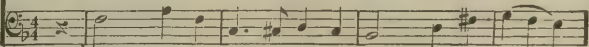
Solo—Sympathetically.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

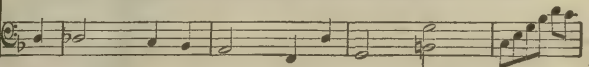
FRED H. BYSHE.



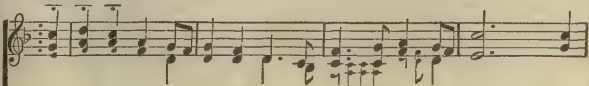
1. O heart of grief look up, trust on, The Sav - ior knows thy pain;
2. O bur - dened one, a friend is near, Whose help you may ob - tain;
3. Poor cap - tive, long - ing to be free, You shall not plead in vain,
4. As morn - ing fol - lows mid - night drear, As sun - shine fol - lows rain,



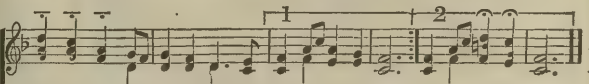
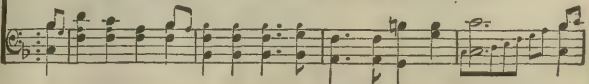
The heav - y clouds will soon be gone, The sun will shine a - gain.
 Just whis - per "Je - sus" He will hear, The sun will shine a - gain.
 Your fet - ters all shall brok - en be, The sun will shine a - gain.
 Joy fol - lows grief and pain and fear, The sun will shine a - gain.



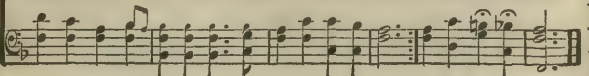
CHORUS.



The sun will shine a - gain dear heart, the sun will shine a - gain; Just



look a - bove and trust His love, The sun will shine a - gain; sun will shine a - gain.



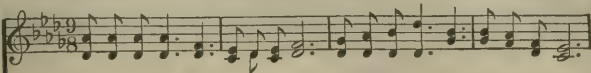
No. 21.

Just When I Need Him Most.

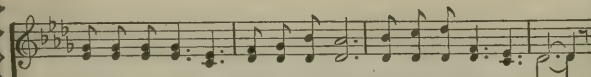
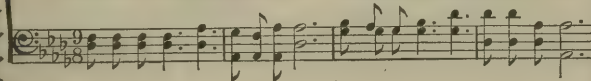
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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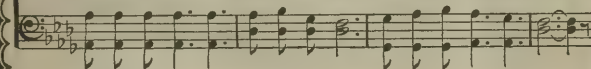
Chas. H. Gabriel.



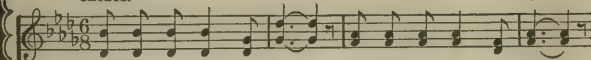
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;



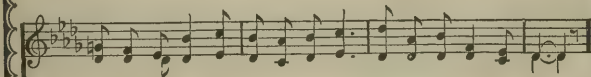
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
 Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
 For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
 Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



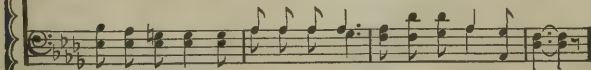
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 24.

I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe.

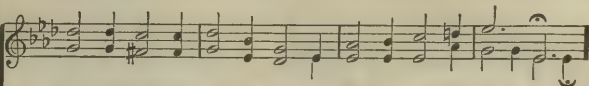
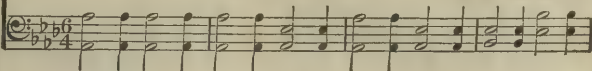
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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B. D. Ackley.



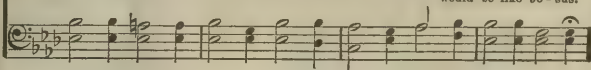
1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

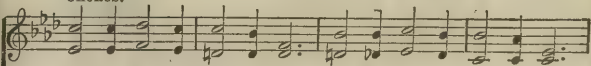


Noth - ing world - ly shall en - thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
 That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
 Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
 That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

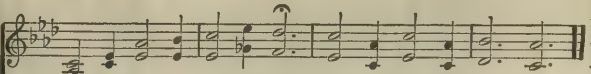
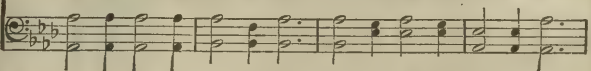
would be like Je - sus.



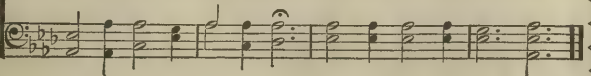
CHORUS.



Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;



Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.



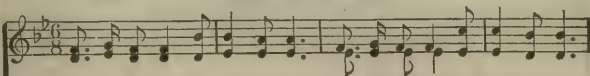
No. 25.

My Soul's Desire.

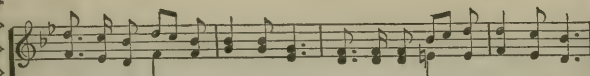
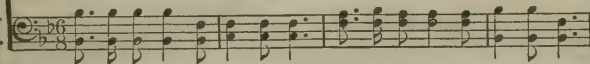
Charlotte G. Homer.

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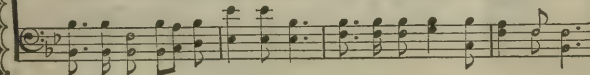
Theodore E. Perkins.



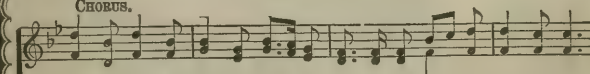
1. On - ly one thing my soul de-sires— Just to be what my Lord requires;
2. Just to lay ev-'ry i - dol by— Read-y to an-swer "Here am I;"
3. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost may I La-bor for Him as days go by;
4. Je - sus, the prom-ise I would claim! Kin-dle the Pen-te - cost - al flame!



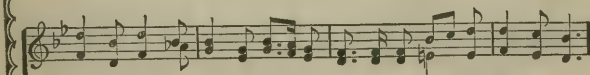
Just to be such as He will own; Just to be His and His a-lone.
 Will-ing to let His will de-cree Just what and where my work shall be.
 Let me a faith-ful reap-er be, Gath-er-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Breathe upon me Thy Spir-it now, As at the mer-cy-seat I bow.



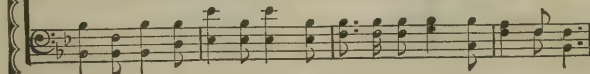
CHORUS.



Just to go where He may lead me, Read-y for Him the cross to bear;



Just to work where He may need me, Just to be faith-ful is my prayer.



No. 26.

I Am Happy in Him.

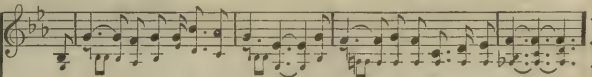
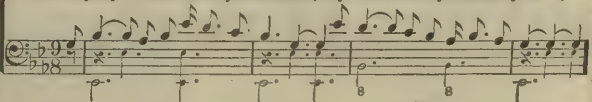
E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

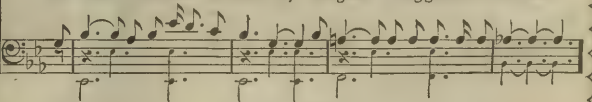
E. O. Excell.



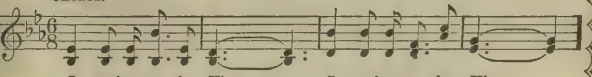
1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



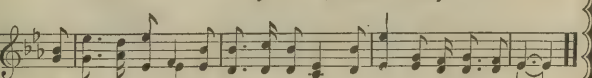
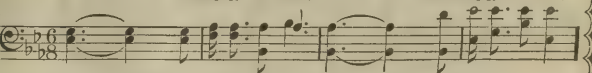
His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
 Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
 His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
 Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



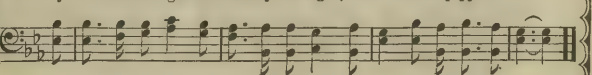
CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, . . . I am hap-py in Him; . . .
 I am hap-py in Him, I am hap-py in Him:



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.



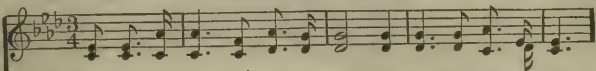
No. 27.

Grace, Enough for Me.

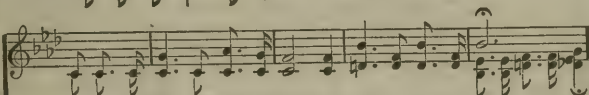
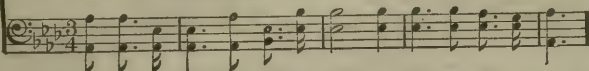
B. O. E.

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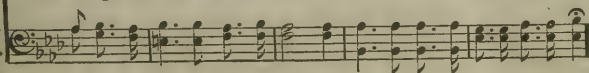
E. O. Excell.



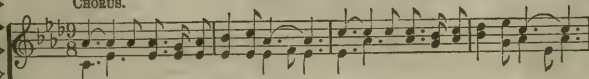
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,



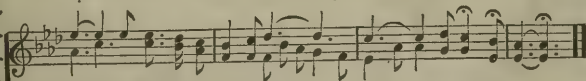
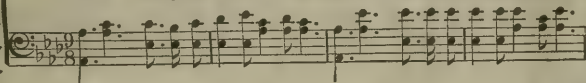
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



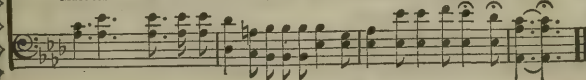
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me, Grace as fath - om - less as the roll-ing sea,



Grace for time and e - ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

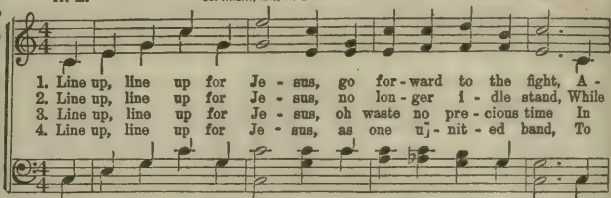


Inscribed to Chas. Reign Scoville, by whom theme was suggested.

H. L.

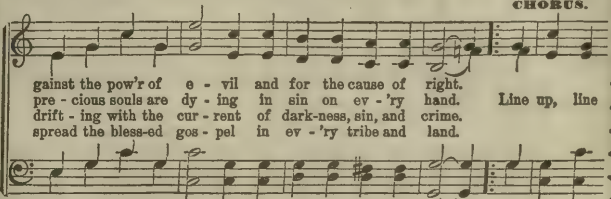
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Haldor Lillenas.

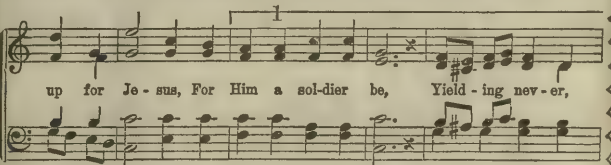


1. Line up, line up for Je - sus, go for - ward to the fight, A -
 2. Line up, line up for Je - sus, no lon - ger i - dle stand, While
 3. Line up, line up for Je - sus, oh waste no pre - cious time In
 4. Line up, line up for Je - sus, as one uj - nit - ed band, To

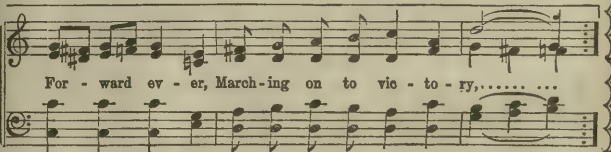
CHORUS.



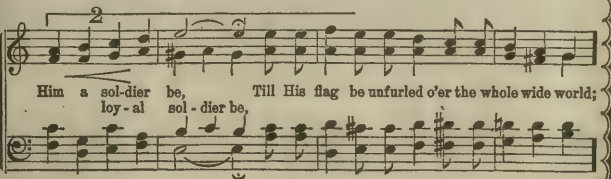
gainst the pow'r of e - vil and for the cause of right.
 pre - cious souls are dy - ing in sin on ev - 'ry hand. Line up, line
 drift - ing with the cur - rent of dark - ness, sin, and crime.
 spread the bless - ed gos - pel in ev - 'ry tribe and land.



up for Je - sus, For Him a sol - dier be, Yield - ing nev - er,

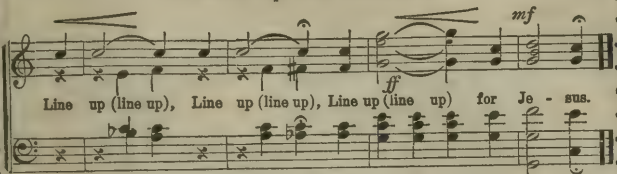


For - ward ev - er, March - ing on to vic - to - ry,.....



Him a sol - dier be, Till His flag be unfurled o'er the whole wide world;
 loy - al sol - dier be,

Line Up For Jesus.



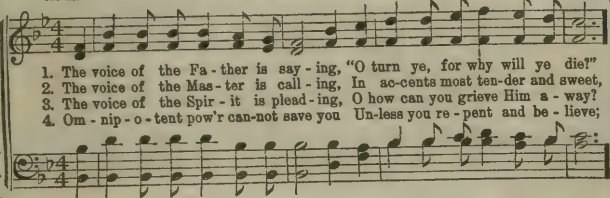
Line up (line up), Line up (line up), Line up (line up) for Je - sus.

No. 29. Not Far from the Kingdom, But Lost.

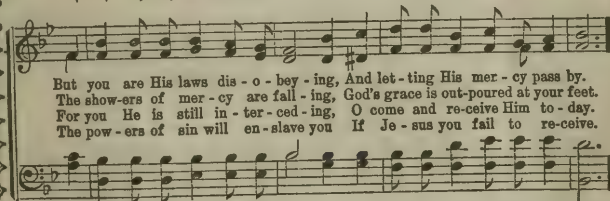
H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Haldor Lillenas.

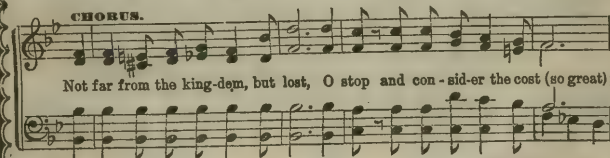


1. The voice of the Fa - ther is say - ing, "O turn ye, for why will ye die?"
2. The voice of the Mas - ter is call - ing, In ac - cents most ten - der and sweet,
3. The voice of the Spir - it is plead - ing, O how can you grieve Him a - way?
4. Om - nip - o - tent pow'r can-not save you Un-less you re - pent and be - lieve;

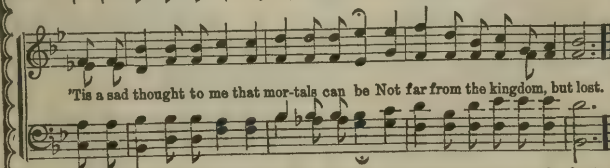


But you are His laws dis - o - bey - ing, And let - ting His mer - cy pass by.
 The show - ers of mer - cy are fall - ing, God's grace is out - poured at your feet.
 For you He is still in - ter - ced - ing, O come and re - ceive Him to - day.
 The pow - ers of sin will en - slave you If Je - sus you fail to re - ceive.

CHORUS.



Not far from the king - dom, but lost, O stop and con - sider the cost (so great);



'Tis a sad thought to me that mor - tals can be Not far from the kingdom, but lost.

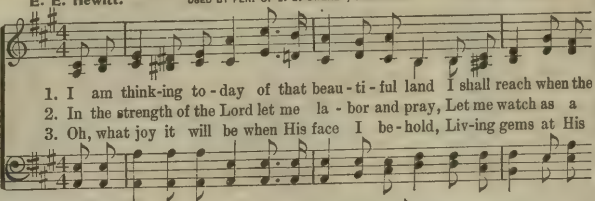
No. 30.

Will There Be Any Stars?

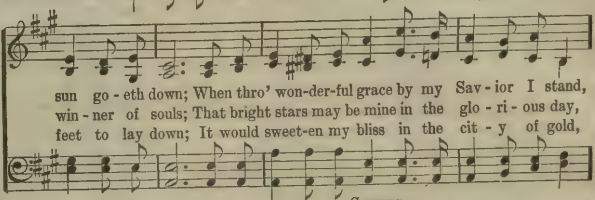
E. E. Hewitt.

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USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

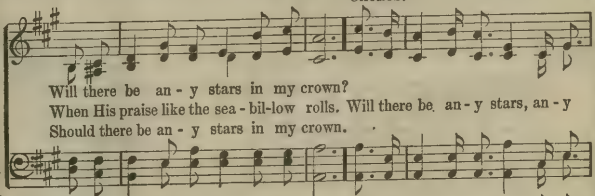


1. I am think-ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be - hold, Liv-ing gems at His

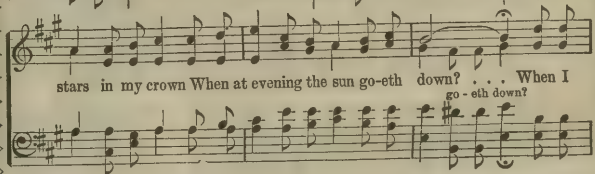


sun go - eth down; When thro' won - der - ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

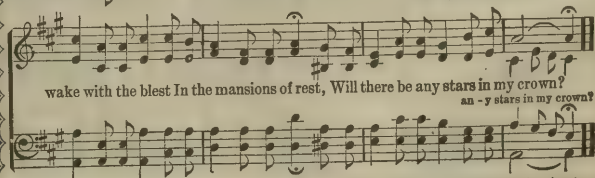
CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls. Will there be, an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.



stars in my crown When at evening the sun go - eth down? . . . When I
go - eth down?



wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
an - y stars in my crown?

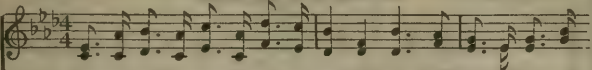
No. 31.

Sunshine and Rain.

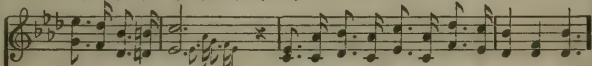
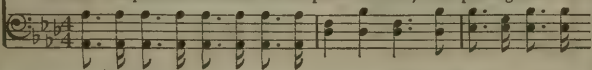
C. H. G.

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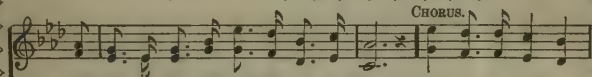
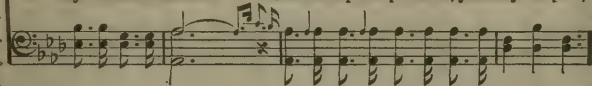
Chas. H. Gabriel.



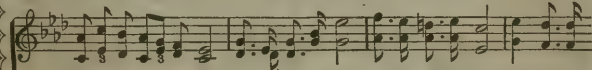
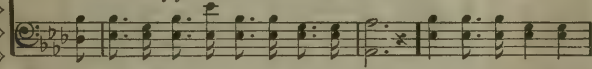
1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the



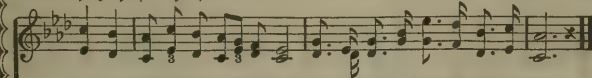
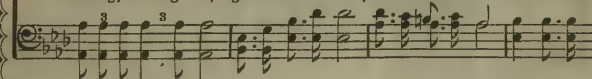
of re - fresh - ing rain, Would we scat - ter seed up - on the fallow ground,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de - ny the pain,



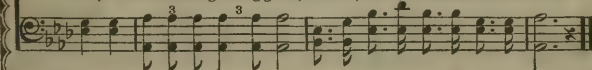
And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain re -
Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?



freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and



rain, to nour - ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

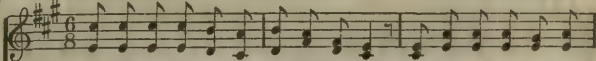


No. 34.

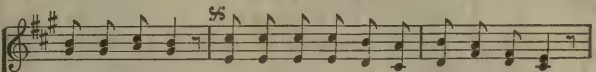
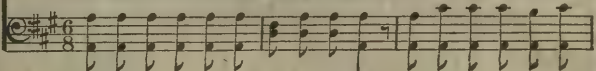
*Tell It Again.

Mrs. M. B. C Slade.

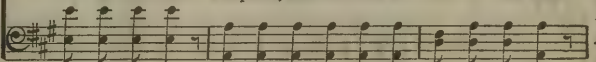
R. M. McIntosh.



1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

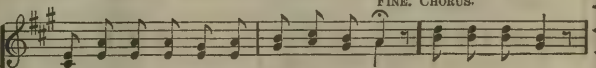


close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will He hold?
val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

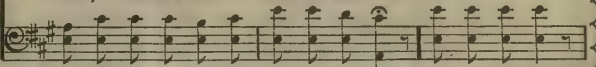


D. S.—Till none can say of the chil-dren of men,

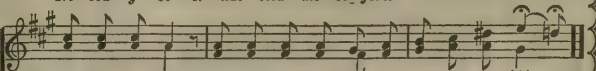
FINE. CHORUS.



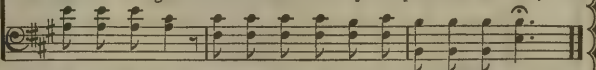
“No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!”
 “No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!” Tell it a - gain!
 “Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!”
 “Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!”



"No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"



tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,



*A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

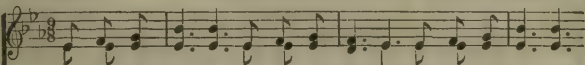
No. 35.

I Must Tell Jesus.

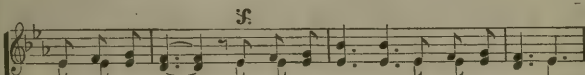
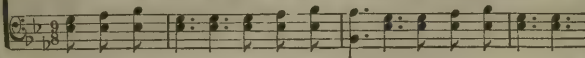
E. A. H.

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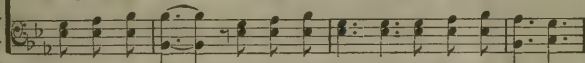
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



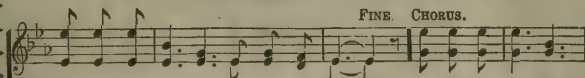
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

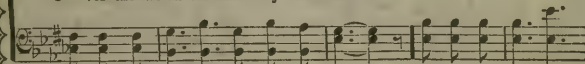


D. S. - I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!

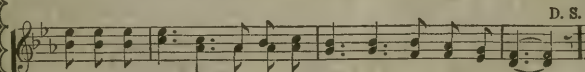


FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

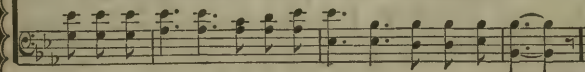


Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;



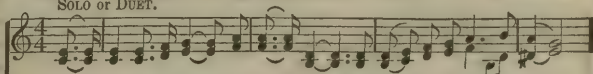
No. 36. Hold My Hand Fast, O Savior.

Florence Jones Hadley.

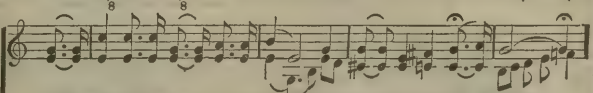
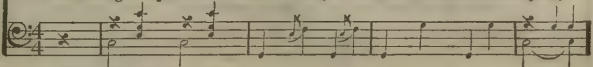
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Roger Cox.

SOLO or DUET.



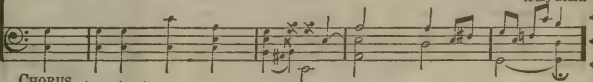
1. The night shadows gather a - round me, And I am weary, sad and lone,
2. 'Tis the hand that was pierced on Cal - va - ry, So ten - der and strong and true;
3. Then straightway the shadows are lift - ed, The fear and the doubts de - part;



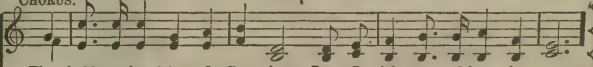
But a hand reaches out of the darkness And lov - ing - ly folds o'er my own. . .

A hand that will lift me when I fall, And safe - ly lead me thro'. . .

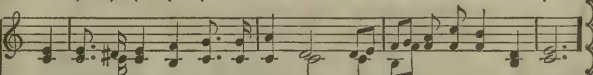
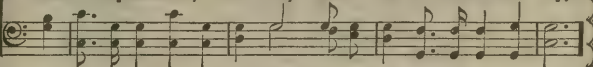
I know that a Friend is close beside me Whose presence gives strength to my heart.
o'er my own.
lead me thro'.
to my heart.



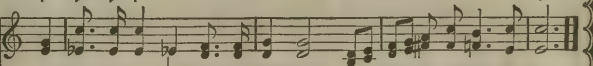
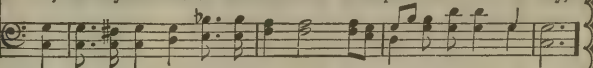
CHORUS.



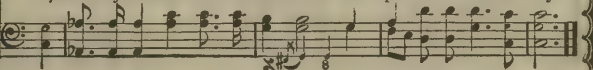
Then hold my hand fast, O Sav - ior, Lest I fal - ter and lose the way;



O, hold my hand fast till the dark - ness Gives place to e - ter - nal day;



O, hold my hand fast till the dark - ness Gives place to e - ter - nal day.



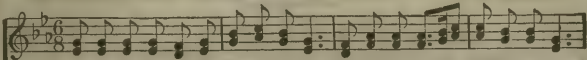
No. 37.

Gathering home.

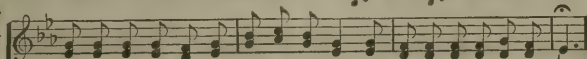
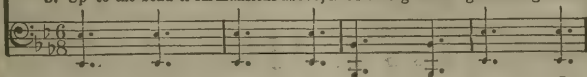
Miss Mariana B. Slade.

USED BY PERMISSION OF R. M. MCINTOSH.

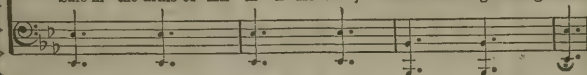
R. M. McIntosh.



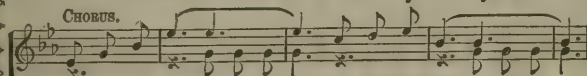
1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where falleth no light, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions above, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!



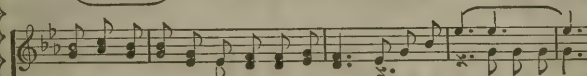
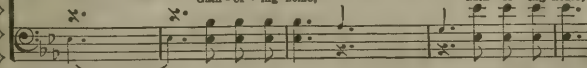
Up to the dwelling, where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.



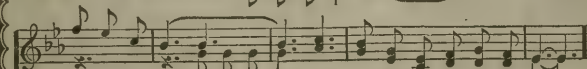
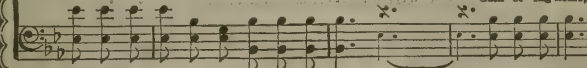
CHORUS.



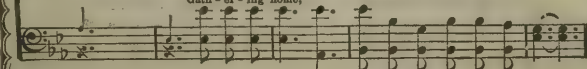
Gath-er-ing home Gath-er-ing home,
Gath-er-ing home, Gath-er-ing home,



Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home,
Gath-er-ing home,



Gath-er-ing home, God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home.
Gath-er-ing home,



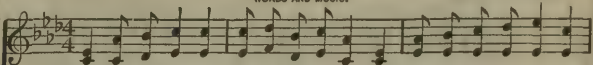
No. 38.

I Will Not Forget Thee.

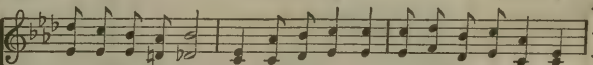
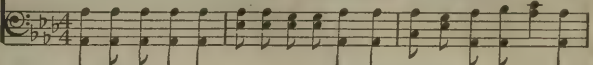
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

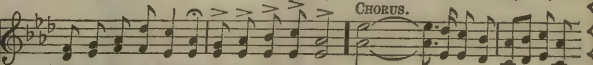
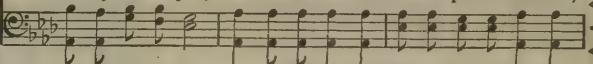
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,



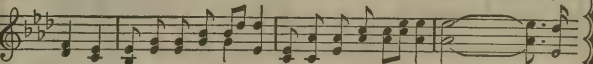
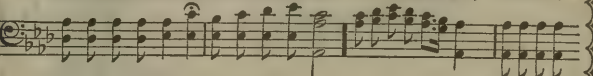
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,



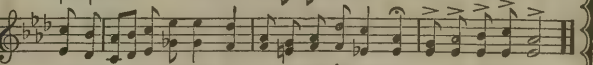
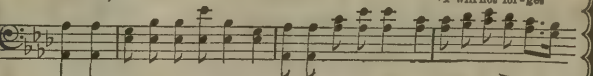
CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.

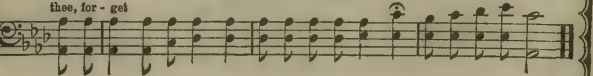
I shall be remembered in my home above. I will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never



leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I will
leave thee; I will not for-get



not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get



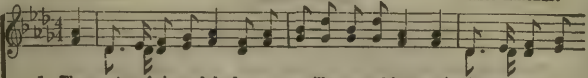
No. 39.


The Cause of Righteousness.

H. O. Lillenas.

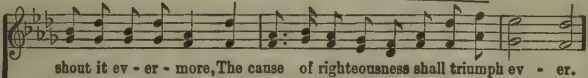
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas.

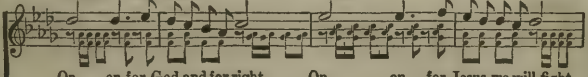
- 
1. The pow'rs of sin and darkness are still engaged in war, Against the pure and
 2. We oft - en think that evil has gained the victory, And right-eous-ness is
 3. The night will soon be over the dawn is drawing nigh, When Christ the King of



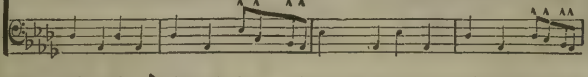
ho - ly, They're fighting as of yore, But lift the joy - ful cho - rus, O
vanquished beneath the tyr - ran - y; But raise a shout of tri-umph it
Glo - ry ap - pears in yon - der sky; With vic - t'ry on our ban - ners we'll



shout it ev - er - more, The cause of righteousness shall triumph ev - er.
shall not al - ways be; The cause of righteousness shall triumph ev - er.
meet Him by and by; The cause of righteousness shall triumph ev - er.

CHORUS. *In Unison.**cres.*


On, on for God and for right, On: on for Jesus we will fight,



On, on in heaven's shining light, The cause of righteousness shall triumph ever.

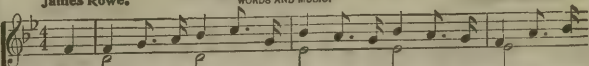
No. 40.

Which Are You?

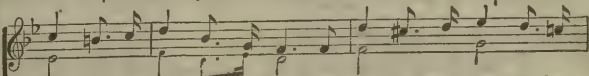
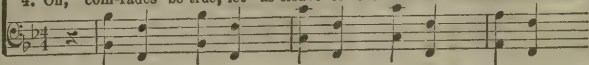
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe.

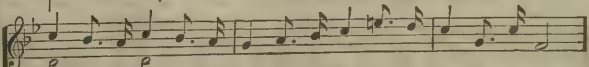
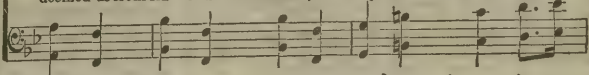
De Loss Smith.



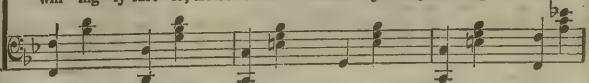
1. For work - ers the Lord of the vine - yard is call - ing, For hearts that are
2. His plea is for those who have hearts of true measure, Strong soul that are
3. The forc - es of sin are ex - ert - ing their pow - er, And dai - ly de -
4. Oh, com - rades be true, let us cleave to the Mas - ter Whose blood hath re -



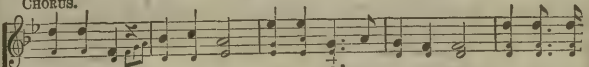
will - ing, un - self - ish and strong; So ma - ny grown i - dle be -
anx - ious to bit - ter their race; For some who pro - fess Him are
fi - ance at Je - sus is hurled; Yet some who have prom - ised sins
deemed us from sin and from shame; Each day let us la - bor, more



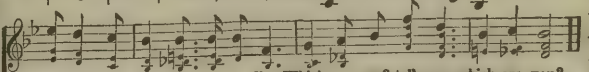
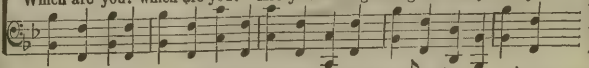
hind now are fall - ing, And want to be care - ful - ly car - ried a - long.
cling - ing to pleas - ure Thus hind - er - ing ev - er the pow'r of His grace.
ban - ner to low - er Are thought - less - ly keep - ing that ban - ner un - furled.
will - ing - ly fast - er, And nev - er be wea - ry of prais - ing His name.



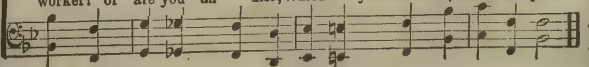
CHORUS.



Which are you? which are you? Are you will - ing strong and true, Are you a



worker? or are you an - dler, Which are you? tell me, which are you?



No. 41.

Willing Am I.

E. D. E.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Will-ing am I, and read-y al-way, Will-ing am I His
 2. Will-ing to go, nor ques-tion, nor pause; Will-ing to do my
 3. Will-ing to serve as du-ty de-mands, Will-ing to aid with
 4. Will-ing the emp-ty ves-sel to fill, Will-ing to live con-

word to o-bey; Will-ing am I to speak in His name, Will-ing His
 best for His cause; Will-ing to be of use an-y-where, Will-ing all
 kind help-ing hands; Will-ing the way to heav-en to show, Will-ing to
 formed to His will; Will-ing to work, to watch and to pray, Will-ing to

CHORUS.

love a-broad to pro-claim.
 things for Je-sus to bear. Will-ing to do what Je-sus re-
 help the best that I know.
 wait His com-ing some day. Will-ing to do what

quires, Will-ing to go where Je-sus de-sires, Will-ing to
 Je-sus re-quires, Will-ing to go where Je-sus de-sires;

serve Him, read-y al-way, Speak to me Mas-ter, I will o-bey.
 Will-ing to serve Him, read-y al-way,

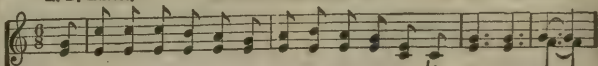
No. 42.

It Truly is Marvelous.

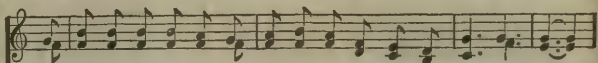
E. D. Elliott.

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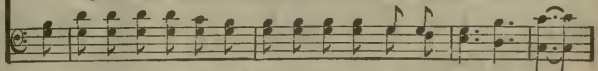
Wm. Eddie Marks.



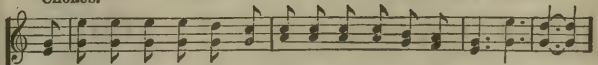
1. It tru - ly is mar - vel - ous what the Lord do - eth for me each day!
2. My soul is as - ton - ished that He is so gra - cious - ly kind to me,
3. I can - not tell why He should send to me dai - ly such show'rs of grace,
4. Be - yond all dis - crip - tion, be - yond all com - pare is this joy of mine;



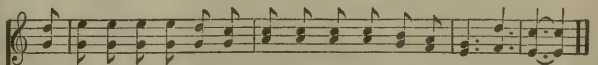
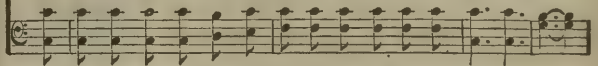
Sur - pris - ing - ly won - der - ful how He is bless - ing me all the way!
 That one so un - wor - thy of in - fin - ite no - tice should fa - vored be.
 Or why so un - wor - thy a sin - ner may shel - ter in His em - brace.
 I sing in my rapt - ure "All glo - ry to God for such peace di - vine."



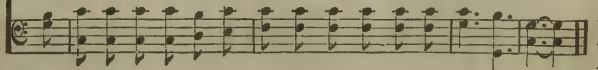
CHORUS.



O bless - ed Re - deem - er, O mer - ci - ful Sav - ior, Thee I a - dore,



I'll serve Thee till death, and in heav - en will praise thee for - ev - er - more.



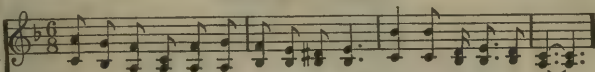
No. 43.

Help Somebody To-day.

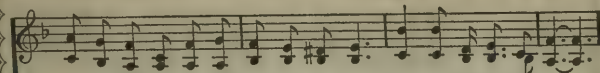
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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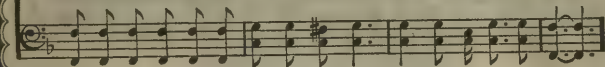
Chas. H. Gabriel.



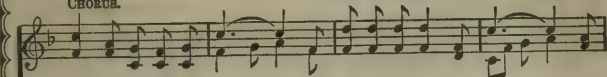
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



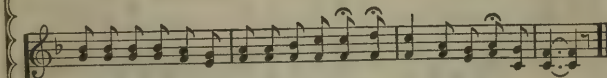
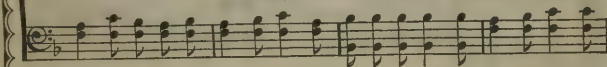
Tho' it be lit-tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



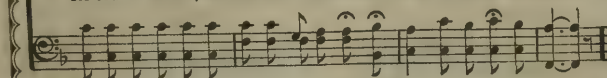
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day, . . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!



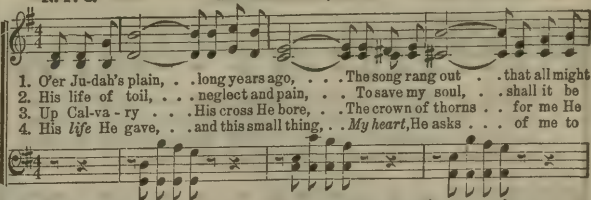
No. 44.

He Loved Me So.

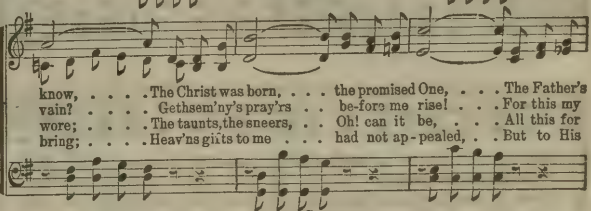
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. M. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Neilie Place Chandler.

N. P. C.

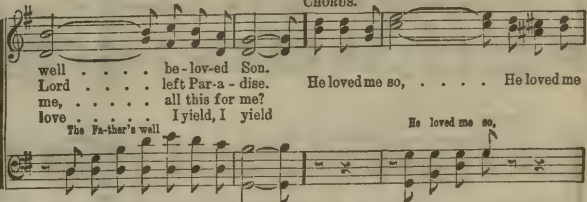


1. O'er Ju-dah's plain, . . . long years ago, . . . The song rang out . . . that all might
2. His life of toil, . . . neglect and pain, . . . To save my soul, . . . shall it be
3. Up Cal-va-ry . . . His cross He bore, . . . The crown of thorns . . . for me He
4. His life He gave, . . . and this small thing, . . . My heart, He asks . . . of me to



know, . . . The Christ was born, . . . the promised One, . . . The Father's
vain? . . . Gethsem'ny's pray'rs . . . be-fore me risel . . . For this my
wore; . . . The taunts, the sneers, . . . Oh! can it be, . . . All this for
bring; . . . Heav'n's gifts to me . . . had not ap-pealed, . . . But to His

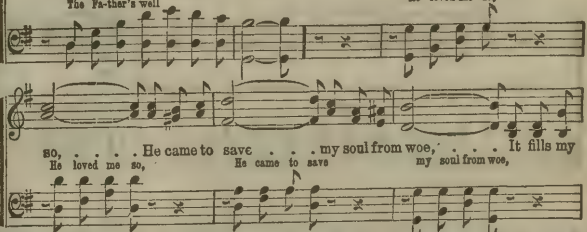
CHORUS.



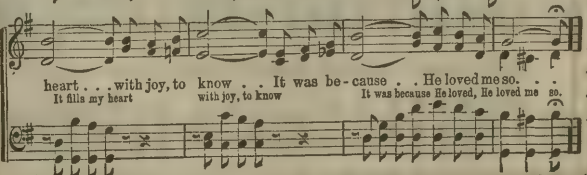
well . . . be-lov-ed Son.
Lord . . . left Par-a-dise. He loved me so, . . . He loved me
me, . . . all this for me?
love I yield, I yield

The Fa-ther's well

He loved me so,



so, He came to save my soul from woe, . . . It fills my
He loved me so, He came to save my soul from woe,



heart . . . with joy, to know . . . It was be-cause . . . He loved me so. . .
It fills my heart with joy, to know It was because He loved, He loved me so.

No. 45.

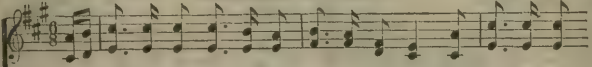
Where We'll Never Grow Old.

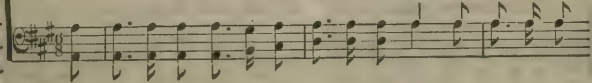
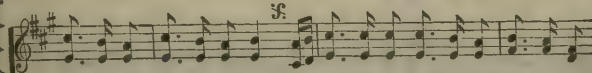
Rev. W. W. Bally.

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I. N. McHose.

- 
1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
 2. A man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty is there, And Je - sus that
 3. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
 4. In life's wea-ry conflicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray

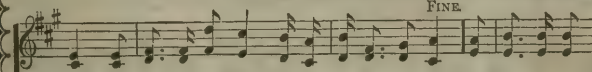



King and His in - fi-nite love? His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm
man-sion has gone to prepare; Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be-
die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones depart-ed, so si-lent and
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is en-

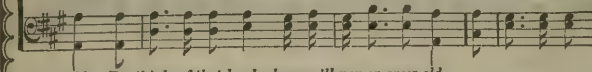


D. S.—It glad-dens my heart with a joy that's un-

FINE



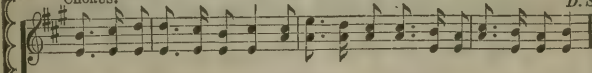
told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?
hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be
cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.
rolled, I read of that land where we'll never grow old.



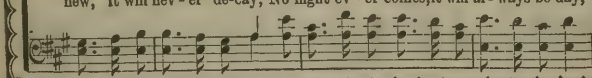
told, To think of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.

CHORUS.

D. S.



new, it will nev - er de-cay; No night ev - er comes, it will al - ways be day;



No. 46.

God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

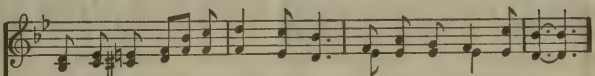
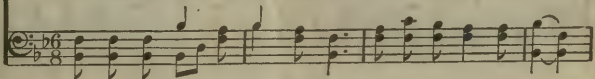
C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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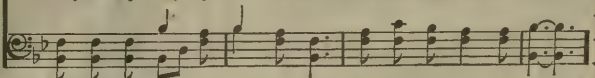
W. S. Martin.



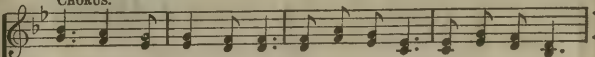
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



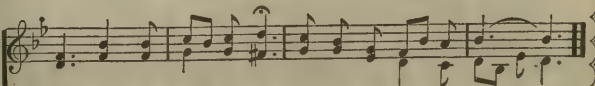
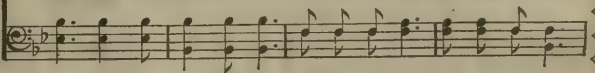
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



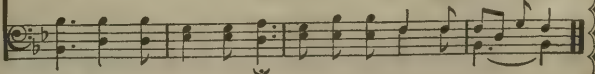
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
 take care of you.



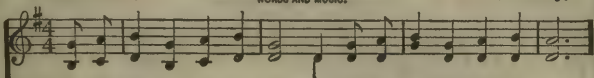
No. 47.

Precious Moments.

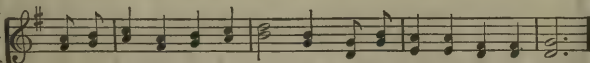
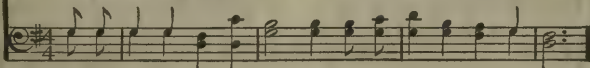
Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweeney,



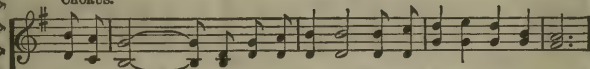
1. O the pre-cious, pre-cious mo-ments That we spend be-fore the throne,
2. O the pre-cious, pre-cious mo-ments, When a lov-ing voice we hear,
3. O the pre-cious, pre-cious mo-ments, When the eye of faith shall see
4. There's a balm for ev-'ry tri-al, And a rest from ev-'ry care,



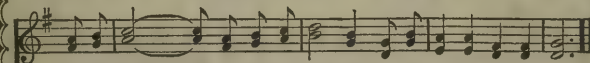
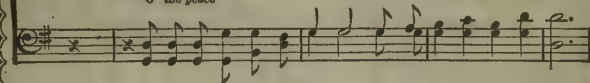
And to Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Make our wants and wish - es known.
In a whis - per, low and ten - der, Breathing words of hap - py cheer.
Vi - sions of e - ter - nal glo - ry, End - less rap - ture yet to be.
There's a joy for ev - 'ry sor - row, At the gold - en gate of prayer.



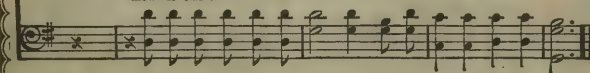
CHORUS.



O the peace . . that like a riv - er From the mount of bless-ing flows;
O the peace



How it calms . . the wear-y spir - it To a gen-tle, soft re-posal
How it calms



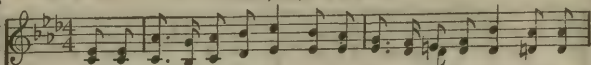
No. 48.

Keep the Heart Singing.

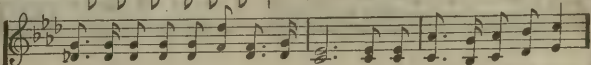
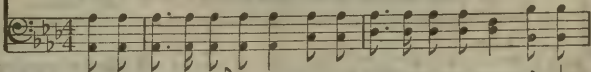
C. H. G.

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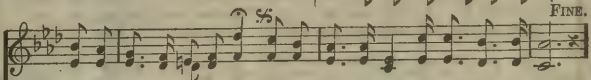
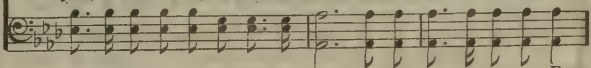
Chas. H. Gabriel.



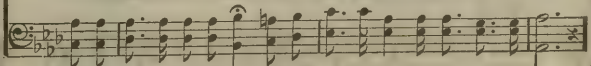
1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



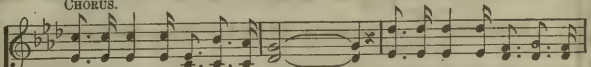
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



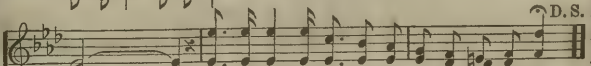
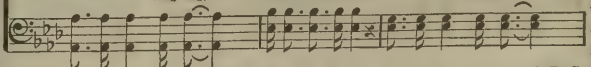
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



CHORUS.



Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,



smile; Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;



No. 49.

That Sweet Story.

James Rowe.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I once heard a sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love, And it lift - ed the
2. Tho' a - far I had wander'd in darkness and sin, And tho' helpless, and
3. That sweet sto - ry of Je - sus Who died on the tree Will be told on e -

cross that I bore, Made me think of the home and the dear ones a - bove;
wea - ry, and poor, This sweet sto - ry left light, hope and gladness with - in;
ter - ni - ty's shore; How He came as a ran - som for you and for me;

CHORUS.

I am long - ing to hear it once more. I am long - ing to hear it once

more; The sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er; It is rapt - ure di -
once more; o'er and o'er;

vine, to know He is mine; I am longing to hear it once more.

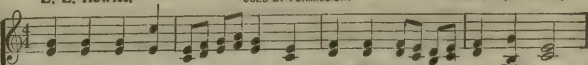
No. 52.

When We All Get to Heaven.

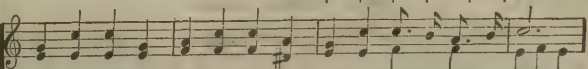
E. E. Hewitt.

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Mrs. J. G. Wilson.



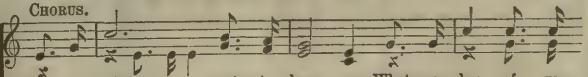
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;



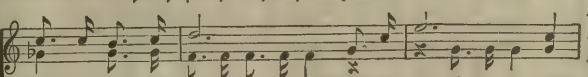
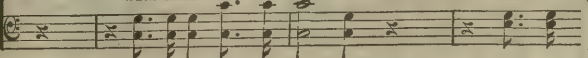
In the man-sions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.



CHORUS.



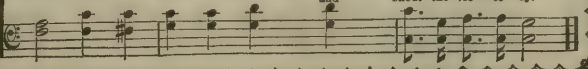
When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-
When we all What a



joic-ing that will be! When we all see
day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we all



Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.....
and shout the vic-to-ry.



No. 53.

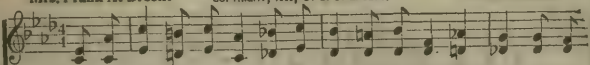
Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

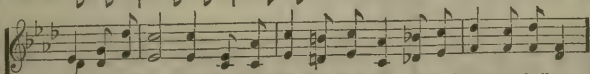
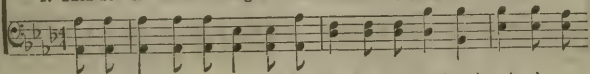
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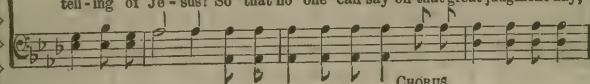
Chas. H. Gabriel.



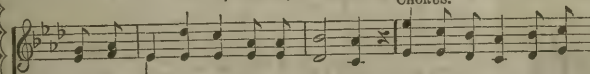
1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev-er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev-er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be-cause you led
4. Then be si-lent no long-er! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the



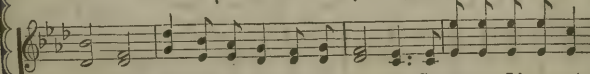
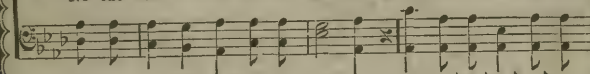
told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say;
bro't un-to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:
tell-ing of Je - sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,



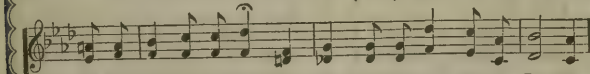
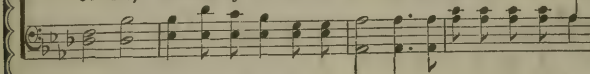
CHORUS.



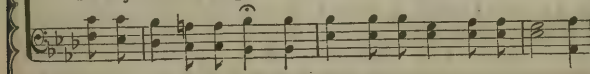
"No one ev-er told me of Je - sus." No-bod-y told me of



Je - sus, No-bod-y told me of Je - sus; So ma-ny I have met—



but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.



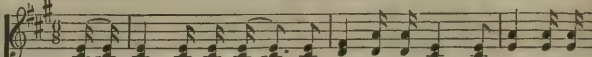
No. 54.

I Want to Go There.

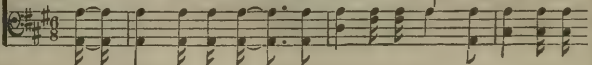
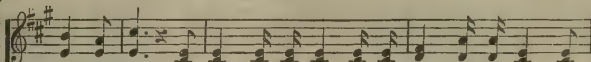
Rev. D. S.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

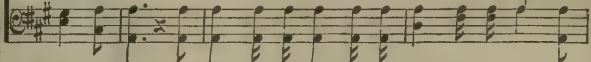
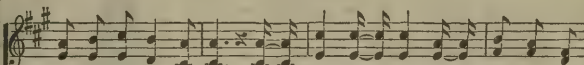
Rev. D. Sullins.



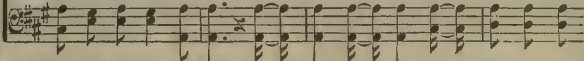
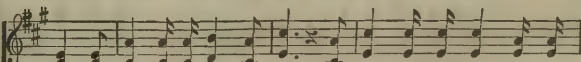
1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go
3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be

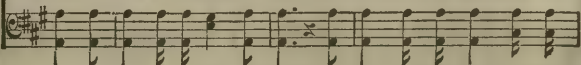
there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by," I
there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told, I
there, I do; With heads all un - cov - ered to greet the old ship, I
there, I do; With shout - ing and clap - ping till all heav - en rings, I

want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre - pare us a
want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there none ev - er
want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's company meet on the
want to be there, don't you? Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll shout a - gain and a -

home, I want to go there, I do; Where sick - ness nor sor - row nor
die, I want to go there, I do; Where loved ones will nev - er a -
strand, I want to be there, I do; "With songs on our lips and with
gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the cho - rus, A -



I Want to Go There.

REFRAIN.

death ev-er come, I want to go there, don't you?
gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you? 1-2 I want to go there,
harps in our hands," I want to be there, don't you? 3-4 I want to be there,
men, and A-men, I want to be there, don't you?

I want to go there, I want to go there, I do; want to go there, don't you?
I want to be there, I expect to be there, I do; pect to be there, don't you?

No. 55.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER,

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

D. S.—While on oth-ers

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 56.

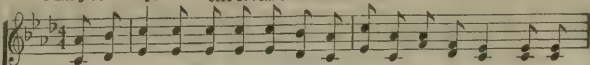
My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

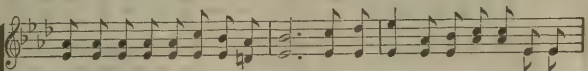
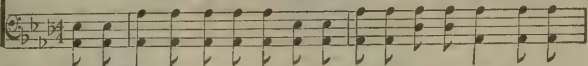
Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

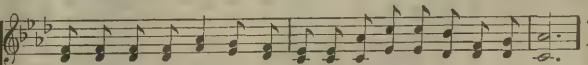
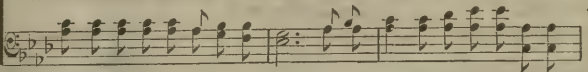
Jno. R. Sweney.



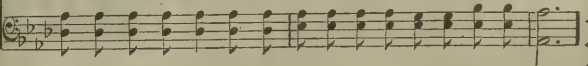
1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will



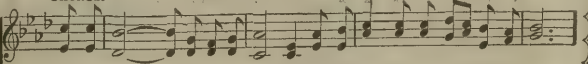
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
 lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

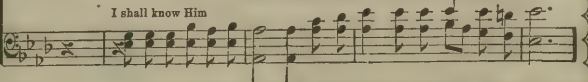


CHORUS.

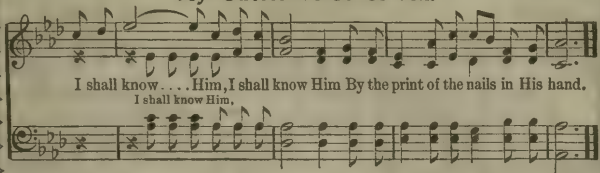


I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him



My Savior First of All.



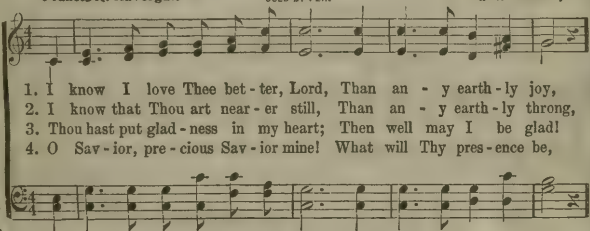
I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

No. 57. The Half Has Never Been Told.

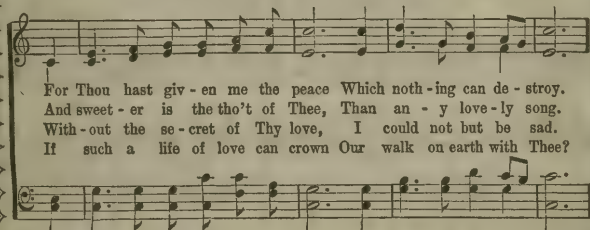
Frances R. Havergal.

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R. E. Hudson,

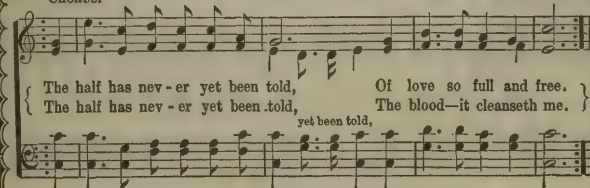


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still, Than an - y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,



For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of Thee, Than an - y love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.



{ The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free.
The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me. }
yet been told,

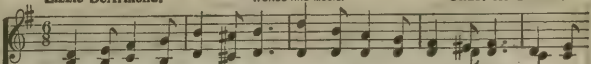
No. 60.

Win Them One by One.

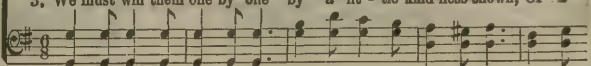
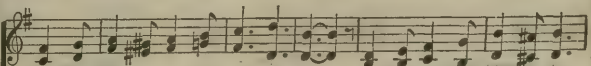
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

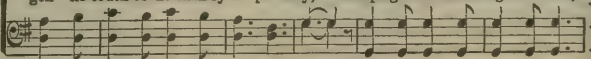
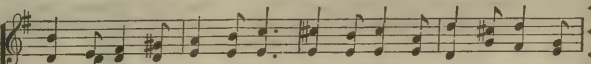
Chas. H. Gabriel.



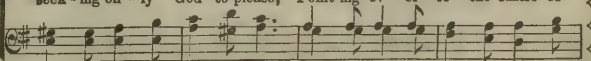
1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kind-ness shown, Or a


said to His dis-ci-ples "fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide,
glad-ly in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part
gen-tle touch of hu-man sym-pa-thy; Stooping down from heights of ease,

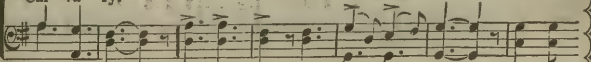
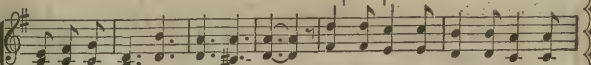
to the by-ways turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of
to some wea-ry, sin-ful heart, Help some brother in the glo-ry
seek-ing on-ly God to please, Point-ing ev-er to the Christ of



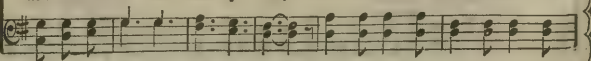
CHORUS.



Gal-i-lee
light to stand. One by one, yes one by one, We must
Cal-va-ry.

win them for Je-sus one by one; In the nar-row ways of life, a-



Win Them One by One.

mid the tu-mult and the strife, We must win them for Jesus one by one.

No. 61.

Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious fount-ain
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's mount-ain.
 There the bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rapt-ured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

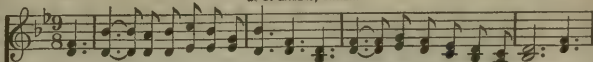
No. 62.

Growing Dearer Each Day.

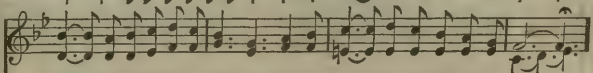
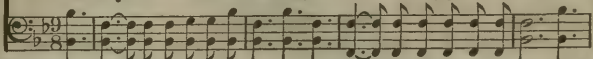
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

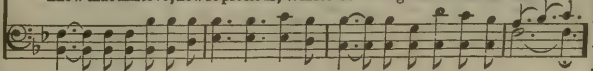
Chas. H. Gabriel.



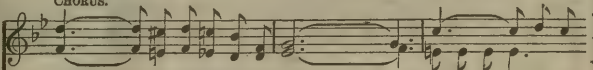
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To



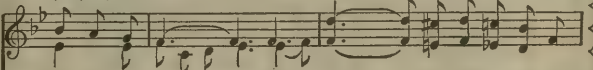
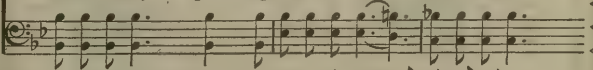
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me,
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!



CHORUS.



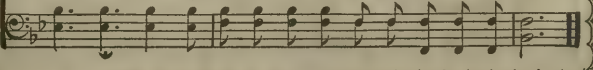
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, . . . Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,



dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my



Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!



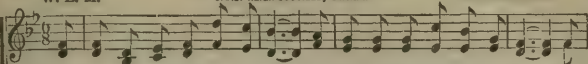
No. 63.

I See It Differently Now.

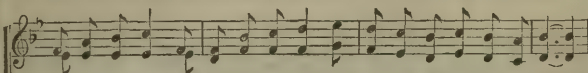
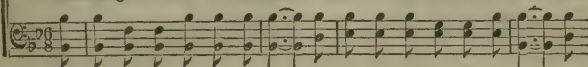
W. E. M.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

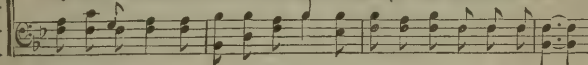
Wm. Edie Marks.



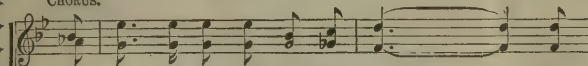
1. Be-fore I knew Je-sus my Lord No joy could the world me af-ford; But,
 2. I un-der-stood not that by grace He could my transgressions ef-face, And
 3. I knew not that He was so good, Nor knew that all trou-ble He could Re-
 4. Some things I do not un-der-stand, But still I hold on to His hand; Some



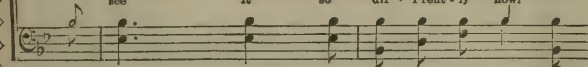
oh, what a change, so sweet and so strange Has come since to Him I'm re-stored!
 make my heart pure, from danger se-cure And give me bo-side Him a place.
 move from my heart, and sweet peace impart; His great love was not un-der-stood.
 day He will tell, and all will be well With me in yon beau-ti-ful land.



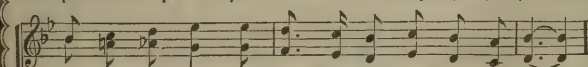
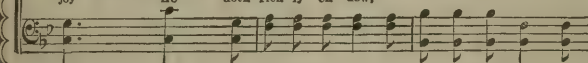
CHORUS.



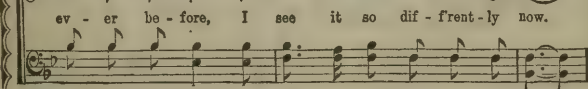
I see it so dif-frent-ly now! With
 see it so dif-frent-ly now!



joy He doth rich-ly en-dow; I love Him still more than
 joy He doth rich-ly en-dow;



ev-er be-fore, I see it so dif-frent-ly now.



No. 66.

Why Not You?

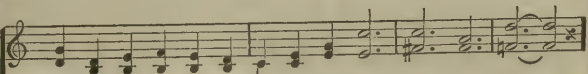
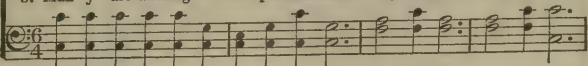
COPYRIGHT, WORDS AND MUSIC, 1910, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Ina Dudley Ogden.

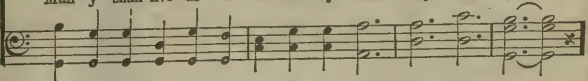
B. D. Ackley



1. Man-y are turn-ing from dark-ness to light: Why not you? Why not you?
2. Man-y be-liev-ing, con-fess and o-bey: Why not you? Why not you?
3. Man-y in Je-sus are hid-ing their past: Why not you? Why not you?
4. Man-y are go-ing to live for the right; Why not you? Why not you?
5. Man-y are work-ing to save pre-cious souls: Why not you? Why not you?



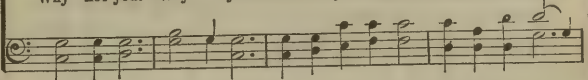
Man-y are com-ing to Je-sus to-night: Why not you?
 Turn-ing from sin to the Sav-ior to-day: Why not you?
 Man-y are safe in His bos-om at last: Why not you?
 Man-y are start-ing for Heav-en to-night: Why not you?
 Man-y shall live as e-ter-ni-ty rolls: Why not you?



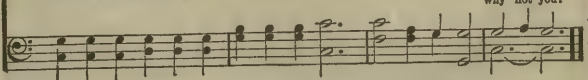
CHORUS.



Why not you? Why not you? What will you an-swer? What will you do?



Man-y are trust-ing the Friend ev-er true: Why, O why not you? . . .
 why not you?



No. 67.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

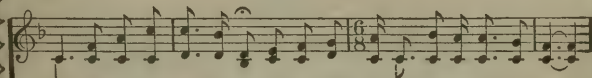
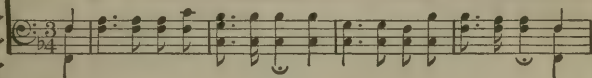
Helen M. Dungan.

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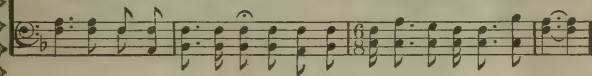
J. M. Dungan.



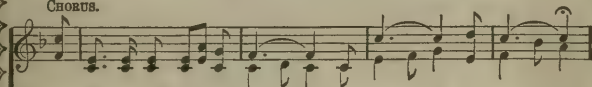
1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-c-ean's billows o'er my soul, No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



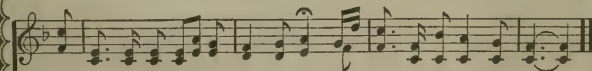
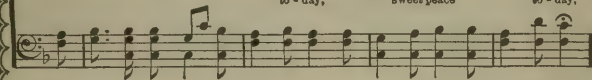
tem - pest can my barque control, If Thou wilt	on - ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can - not lay me low, If Thou wilt	on - ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt	on - ly bring peace to my soul.
chan - ges can - not harm me here, If Thou wilt	on - ly bring peace to my soul.



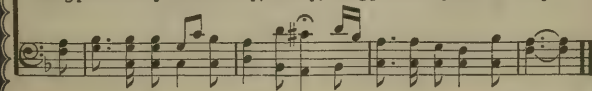
CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to - day, . . . Bring peace . . . to - day, . . .
to - day, sweet peace to - day.



Bring peace to my soul to - day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.



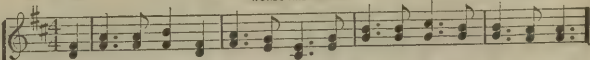
No. 68.

I Am Satisfied With Jesus.

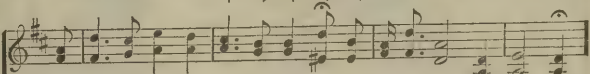
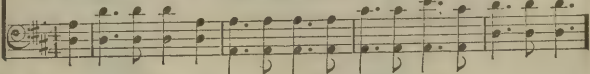
S. W. B.

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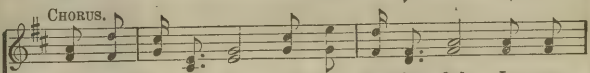
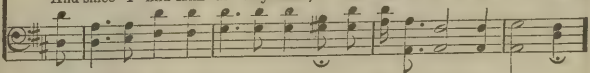
Samuel W. Beazley.



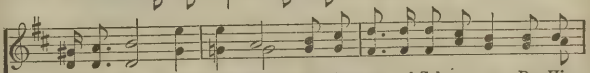
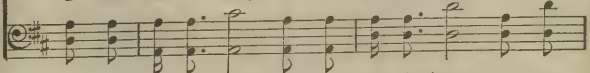
1. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, His name is mu - sic to re - peat,
2. The way may dark and drear - y be, His hand I know is lead - ing me,
3. The world may tempt my feet to stray, But I can nev - er lose my way,
4. The storms of life I will not fear, For He hath said "Be of good cheer;"



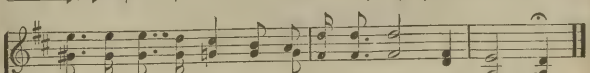
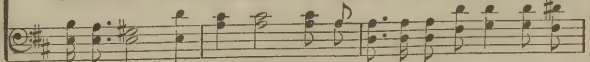
His presence makes my joy complete; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
 No oth - er friend so good as He; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
 For He is with me night and day; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
 And since I find Him al - ways near, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.



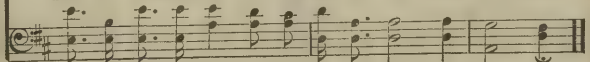
I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am



sat - is - fied with Je - sus: On the cross of Cal - va - ry, By His



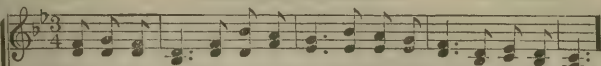
death He ransomed me, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.



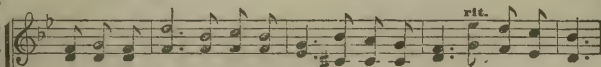
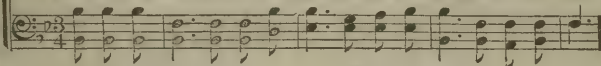
H. L.

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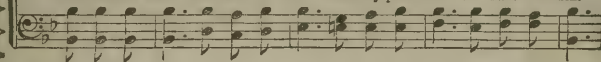
Haldor Lillenas.



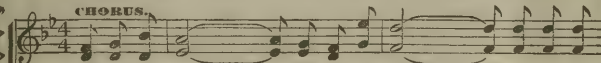
1. What won-drous love the Lord hath shown, That He hath made sal - va - tion known
2. How mar - vel - ous and broad the grace That reaches all the fall - en race,
3. As bound-less as the o - cean wide, As cease-less as the roll - ing tide,
4. The fir - ma-ment with jew - els bright, That glow and glim-mer in the night,



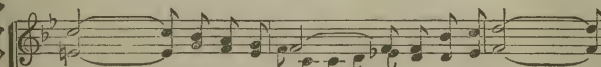
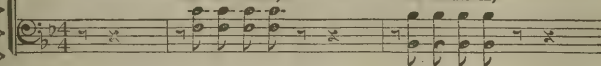
To one so lost in guilt and sin, — He took me in, He took me in.
 In - clud - ing ev - 'ry tribe and kin, — That took me in, that took me in.
 The love of God has ev - er been, — It took me in, it took me in.
 Has cost the Say - iour less to win Than my poor soul to save from sin.



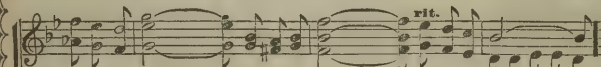
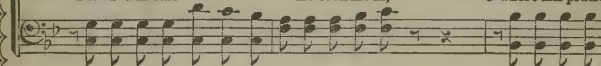
CHORUS.



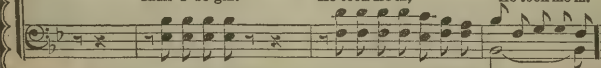
He took me in,..... He took me in,..... Tho' I was
 He took me in, He took me in,



lost..... and steeped in sin;..... O where His praise.....
 Tho' I was lost He took me in, O where His praise



shall I be - gin?..... He took me in,..... He took me in.....
 shall I be - gin? He took me in, He took me in.



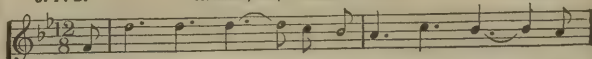
No. 70.

Saved! Saved!

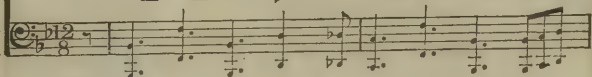
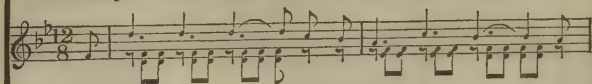
J. P. S.

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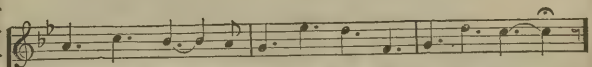
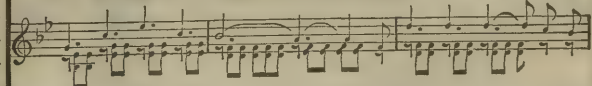
J. P. Schoffield.



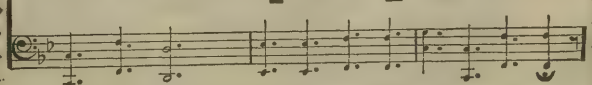
1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,... His
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
 3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone,... In



love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll



lift - ed me, ... And what His grace can do for you....
 might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way..
 lead you home,.. To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly..."



Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my Joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved,saved, saved!

No. 71. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
 3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

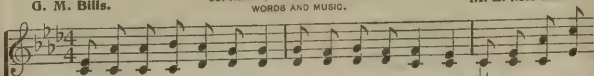
No. 72.

Follow Me.

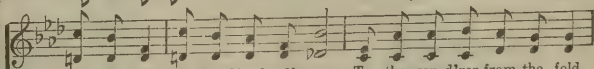
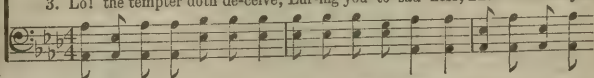
G. M. Bills.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

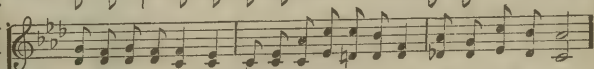
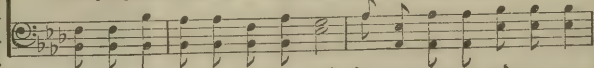
M. L. McPhail.



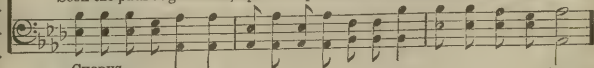
1. Like a chime of sil-ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag-ic sto-ry That can charm a-
3. Lo! the tempter doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sad-ness; Then he mocks you



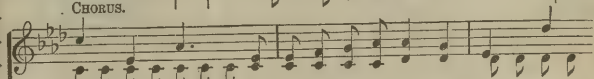
ev-er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wan-d'rer from the fold,
way your fears When earth's joys de-part? Shall the spell of e-vil hide
while you grieve, Pointing to de-spair; From his fet-ters break a-way,



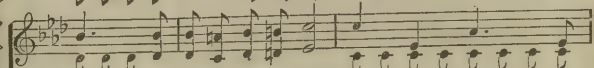
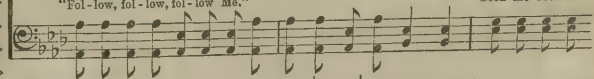
Love is ev-er bring-ing Tidings from the gates of gold, Of a wel-come there.
From your eyes the glo-ry That for-ev-er will a-bide With the pure in heart?
Seek the path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleasures that decay, Of their sting beware.



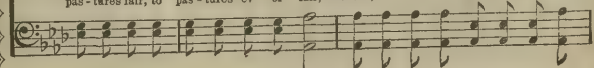
CHORUS.



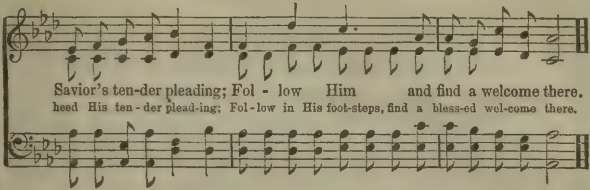
"Fol-low Me," O hear the Shepherd say-ing, "Seek the
"Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low Me." "Seek the door to



door to pas-tures ev-er fair;" Heed, O heed thy
pas-tures fair, to pas-tures ev-er fair;" Heed, O heed thy Sav-ior's voice, O



Follow Me.



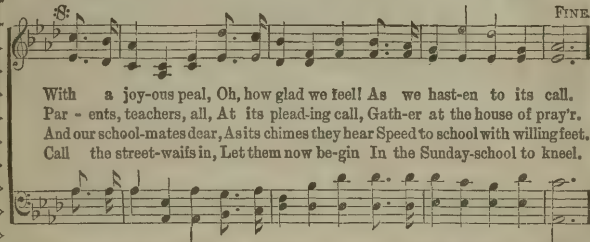
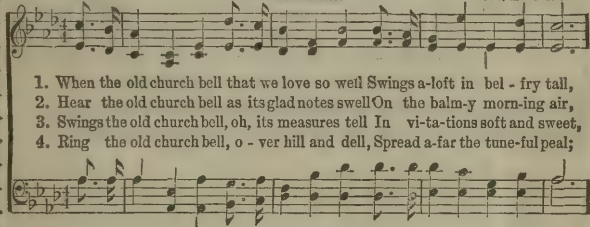
No. 73.

The Old Church Bell.

Birdie Bell.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

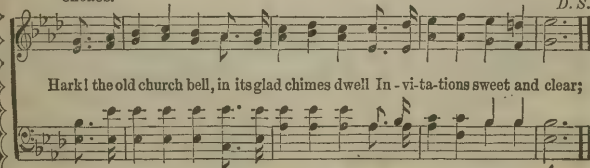
H. N. Lincoln.



D. S.—Let us haste a - way, in the earl-y day, To the Sun-day-school so dear.

CHORUS.

D. S.



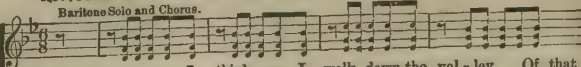
No. 74.

I Shall Look Like the King.

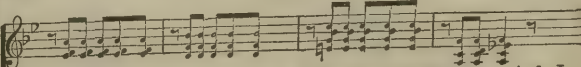
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.
Baritone Solo and Chorus.

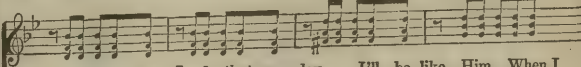
Haldor Lilienas.




1. O how oft - en I think as I walk down the val - ley Of that
2. In the im - age of God were our par - ents cre - a - ted, Pure and
3. In my Sav - ior I trust who has bought my re - demp - tion, And thro',



blest home in heav - en where bright an - gels sing; And I
fair as the morn - ing, as flow'rs in the spring; But all
storm, or thro' sun - shine to His cross I will cling; Then as

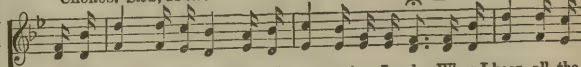


read of our Lord, that some day I'll be like Him, When I
tho' sin and shame has de - filed and de - formed us, When I
pure as the light, and as ho - ly as an - gels, When I



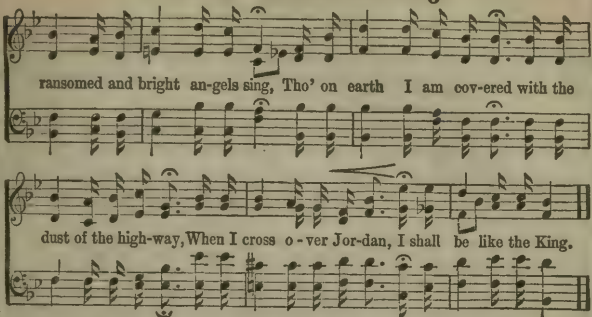
look.... on His beau - ty, I shall be..... like the King.....
cross.... o - ver Jor - dan, I shall look.... like the King.....
cross.... o - ver Jor - dan, I shall look.... like the King.....

CHORUS, *Slow, ad lib.*



I shall look like the King, When I cross o - ver Jor - dan, When I hear all the

I Shall Look Like the King.



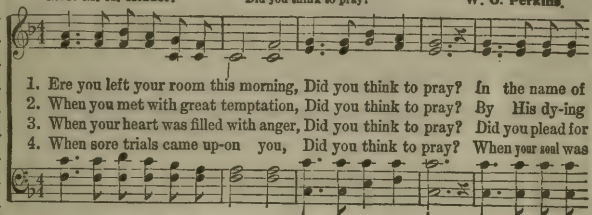
ransomed and bright an-gels sing, Tho' on earth I am cov-ered with the
dust of the high-way, When I cross o-ver Jor-dan, I shall be like the King.

No. 75. Ere You Left Your Room This Morning.

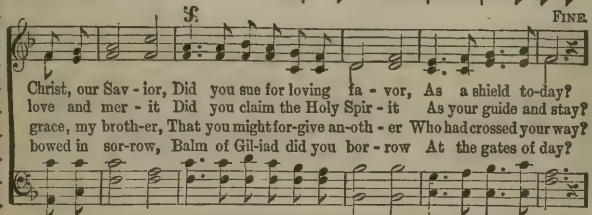
Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

Did you think to pray?

W. O. Perkins.



1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore trials came up-on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

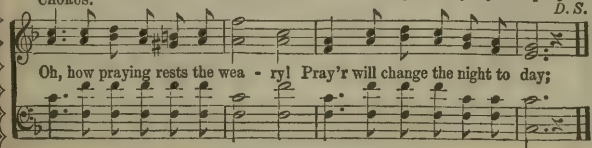


Christ, our Sav-ior, Did you sue for loving fa-vor, As a shield to-day?
love and mer-it Did you claim the Holy Spir-it As your guide and stay?
grace, my broth-er, That you might for-give an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-lad did you bor-row At the gates of day?

CHORUS.

D. S.—So when life seems dark and dreary, Don't for-get to pray.

D. S.

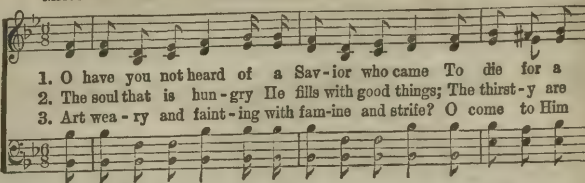


Oh, how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r will change the night to day;

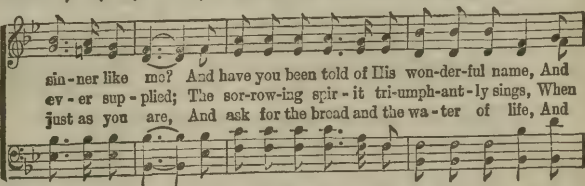
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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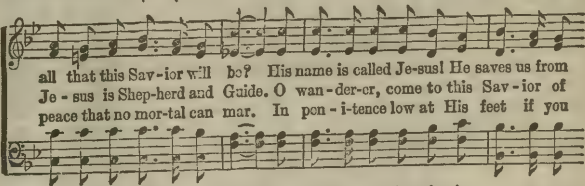
Dr. W. H. Doane.



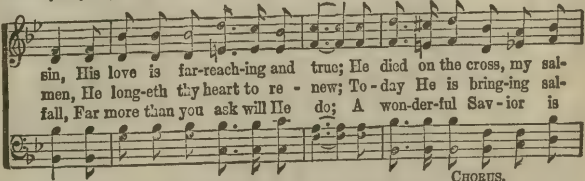
1. O have you not heard of a Sav-ior who came To die for a
2. The soul that is hun-gry He fills with good things; The thirst-y are
3. Art wea-ry and faint-ing with fam-ine and strife? O come to Him



sin-ner like me? And have you been told of His won-der-ful name, And
ev-er sup-plied; The sor-row-ing spir-it tri-umph-ant-ly sings, When
just as you are, And ask for the bread and the wa-ter of life, And

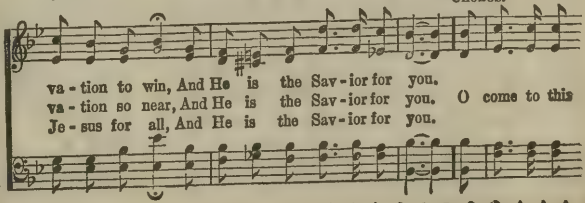


all that this Sav-ior will do? His name is called Je-sus! He saves us from
Je-sus is Shep-herd and Guide. O wan-der-er, come to this Sav-ior of
peace that no mor-tal can mar. In pen-i-tence low at His feet if you



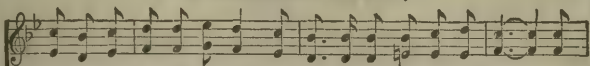
sin, His love is far-reach-ing and true; He died on the cross, my sal-
men, He long-eth thy heart to re-new; To-day He is bring-ing sal-
fall, Far more than you ask will He do; A won-der-ful Sav-ior is

CHORUS.

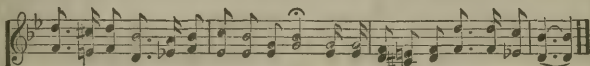
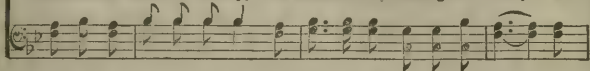


va-tion to win, And He is the Sav-ior for you.
va-tion so near, And He is the Sav-ior for you. O come to this
Je-sus for all, And He is the Sav-ior for you.

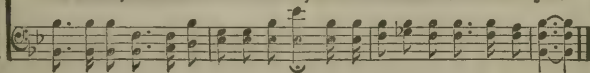
A Wonderful Savior.



won-der-ful Sav-ior to-day, The Friend ev-er - last-ing and true; A



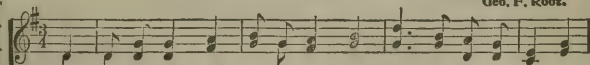
won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior to me, And a won-der-ful Sav-ior for you.



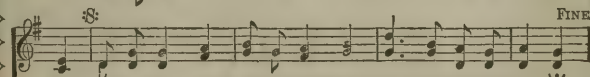
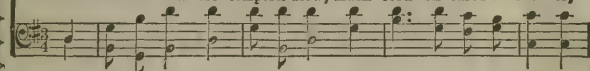
No. 77.

The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.



1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing-ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud-est tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;



Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold - en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for-ev - er!



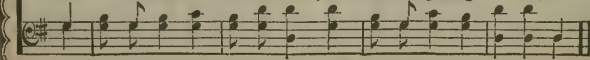
D. S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

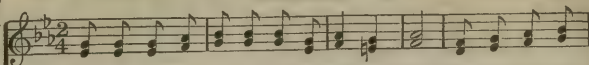
CHORUS.

D. S.

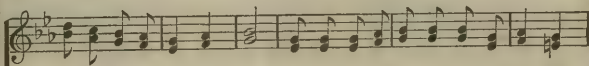
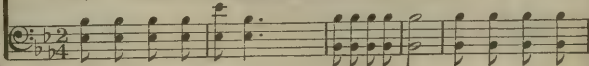


For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver; And

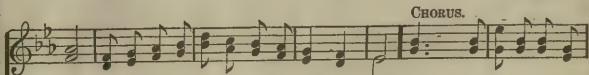
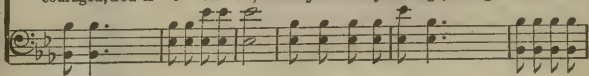




1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



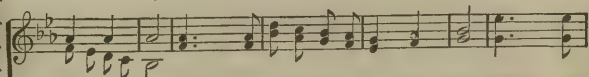
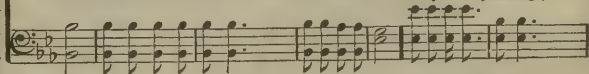
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
 promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-



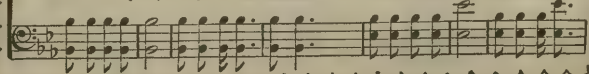
CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
 fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
 buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
 tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

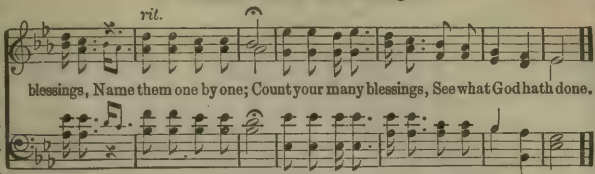


one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
 Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many



Count Your Blessings.

rit.



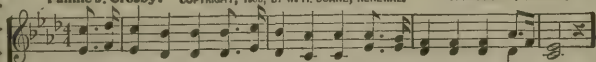
No. 79.

Draw Me Nearer.

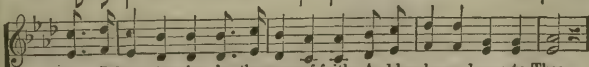
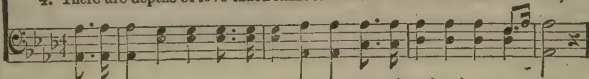
Fannie J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. H. DOANE, RENEWAL.

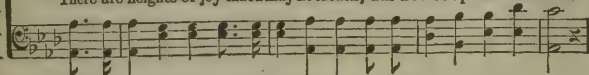
William H. Doane.



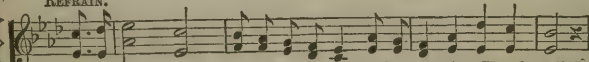
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;



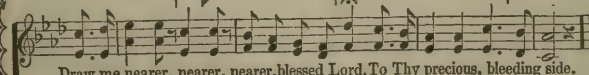
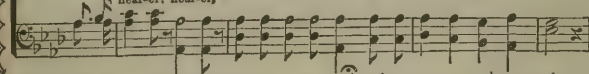
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.



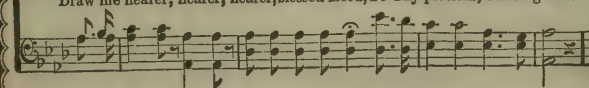
REFRAIN.



Draw me near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
 near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



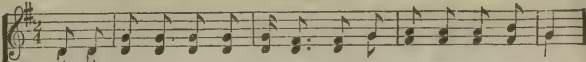
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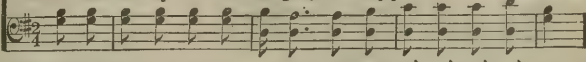
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith,

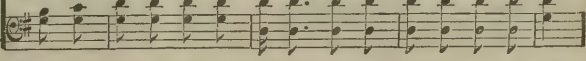
COPYRIGHTED BY S. J. VAIL
USED BY PER.

S. J. Vail,

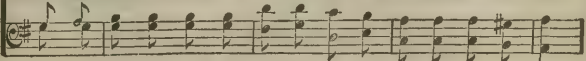
- 
1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Ly-ing all a-round our path;
 2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
 3. If we knew the lit-tle fin-gers, Pressed a-against the win-dow pane,
 4. Ah! those ti - ny lit-tle fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back



Let us keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff;
Strange that we should slight the vio-lets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and still to-mor-row—Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain—
To the hast-y words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our back-ward track!

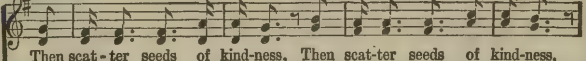


Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seems one half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—
How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,

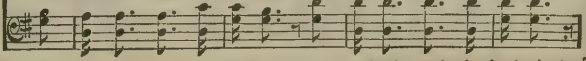


With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ros-y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es— For our reap-ing by and by.

CHORUS.



Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,



Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

ad lib.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 81.

On My Knees.

FRED J. SHIELDS.
Quietly.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Up-on my knees be-fore the throne, I love to talk with God a-lone,
2. Up-on my knees I find re-lief, From ev-'ry sor-row care and grief,
3. Up-on my knees He gives me grace To run with patience, life's short race,
4. Up-on my knees, a soft re-treat, His Spir-it guides me—O how sweet,

I know He hears, I know He sees Me as I wait up-on my knees.
Christ lifts my load with greatest ease While I am wait-ing, on my knees.
My strength renewed, my weakness leaves While I am there up-on my knees.
His presence seemed a heav'n-ly breeze And thrills me there up-on my knees.

CHORUS.

Up-on my knees; up-on my knees, I know He hears, I know He sees;

My faith grows strong, the tempter flees, While I am there up-on my knees.

No. 82.

The Way-side Cross.

C. L. St. John,
Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)

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H. R. Palmer.

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a -
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg-es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg-es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for

Slower and sustained.

rit.

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sits thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

*CHORUS.

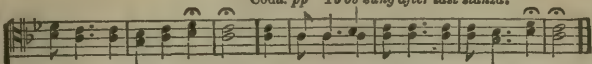
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in lichens

and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

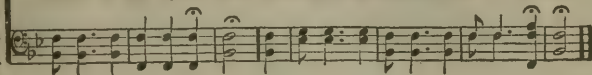
*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Way-side Cross,

Coda. pp To be sung after last stanza.



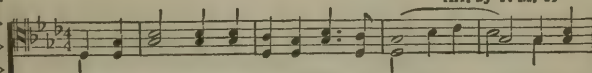
waters so safe - ly for man; That brid-ges the wa-ters so safe - ly for man.



No. 83.

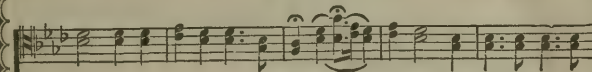
Were You There?

Arr. by T. M. T.

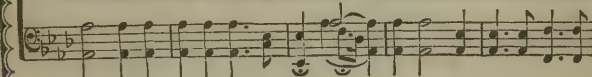


- | | |
|--|----------|
| 1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? | Were you |
| 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? | Were you |
| 3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? | Were you |
| 4. Were you there when He burst the bars of death? | Were you |

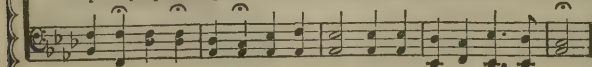
were you there?



there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? Oh,.... sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when they nailed Him to the cross? Oh,.. sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh,.... sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when He burst the bars of death? Oh,.... sometimes, it fills my soul with



trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord?
trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross.
trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
rap-ture, rap-ture, rap-ture, Were you there when He burst the bars of death?



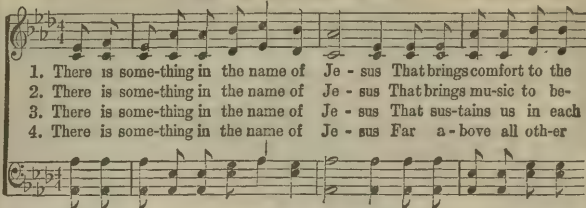
No. 84.

Something In That Name.

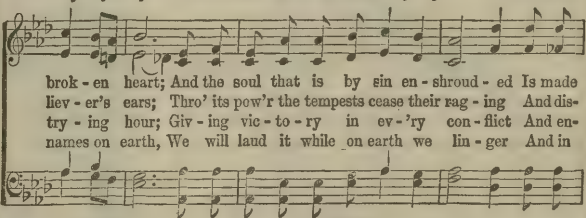
H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Haldor Lillenas.

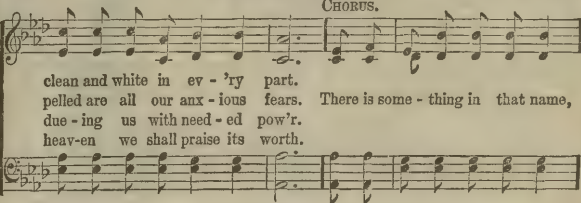


1. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus That brings com-fort to the
 2. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus That brings mu-sic to be-
 3. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus That sus-tains us in each
 4. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus Far a-bove all oth-er

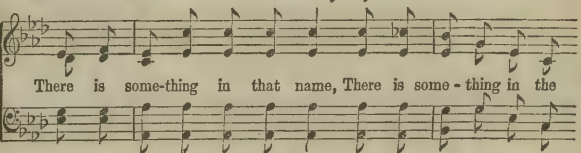


brok-en heart; And the soul that is by sin en-shroud-ed Is made
 liev-er's ears; Thro' its pow'r the tempests cease their rag-ing And dis-
 try-ing hour; Giv-ing vic-to-ry in ev-'ry con-flict And en-
 names on earth, We will laud it while on earth we lin-ger And in

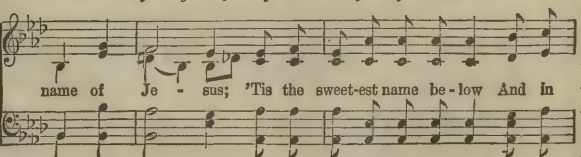
CHORUS.



clean and white in ev-'ry part.
 pelled are all our anx-ious fears. There is some-thing in that name,
 due-ing us with need-ed pow'r.
 heav-en we shall praise its worth.

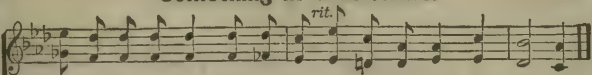


There is some-thing in that name, There is some-thing in the

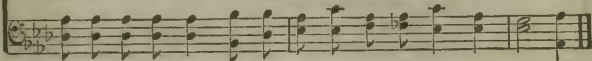


name of Je - sus; 'Tis the sweet-est name be-low And in

Something in that Name.



heav-en we can know, Noth-ing sweet-er than the name of Je-sus.



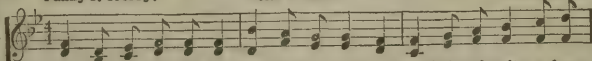
No. 85.

Rescue the Perishing.

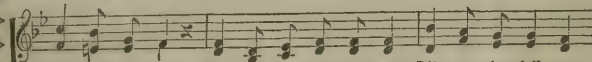
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USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby.

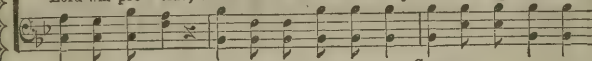
W. H. Doane.



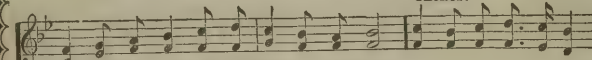
1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



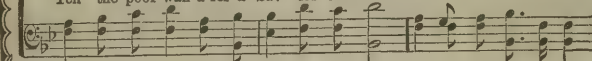
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



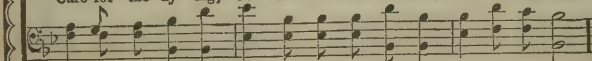
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



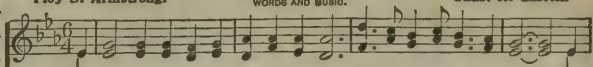
No. 86.

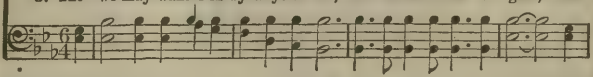
Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong.

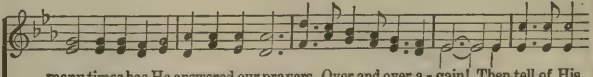
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

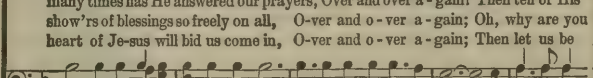
- 
1. How many times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
 2. He ne'er re-fus-es to hear, tho' we call O-ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
 3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O-ver and o-ver a - gain, The



many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o-ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o-ver a - gain; Then let us be



good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And

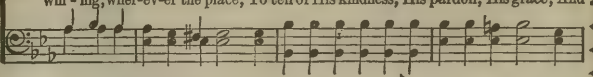
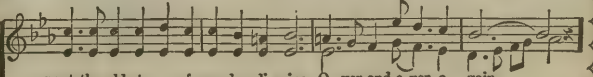


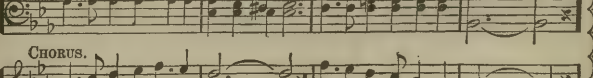
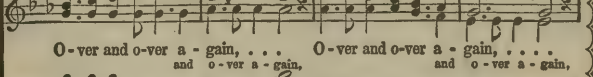
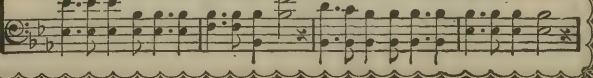
peat the old sto-ry of par-don di-vine, O-ver and o-ver a - gain. . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, o - - ver and o-ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

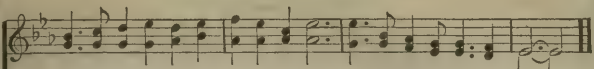


O-ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O-ver and o-ver a - gain, . . .
and o-ver a - gain, and o-ver a - gain,

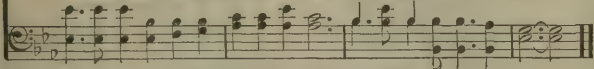




Over and Over Again.



O what a won-der-ful sto-ry to tell, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.



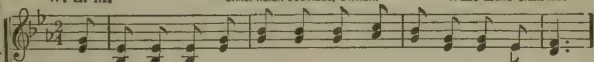
No. 87.

He Surely Means Me.

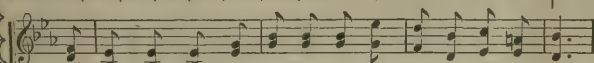
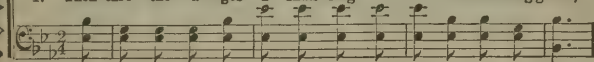
W. E. M.

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Wm. Edie Marks.



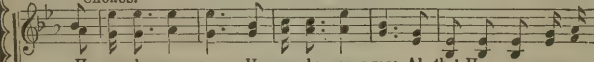
1. "Come who - so - ev - er will" our Lord once said in Gal - i - lee,
2. Tho' sins may be as scar - let they shall be as white as snow;
3. For all He has prepared a place, where ma - ny man-sions be;
4. Then thro' the a - ges I shall sing of His re - deem-ing grace,



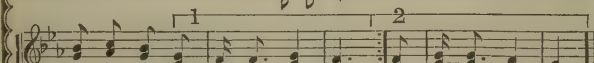
And in that in - vi - ta - tion He in - clud - ed e - ven me.
My soul is cleansed and pur - i - fied in Je - sus' blood, I know.
I claim His prom - ise, for I know there's one in heav'n for me.
And praise Him that for such as I He could pre - pare a place.



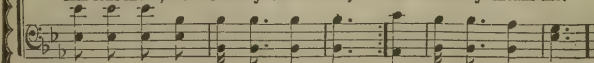
CHORUS.



He sure-ly means me, He sure-ly means me; Al - tho' He means ma - ny



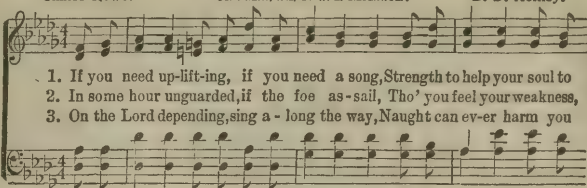
mill - ions more, He sure - ly means me; He sure - ly means me.



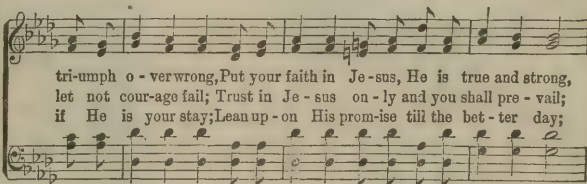
James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

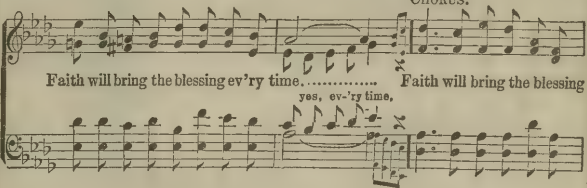


1. If you need up-lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
 2. In some hour unguarded, if the foe as-sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
 3. On the Lord depending, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you

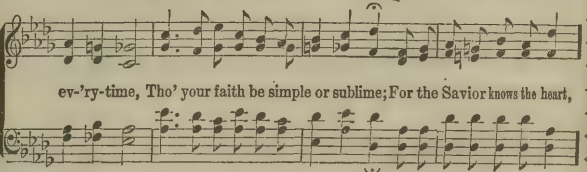


tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je-sus, He is true and strong,
 let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
 if He is your stay; Lean up - on His prom-ise till the bet - ter day;

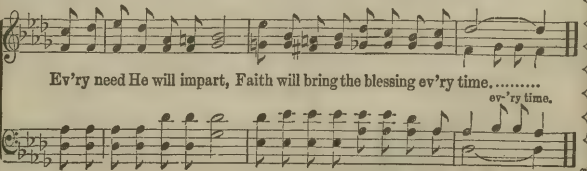
CHORUS.



Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time..... Faith will bring the blessing
 yes, ev'-ry time,



ev'-ry-time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,



Ev'ry need He will impart, Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time.....
 ev'-ry time.

No. 89.

Who Will Go?

H. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Halvor Lillenas.

1. Lo, a voice is call-ing out a-cross the wa-ters deep and wide,
2. O how long they have been grop-ing in the gloom of sins dread night;
3. Lo, the Mas-ter calls for work-ers to go forth at His command,
4. Con-se-crate your ev-ry tal-ent, give the Lord what you pos-sess,

Who will go,..... who will go?..... Tell the heath-en of sal-va-tion,
Hast-en tell them of their er-ror,
Do not tar-ry, do not lin-ger,
They shall shine as stars for-e-ver

Of the one who for them died;
Let them have the gospel light; Who will go,..... who will go?.....
Do not long-er i-dle stand; Who will go, who will go?
Who turns souls to righteousness;

CHORUS.

Who will go,....who will go?.... With the gospel to the distant heathen land;....
Who will go, who will go? Who will go?

Who will go,....who will go?.... With the message of sal-va-tion grand?....
Who will go, who will go? Who will go?

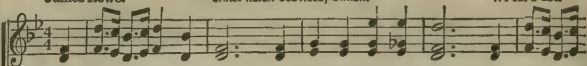
No. 90.

Around the Cross.

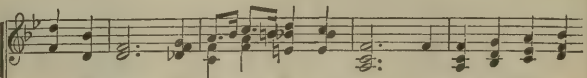
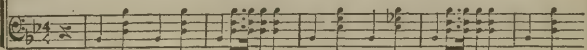
James Rowe.

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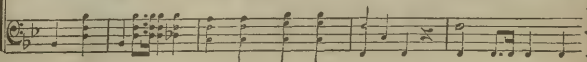
W. A. Post.



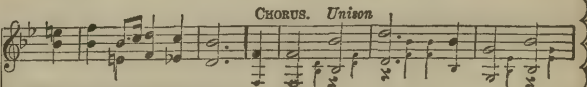
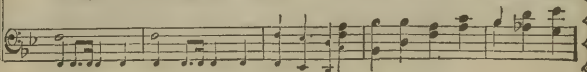
1. A - round the cross we stand, In Je - sus' gos-pel light, A loy - al
2. With-in these sa-cred walls Where He His truth im-parts, His voice like
3. The foe we shall not fear, Up - on the bat-tle-field, For Je - sus



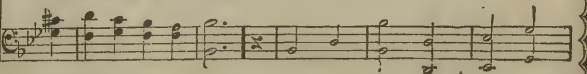
Christian band Pre - par - ing for the fight; Our Lead - er is the
mu - sic falls Up - on each trust - ful heart; And here the way of
will be near, To help us not to yield; His love will keep us



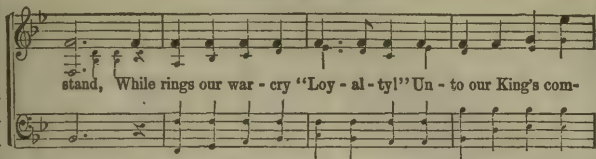
King Of earth and worlds above, Whose praise up - lift - ed na - tions sing,
life He trac - es for our feet, And girds our spir - its for the fight
strong, Un - til the strife is done, Un - til we sing the vic - tor's song



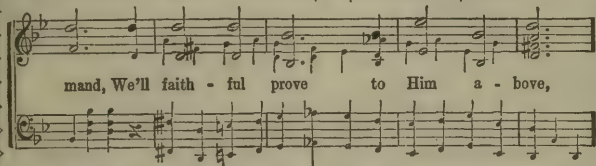
Whose ban - ner bright is love.
With wis - dom most complete. A - round the cross We proud - ly
And life's bright crown is won.



Around the Cross.

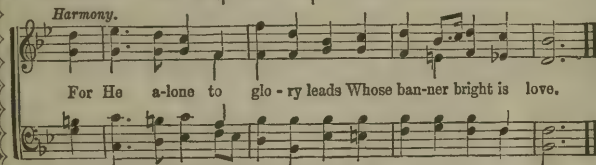


stand, While rings our war - cry "Loy - al - ty!" Un - to our King's com-



mand, We'll faith - ful prove to Him a - bove,

Harmony.

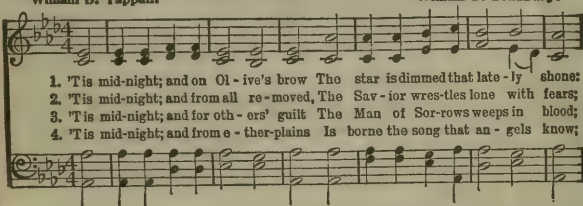


For He a-lone to glo - ry leads Whose ban-ner bright is love.

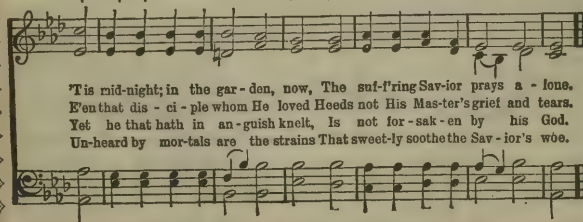
No. 91. 'Tis Midnight; and On Olive's Brow.

William B. Tappan.

William B. Bradbury.



1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re - moved, The Sav - ior wres - tles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor - rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis mid-night; and from e - ther - plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

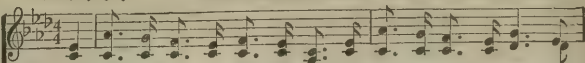


'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den, now, The suf - f'ring Sav - ior prays a - lone.
 E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Mas - ter's grief and tears.
 Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by his God.
 Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweet - ly soothe the Sav - ior's woe.

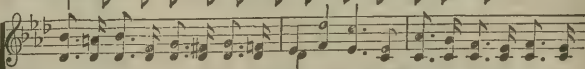
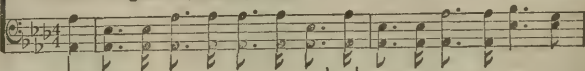
Mrs. N. P. C.

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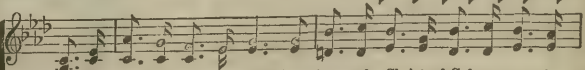
Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.



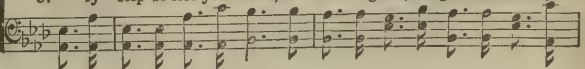
1. O youth, with life be-fore you, and with glad-ness all a-round, While
2. True wis-dom you are seek-ing; no one ev-er sought in vain Who
3. Cour-a-geous be, and loy-al, for on ev-'ry hand are foes That



in your heart the songs of hope and courage ring, "Remember thy Cre-a-tor
asked of Him who lived and taught in Gal-i-lee; A full-ness and a brightness
wait with subtle charms to lead your feet astray, Yet Christ the world's Redeemer



while the e-vil days come not," And choose the Christ of Cal-va-ry to
for your life in Him you'll find, And safe-ty from the sins that lie in
ev-'ry step be-fore you knows, And He will guide, and guard, and love you

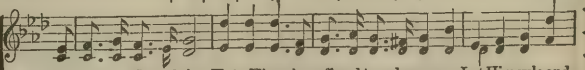
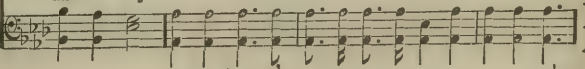


CHORUS.

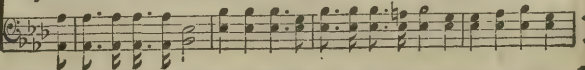


be your King.

wait for thee. Choose to-day! ac-knowledge Him your Savior; Choose to-day!
all the way.



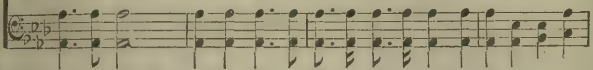
your heart a tribute bring Unto Him who suffered to redeem you, Let Him rule and



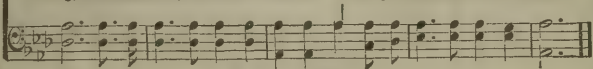
Make Christ Your King.



reign, your King! Choose to-day, for love and valiant service Un-to Him be-



long, Take the vow, and ever faithful be Till you sing the victor's song.



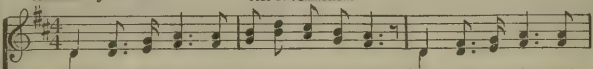
No. 93.

I Love Him..

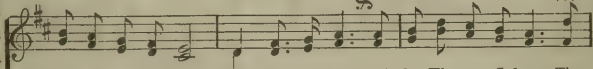
London Hymn Book.

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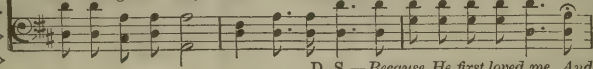
S. C. Foster.



1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but



all that would a-larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To



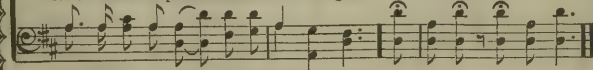
D. S.—Because He first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.



pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

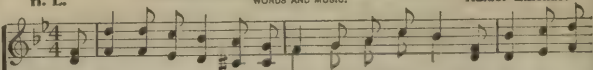


purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

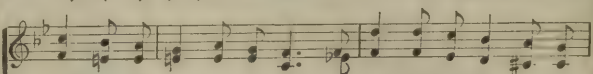
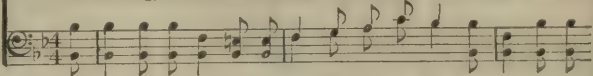
H. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

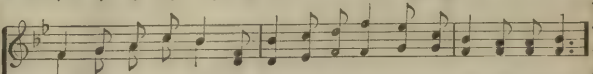
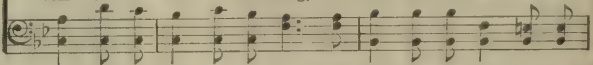
Haldor Lillenas.



1. The store-house of God e'er is filled to o'er-flow-ing, His rich-es are
2. If we will bring in all the tithes and the of-f'rings, He prom-ised to
3. Ex-ceed-ing, a-bun-dant a-bove all we're think-ing, His al-might-y



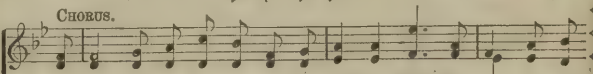
bound-less, His treas-ures un-told; On those who be-lieve He is
o-pen the win-dows of Heav'n, And pour out a bless-ing we
arm can de-liv-er-ance bring; And more than our hearts and our



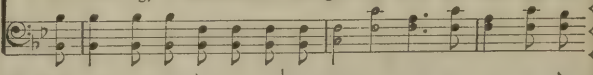
ev-er be-stow-ing His bless-ing more price-less and pre-cious than gold.
can-not find room for; Ex-ceed-ing, a-bun-dant, His bless-ings are giv'n.
voi-ces are ask-ing—The God of all grace will sup-ply ev-'ry-thing.



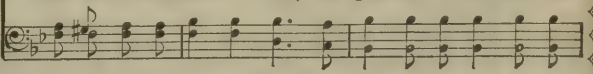
CHORUS.



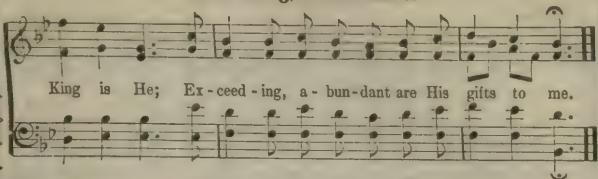
Ex-ceed-ing, a-bun-dant are the gifts of love, Ex-ceed-ing, a-



bun-dant from His house a-bove; He gives like a King, for the



Exceeding, Abundant.



King is He; Ex-ceed-ing, a-bun-dant are His gifts to me.

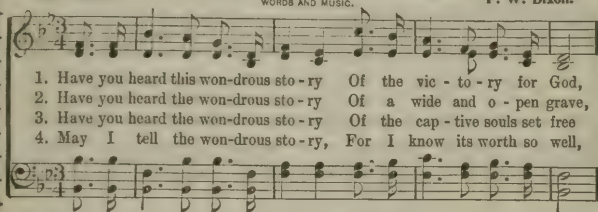
No. 95.

He Lives Again.

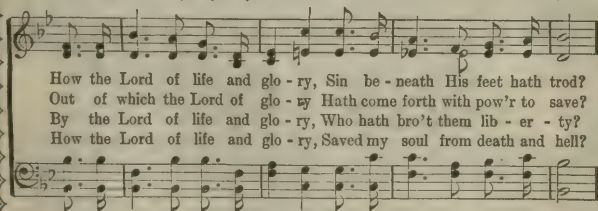
Geo. Burns.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

P. W. Dixon.

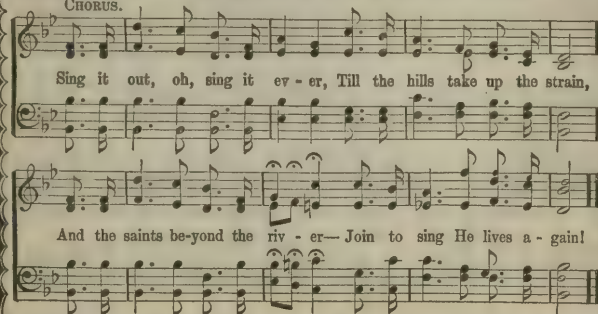


1. Have you heard this won-drous sto-ry Of the vic-to-ry for God,
2. Have you heard the won-drous sto-ry Of a wide and o-pen grave,
3. Have you heard the won-drous sto-ry Of the cap-tive souls set free
4. May I tell the won-drous sto-ry, For I know its worth so well,



How the Lord of life and glo-ry, Sin be-neath His feet hath trod?
Out of which the Lord of glo-ry Hath come forth with pow'r to save?
By the Lord of life and glo-ry, Who hath bro't them lib-er-ty?
How the Lord of life and glo-ry, Saved my soul from death and hell?

CHORUS.



Sing it out, oh, sing it ev-er, Till the hills take up the strain,

And the saints be-yond the riv-er—Join to sing He lives a-gain!

James Rowe.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. O the joy of the souls that vic-tor-i-ous-ly sing In the
 2. Man-y loved ones are there, and their fa-c-es all shine In the
 3. We shall all soon be there with our tri-als all o'er, With the

beau-ti-ful land of the glo-ri-ous King, Where the blooms never fade,
 light of the love of the Mas-ter di-vine; There are dear ones of yours,
 sa-ges and saints on that beau-ti-ful shore; There the friend that we love

where it al-ways is Spring, In the bright Im-mor-tal-i-ty Land.
 there are dear ones of mine, In that bright Im-mor-tal-i-ty Land.
 we shall see and a-dore In the bright Im-mor-tal-i-ty Land.

CHORUS.

Im-mor-tal-i-ty Land, Im-mor-tal-i-ty Land It has

mansions of light, it has pal-a-c-es grand! O the joy that will come

Immortality Land.

when we all gath-er home In that bright Im-mor-tal-i - ty Land. . . .
bless-ed Land.

No. 97.

Now Is The Time.

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James Rowe.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. If you wish to turn from sin, Now is the time, now is the time;
2. If you have not looked a - bove, Now is the time, now is the time;
3. If you have not served the Lord, Now is the time, now is the time;
4. If you have not lost your sin, Now is the time, now is the time;

Let the love of God shine in, For now is the saf - est time.
If you have not proved God's love, Now is the saf - est time.
Seek Him in His pre - cious word— Now is the saf - est time.
If you have not fought to win, Now is the saf - est time.

REFRAIN.

Now is the time, Now is the time;
O has - tent O has - tent
Seek the Sav - ior while you may For now is the time.

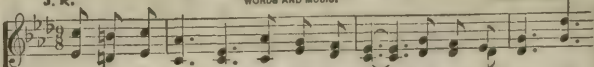
No. 98.

After a While.

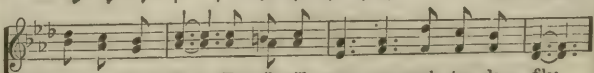
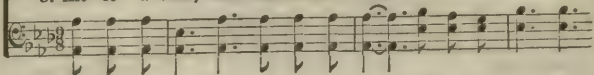
J. R.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

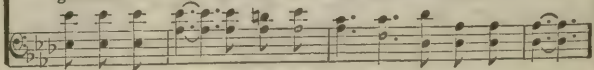
James Rowe.



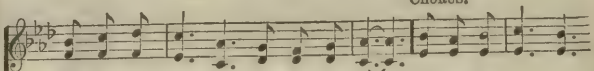
1. Aft - er a while, our sky will be bright, Sun - shine will ban - ish
2. Aft - er a while, the storm will be past, Bil - lows a - sleep, our
3. Aft - et a while, the dear ones we miss, We shall en - fold a -



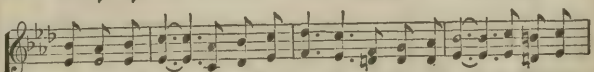
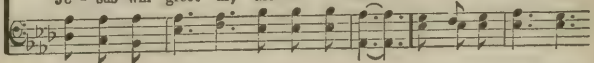
shad - ows of night, E - vil will cease our souls to de - file;
 an - chor be cast; We shall have reached the beau - ti - ful isle—
 gain with a kiss; Bliss will be ours, for there, with a smile,



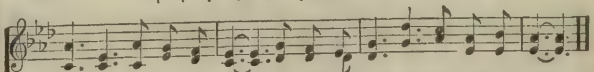
CHORUS.



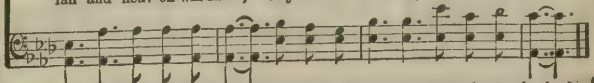
We shall be hap - py, aft - er a while.
 Heav - en—our home - land, aft - er a while. Aft - er a while, with
 Je - sus will greet us, aft - er a while.



whis - pers of love, Je - sus will sweet - ly call us a - bove; Burdens will



fall and heav - en will smile; Joy will en - fold us, aft - er a while.



No. 99.

Your Savior is Calling.

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Chas. Reign Scoville.

Carrol E. Marty.
Har. by Thoro Harris.
Harmony.

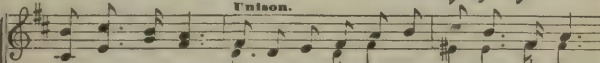
Unison.



1. Je - sus is call - ing for sol - diers to - day, Call - ing for thee,
2. Je - sus is call - ing for men who are strong, Call - ing for thee,
3. Je - sus is call - ing to ev - 'ry lost soul, Call - ing for thee,
4. He who your par - don se - cured on the cross, Calls you to - day,



Unison.



call - ing for thee; On to the con - flict, en - list while you may.
call - ing for thee; Weak - er ones need you to keep them from wrong.
call - ing for thee: Come to Him now, and be per - fect - ly whole.
calls you to - day; If you re - fuse, oh, how great is the cost!

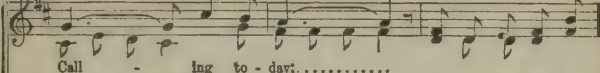
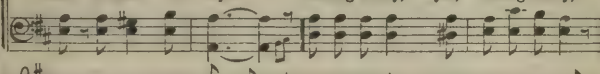


Harmony.

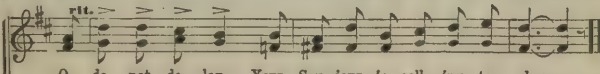
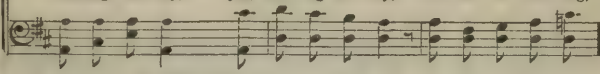
CHORUS.



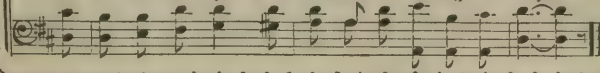
Hark! He calls to - day..... Call - ing to - day.....
Call - ing to - day, yes, calling to - day,



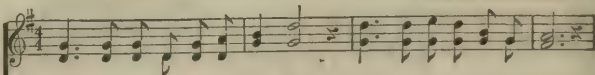
Call - ing to - day;
Call - ing to - day, yes, call - ing to - day; Je - sus is call - ing,



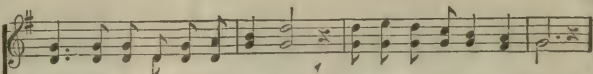
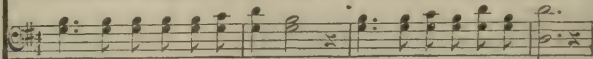
O do not de - lay, Your Sav - iour is call - ing to - day.



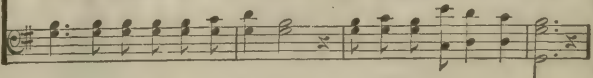
Arr. by J. P. Powell.



- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, | To the a - ged and the young; |
| 2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, | O'er the prairies of the West; |
| 3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, | Min - gling with the o cean's roar; |
| 4. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, | O'er the is - lands of the sea; |



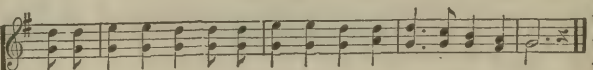
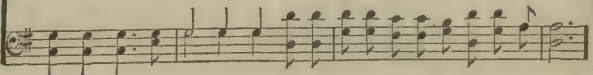
- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Till the pre - cious in - vi - ta - tion, | Wak - ens ev - 'ry heart and tongue. |
| Till each gath'ring con - gre - ga - tion, | With the gos - pel sound is blest. |
| Till the ships or ev - 'ry na - tion | Bear the news from shore to shore. |
| Till in hum - ble ad - o - ra - tion, | All to Christ shall bow the knee. |



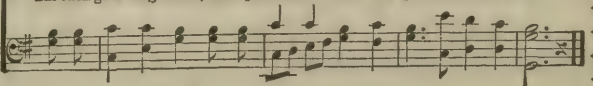
CHORUS.



Send the sound The earth a - round From the ris - ing to the set - ting of the sun,



Till each gath'ring crowd, Shall proclaim a - loud, The glorious work is done.



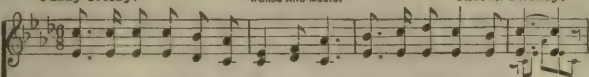
No. 101.

The Hour of Prayer.

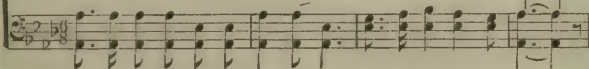
Fanny Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUS.C.

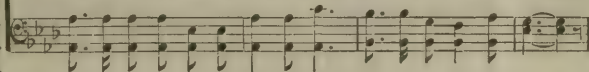
Jno. R. Sweney.



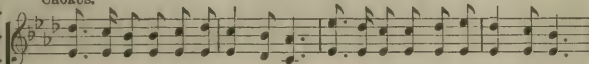
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



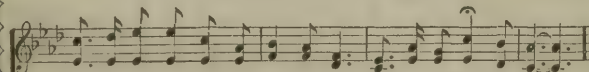
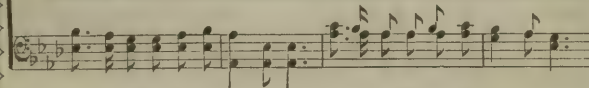
Wel - come the bliss of com - mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er - flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



No. 102.

Onward and Forward.

H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE,

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, For-ward to the fight, In the ranks of
 2. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Hear the bu-gle call, See the banners
 3. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Nev-er sound re-treat, Un-til you have
 go forward,

Je-sus For the cause of right, Fol-low your Com-man-der, See, He
 wav-ing, Forward one and all, Hear the song of triumph, "Vic-to-
 gained a Vic-to-ry com-plete, Onward till you reach the Land where
 go forward,

goes be-fore, Hear the bat-tle cry resound from shore to shore.
 ry is nigh," In Je-ho-vah's name we'll conquer by and by.
 strife shall cease, Lay-ing down your ar-mor in the home of peace.
 be-fore;

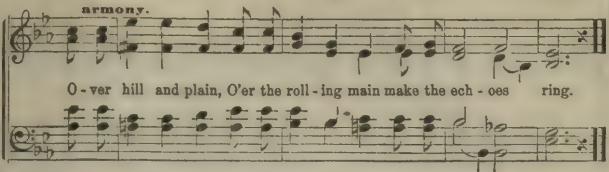
CHORUS. Unison.

Onward and for-ward let the watchword be, Onward and for-ward,

On to vic-to-ry, Praises are ringing to Christ our King,

Onward and Forward.

harmony.

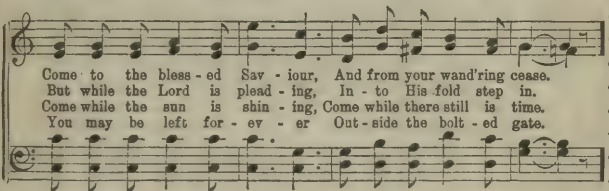
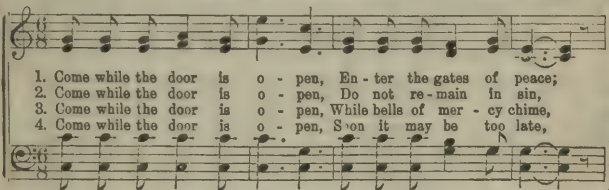


No. 103. Come While the Door Is Open.

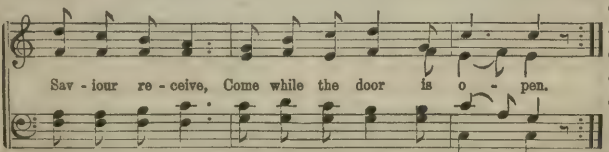
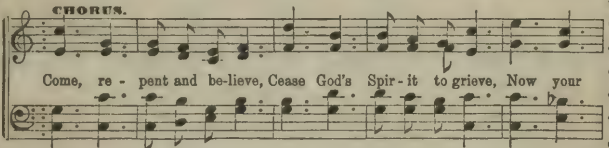
H. L.

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Raldor Lillenas.



CHORUS.



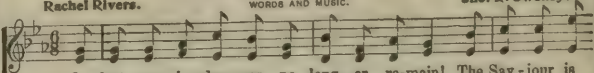
No. 104.

What More Can He Do.

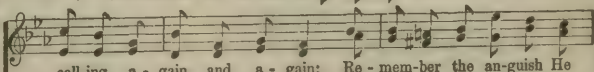
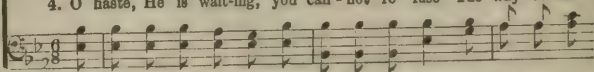
COPYRIGHT, 1907, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

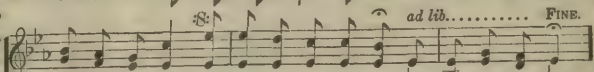
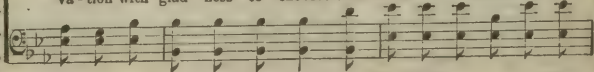
Rachel Rivers.



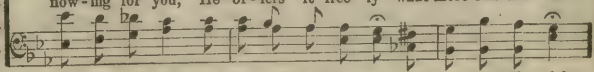
1. O lost ones, in dan-ger no long-er re-main! The Sav-iour is
2. He calls thro' the Gos-pel, re-pent and be-lieve; He calls and en-
3. He calls thro' His mer-cy, and still you de-lay; He calls by His
4. O haste, He is wait-ing, you can-not re-fuse The way of sal-



call-ing a - gain and a - gain; Re - mem-ber the an-guish He
treats you His grace to re - ceive; He of - fers full par-don, and
Spir-it, you grieve Him a - way; Ah, soon your pro - ba - tion per-
va - tion with glad - ness to choose! His blood of a-tone-ment is

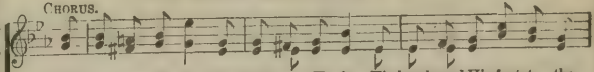


suf-fered for you; His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?
on - ly de-mands Your lov-ing sub-miss-ion to all He commands.
haps may be o'er, And then your Re-deem-er will call you no more!
flow-ing for you, He of - fers it free-ly—what more can He do?

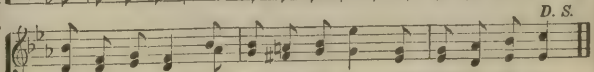
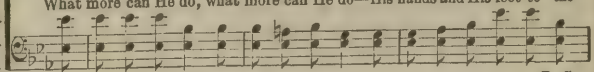


D. S.—His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?

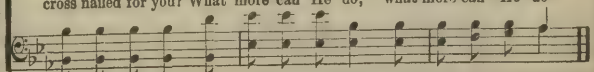
CHORUS.



What more can He do, what more can He do—His hands and His feet to the



cross nailed for you? What more can He do, what more can He do—



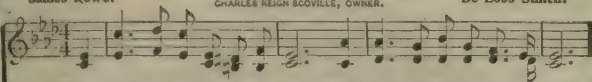
No. 105.

"Some Day," May Be Too Late.

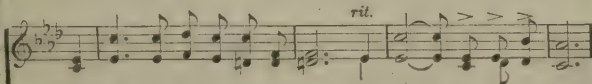
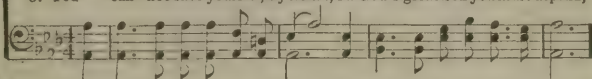
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, AND 1911, BY DE LOSS SMITH.
CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

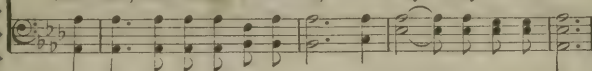
De Loss Smith.



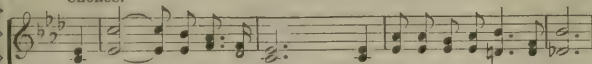
1. "Someday," you say, while Jesus pleads, "I'll come and fill my soul's deep need."
2. The pre-cious time is speeding fast; Let all your wand'ring days be past;
3. You know that e-vil does not pay, You know you need a friend to-day;
4. You do not wish to lose your soul; Then, why let sin your life con-trol?
5. You can - not save yourself, my friend, On God's great Son you must depend;



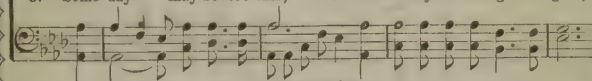
Come while the Spir - it in - ter - ced - es—"Some day" may be too late.
 On Je - sus now your bur - den cast—"Some day" may be too late.
 Then, why from Je - sus turn a - way?—"Some day" may be too late.
 Come home, come home, be glad and whole;—"Some day" may be too late.
 Come now, while arms of love ex - tend;—"Some day" may be too late.



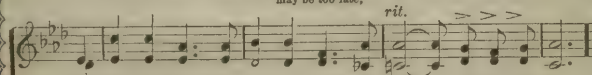
CHORUS.



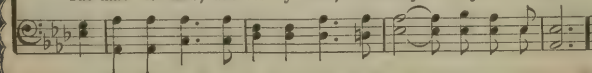
1. "Some day" may be too late, For death may shut the vineyard gate;
2. "Some day" may be too late, For death may call; oh do not wait;
3. "Some day" may be too late, For death may close the gold-en gate;



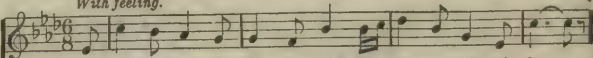
may be too late;



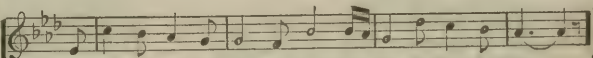
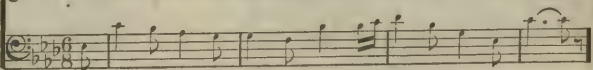
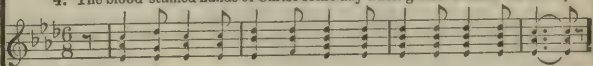
The time is now, this ver - y hour, "Some day" may be too late.
 The time is now, this ver - y hour, "Some day" may be too late.
 The time is now, this ver - y hour, "Some day" may be too late.



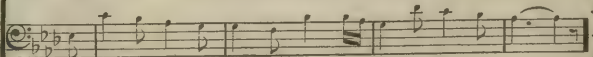
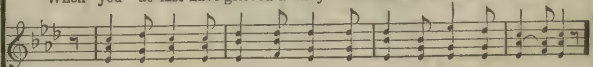
H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. F. WEIGLE.
CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.Haldor Lillenes.
Chorus arr.*With feeling.*

1. Be-hold the lov-ing Sav-ior stands Out-side your bolt-ed door,
2. He stood there when in child-ish play Your heart was free from care;
3. He stood there when your heart was filled With sor-row, grief and pain;
4. The blood-stained hands of Christ some day Their gentle knocks will cease,



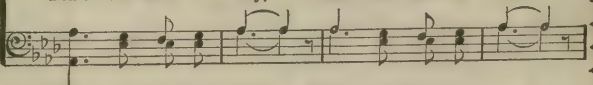
There knocking with His nail-pierced hands, As oft-en-times be-fore.
And now when locks are sil-ver gray, He still is stand-ing there.
And when your life with joy was thrilled, He stood there all in vain.
When you at last have grieved a-way The bless-ed Prince of Peace.



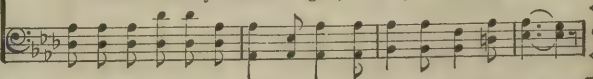
CHORUS.



Don't turn Him a-way, Don't turn Him a-way;



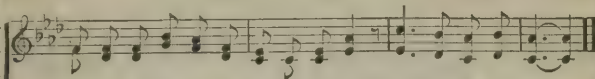
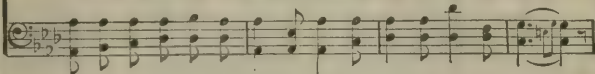
He has come back to your heart a-gain, Al-tho' you've gone a-stray;



Don't Turn Him Away.



O how you need Him to plead your cause On that e - ter - nal day!



Don't turn the Sav - ior a - way from your heart, Don't turn Him a - way.

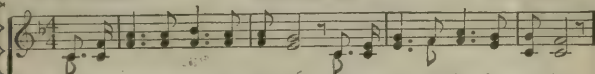


No. 107. \times Where He Leads Me.

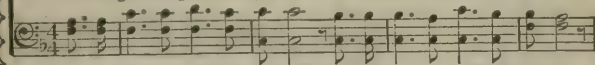
E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

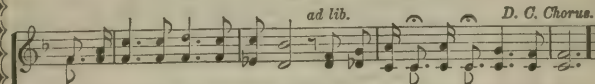
J. S. Norris.



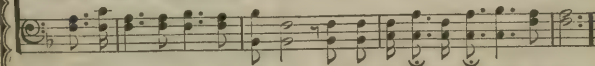
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,



D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,



ad lib. D. C. Chorus.
I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

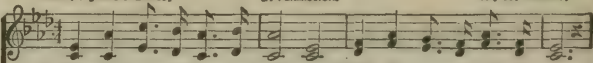
No. 108.

The Precious Name.

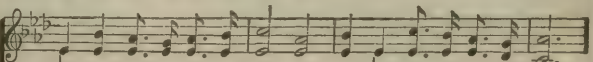
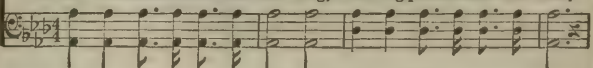
Mrs. Lydia Baxter,

BY PERMISSION.

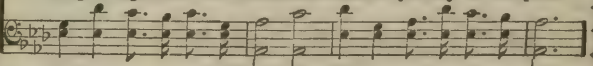
W. H. Doane.



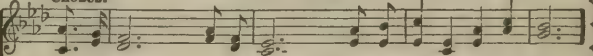
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus with you, As a shield from ev-'ry snare:
3. Oh! the pre-cious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,



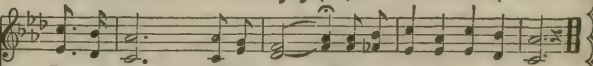
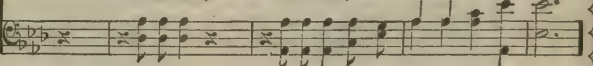
It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp-tations 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him When our jour-ney is com-plete.



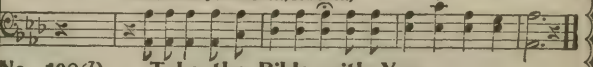
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet,



Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,



No. 108(b).

Take the Bible with You.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

- 1 Take the dear old Bible with you,
Men of toil, where'er you go.
It will strength and comfort give you;
Read its truth and you shall know.

- 2 Take the dear, old Bible with you,
As a shield from every snare.
When dark clouds begin to gather,
Read this book, then bow in prayer.

CHORUS.

Precious book, sacred book,
Word of God,
And Guide to heaven,

- 3 How the Precious Story thrills us,
How it lightens every care.
With this Manna daily feed us,
With thy yoke our burdens share.

Children's Songs



No. 109.

Jesus Called the Children.

(Primary Class Song.)

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora Hamilton Cassel.

F. H. C.

1. Je-sus called the children Saying, "Come to Me" In His arms He took them,
 2. Je-sus took the children, Close in-to His arms Laid His hand up-on them,
 3. Je-sus, dear-est Je - sus, Watching from on high, Noting ev-'ry sor - row,

O, so ten-der - ly; Said un - to His dear ones Be ye like a child—
 Sooth'd them from alarms, Gave to them His blessing, Fraught with love divine;
 Hear-ing ev - 'ry sigh, Giv-ing sweet-est comfort, Calling, "Come to Me,

D. S.—Come and learn of Jesus, He will lead the way,

FINE CHORUS.

En - ter heav-en's king-dom un - de - filed.
 Je - sus make me now a child of Thine. 'Tis the blood of Je-sus,
 In my arms I'll bear Thee ten-der - ly."

Be your lov - ing help - er ev - 'ry day.

D. S.

Cleanseth from all sin, Makes us pure and spotless, Clean without, with - in;

No. 110.

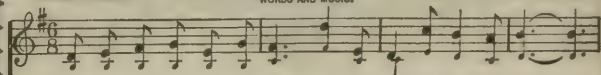
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

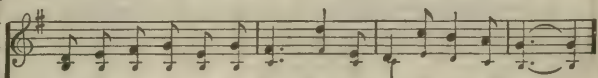
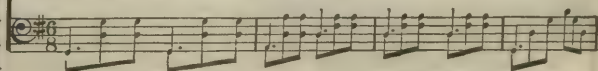
Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

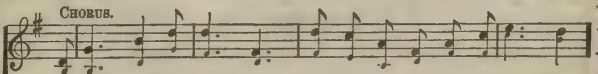
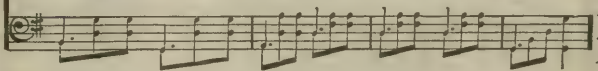
E. O. Excell.



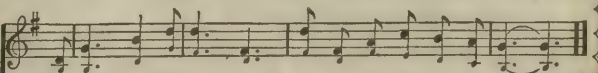
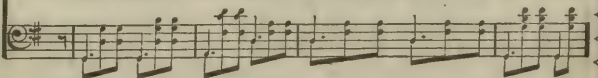
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



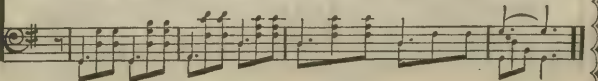
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
 Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
 Ev - er re - flect-ing His good-ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
 Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.



No. 111.

Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Bleakhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re-joic-ing in the up-ward way, Know-ing

dark with-out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-en'd
pray'rs un-an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-en'd
naught of dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-en'd

win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

CHORUS.

Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
the sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

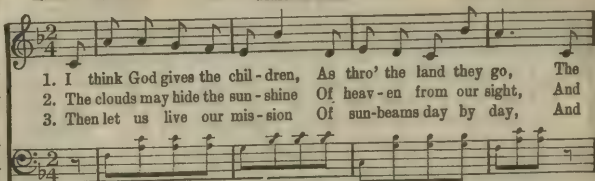
No. 112.

Little Sunbeams.

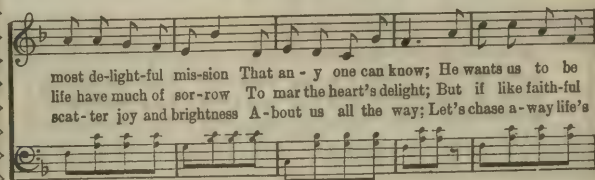
Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

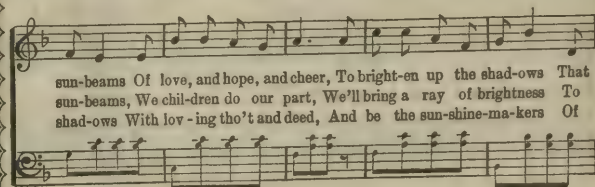
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go, The
 2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight, And
 3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day, And

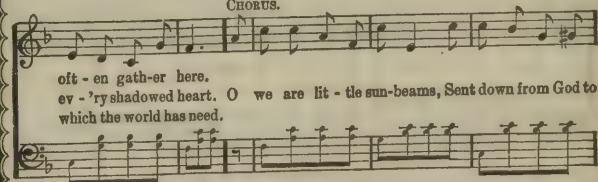


most de-light-ful mis-sion That an-y one can know; He wants us to be
 life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
 scat-ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's

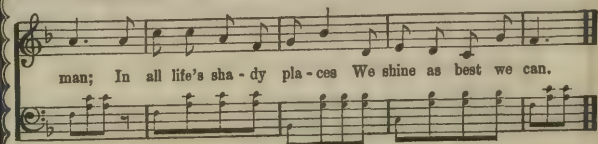


sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer, To bright-en up the shad-ows That
 sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
 shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers Of

CHORUS.



oft-en gath-er here.
 ev-'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
 which the world has need.



man; In all life's sha-dy pla-ces We shine as best we can.

No. 113. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder.

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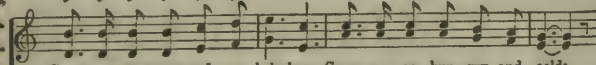
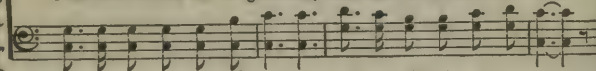
E. O. Excell.



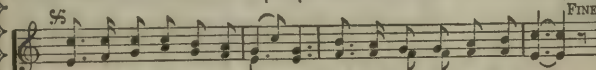
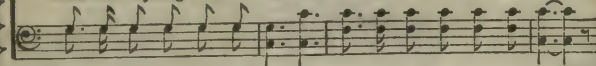
1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;



In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac-es of sin;
 Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs;
 Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.

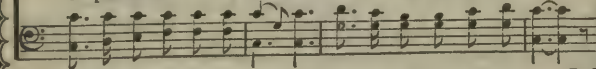


Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
 Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
 Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;



FINE.

D. S. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

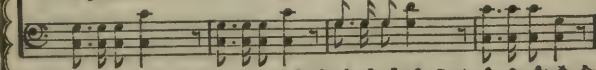


CHORUS.

D. S.



O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
 O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,



No. 114. The Sunday School Lighthouse.

Chas. Reign Scoville.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE & SMITH.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Flora Hamilton Cassal.

1. The Sun-day School Lighthouse shines out on life's wave, It beams for all
2. The chan-nels are nar-row, sin's breakers are there, Life's o-cean is
3. The work-ers are need-ed, the teach-ers are few, The Mas-ter, my
4. Where Un-be-lief's waves roll and storms are most fierce, The Sun-day School

na-tions, their chil-dren to save; Thro' Cal-va-ry's cross and thro'
strewed with the wrecks of de-spair; Then build up, my broth-er, no
broth-er, de-pends up-on you; Don't wait for some wast-ed life
Lighthouse that dark gloom must pierce; 'Tis the gleam of that Star which at

Beth-le-hem's cave The light shines from glo-ry with pow-er to save.
time for de-lay, The Sun-day School Lighthouse, and save them to-day.
wrecked on the shoals, The Sun-day School Lighthouse must save lives and souls.
Beth-le-hem shone, The Sun-day School Lighthouse will light the way home.

CHORUS.

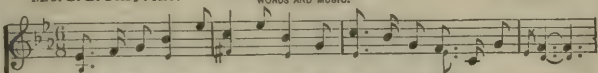
Sunday School Lighthouse, Sunday School Lighthouse, Send out thy gleam o'er the wave;
Send thy gleam o'er the wave;

Sunday School Lighthouse, Sunday School Lighthouse, Oh, help us the children to save.

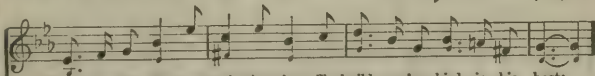
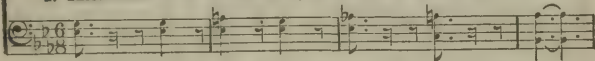
Mrs. B. B. Selby. Arr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

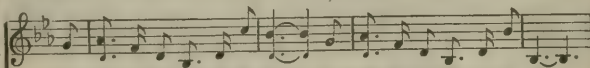
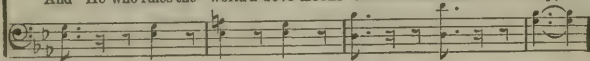
E. O. Excell.



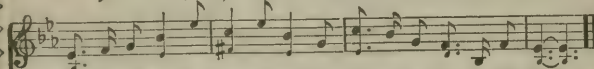
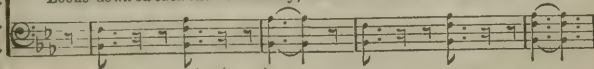
1. 'High in the treetop's leaf-y bough The bird-ies are build-ing a nest;
2. 'This is the lit - tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. 'This is the mother bird who brings The wee 'lit - tle bird-ies their food;
4. 'These are the lit - tle birds we love, Who live in the tree-top so high,



'Twas God the Father taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by;
This is the 'fa - ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the 'world a-bove Looks 'down on each one from the sky;



To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best, To build ev-'ry bird - ie his best,
The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by, The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by,
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood,
Looks 'down on each one from the sky, Looks 'down on each one from the sky,



'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by.
This is the 'fa - ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the 'world a-bove Looks 'down on each one from the sky.



NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2, Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

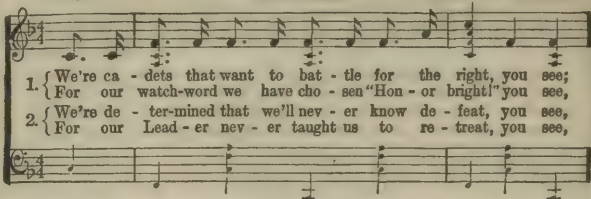
No. 116.

Sunday-School Cadets.

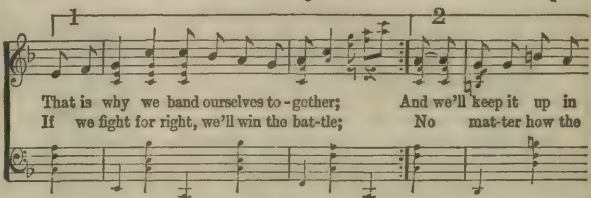
C. B. A.

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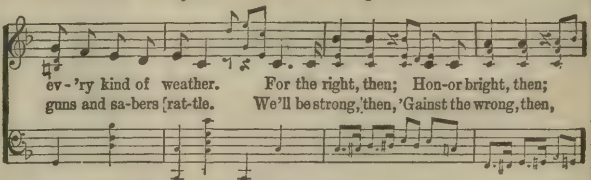
Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



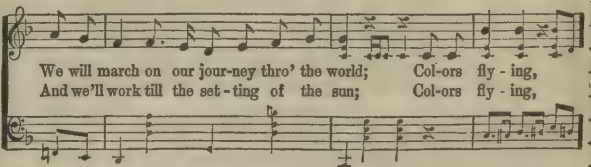
1. { We're ca - dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see;
For our watch-word we have cho - sen "Hon - or bright!" you see,
2. { We're de - ter-mined that we'll nev - er know de - feat, you see,
For our Lead - er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see,



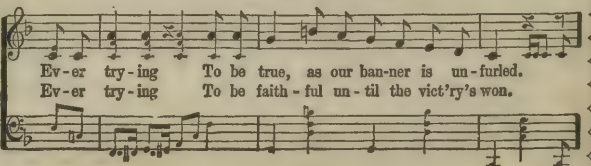
That is why we band ourselves to - gether; And we'll keep it up in
If we fight for right, we'll win the bat-tle; No mat-ter how the



ev - 'ry kind of weather. For the right, then; Hon-or bright, then;
guns and sa-bers [rat-tle. We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then,



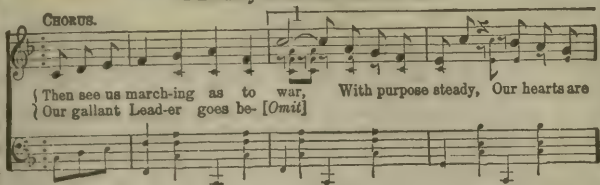
We will march on our jour-ney thro' the world; Col-ors fly - ing,
And we'll work till the set - ting of the sun; Col-ors fly - ing,



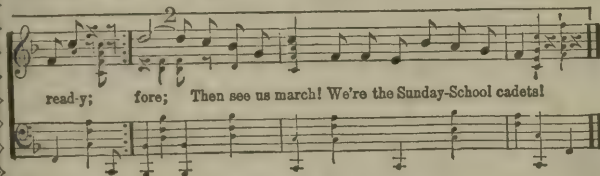
Ev-er try - ing To be true, as our ban-ner is un - furled.
Ev-er try - ing To be faith - ful un - til the vict'ry's won.

Sunday-School Cadets.

CHORUS.



{ Then see us march-ing as to war, With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gallant Lead-er goes be- [Omit]



read-y; fore; Then see us march! We're the Sunday-School cadets!

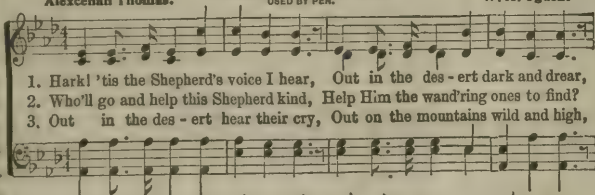
No. 117.

Bring Them In.

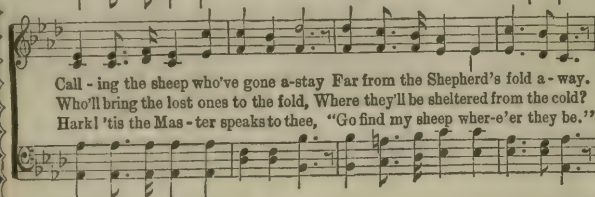
Alexcenah Thomas.

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W. A. Ogden.

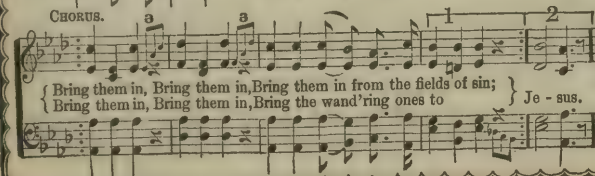


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,



Call-ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

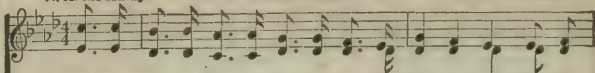


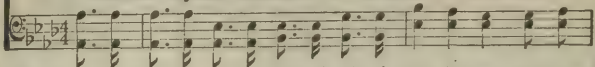
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to } Je - sus.

N. A. Mc Anlay.

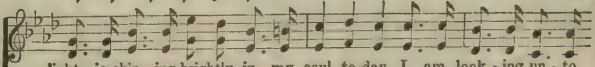
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

- 
1. I'm a sun - ny heart-ed pil - grim on the Kings high-way, For the
 2. Tho' the temp - ter tries to hin - der, I will still press on, For the
 3. I shall see my dear Re-deem-er in that home a - bove, There to

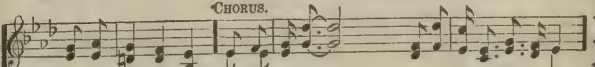


light is shin - ing brightly in my soul to-day, I am look - ing un - to
bur - den once so heav-y now are al-most gone; Guardian an - gels are be-
taste the bless-ed ful - ness of His sav - ing love, Oh, the joy that now a -



Je - sus as I run the christian race, And he caus - es me to tri-umph
side me to pro - tect and cheer, And no e - vil can be - fall me
waits me, where I long to be, With my Lord and those he ransomed

CHORUS.



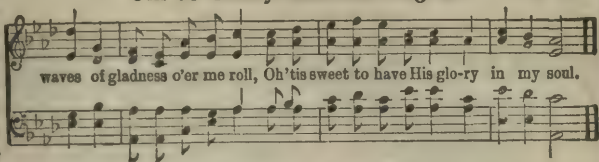
by His love and grace. I am sing-ing.... ev - er singing as I go,
while my Lord is near. I am sing-ing,
by the crystal sea.



For his boun-ty.... ev - 'ry bless-ing doth be-stow Joy and peace in

For his boun-ty

I'm A Sunny Hearted Pilgrim.



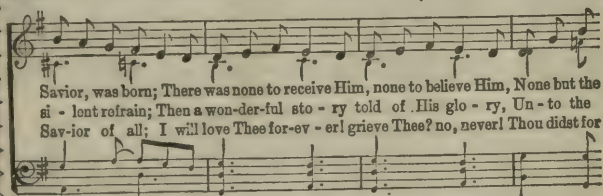
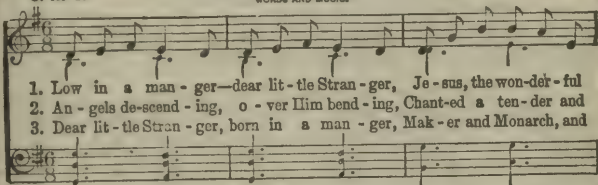
No. 119.

Dear Little Stranger.

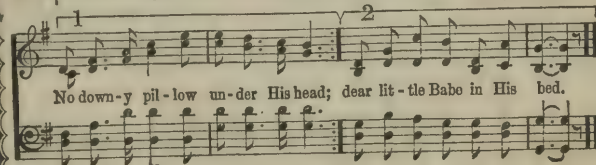
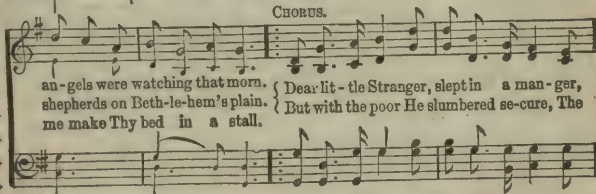
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



CHORUS.



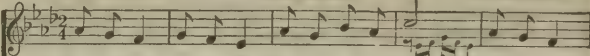
No. 120.


Soldiers for the King.

Mrs. O. C. Miller.

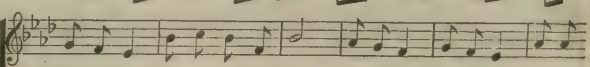
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

- 
1. March a-long with, a song, Sol-diers for the King; Tell the world,
 2. Cru - ci - fied, Je - sus died, On the cru - el tree; From a - bove,
 3. Not by might, nor by sword, But His Spir - it true; In the strife

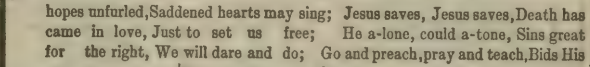


hopes unfurled, Saddened hearts may sing; Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Death has
came in love, Just to set us free; He a-lone, could a-tone, Sins great
for the right, We will dare and do; Go and preach, pray and teach, Bids His




lost its sting; God's dear Son the vic-t'ry won, He is the Sav-ior, King.
vic - to - ry; Life He gave our souls to save, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
voice di - vine; In the cross, there is no loss, We con-quer by that sign.

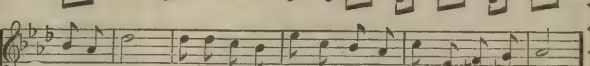
CHORUS.



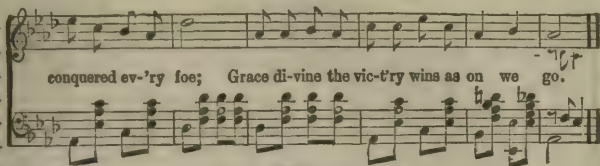
March - ing on we go, Sol-diers for the King; Our hearts



thrill with love, and His prais - es sing; Joy! Joy to the world,



Soldiers for the King.



No. 121.

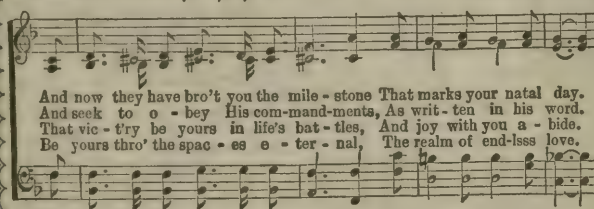
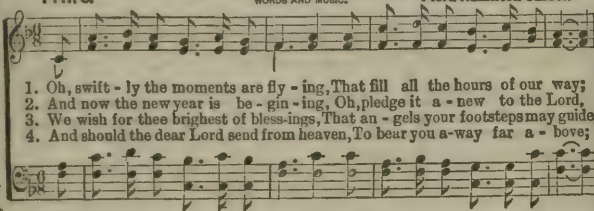
Your Milestone.

To be sung during the birthday offering.

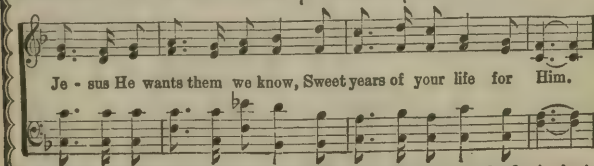
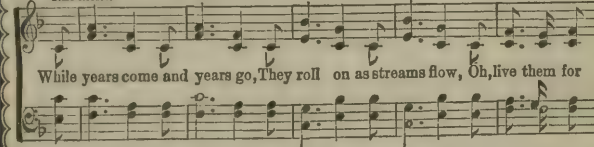
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. H. C.

Flora Hamilton Cassel.



REFRAIN.

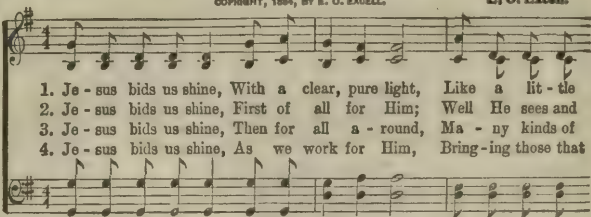


No. 122.

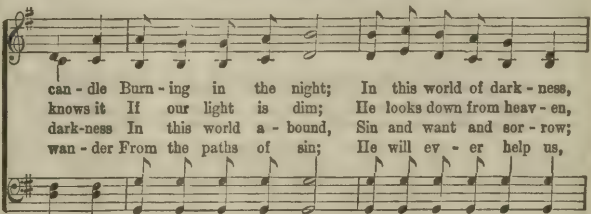
Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

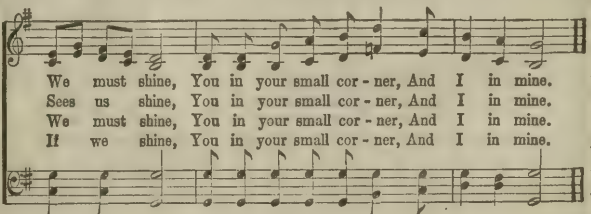
E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
 4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that



can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
 knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
 dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
 wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

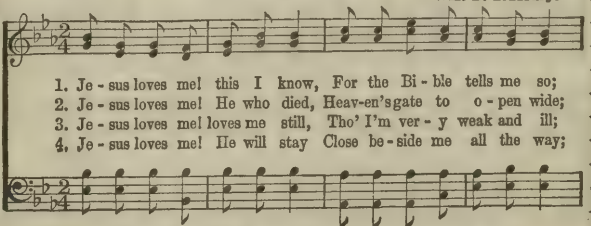


We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 123.

Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide;
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

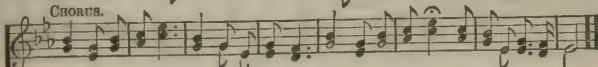
Jesus Loves Me.



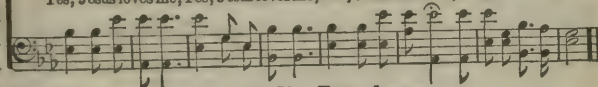
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



CHORUS.



Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.



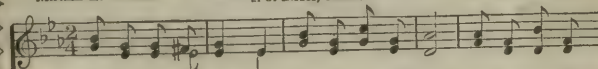
No. 124.

Growing Up For Jesus.

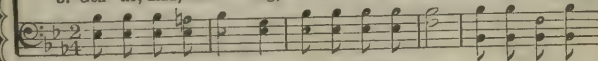
Miriam E. Arnold.

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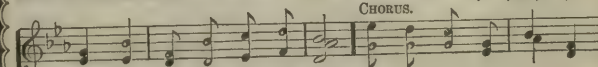
Chas. H. Gabriel.



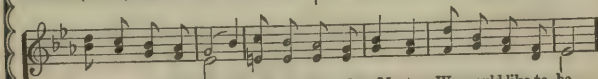
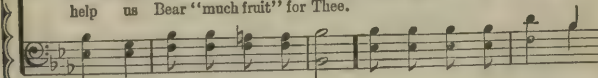
1. Grow - ing up for Je - sus, In His vine - yard fair, Ev - er watched and
2. Keep us free, dear Je - sus, From sin's hurt - ful weeds; Prune us, Lord, and
3. Gen - tle, kind, and lov - ing, Sav - ior, may we be; Thou a - lone canst



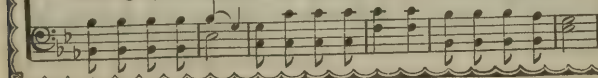
CHORUS.



tend - ed By His lov - ing care.
train us, Care for all our needs! Ten - der lit - tle branch - es,
help us Bear "much fruit" for Thee.



Grow - ing up for Thee; Fruit - ful vines, dear Master, We would like to be.

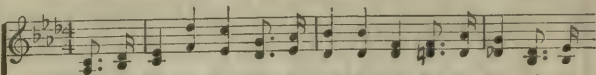


No. 125. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

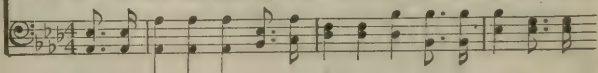
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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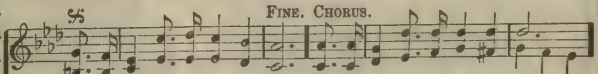
Henry P. Morton.



1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow-ers of



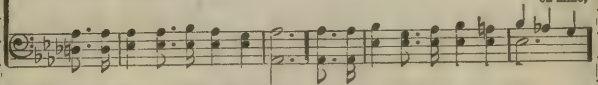
Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,

on mine,



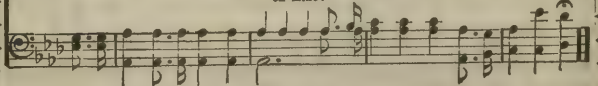
D. S.—In the touch of His hand on mine.

D. S.



Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,

on mine!



Special Selections.

No. 126.

Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. S. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

Introduction.

Legato.

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil - lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
3. Wound - ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;

Wait - ing for some one to ban - ish my woes, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth - er's ca - res, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.

CHORUS OF QUARTET.

Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows When I am tempt - ed and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me - Some - bod - y knows - 'tis Je - sus.

W. M. Lighthall.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my

3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,

im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul

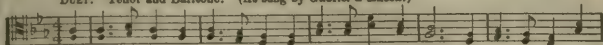
No. 128. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall.

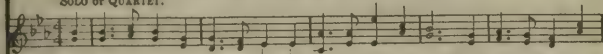
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

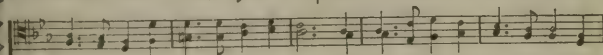
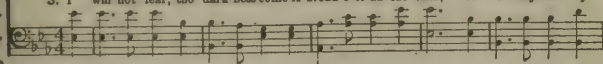


1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my
SOLO or QUARTET.

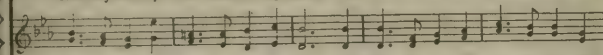


2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my

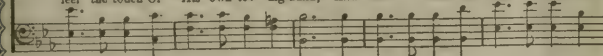
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, .If I may on - ly



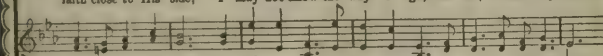
soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'Tis bet - ter far that I should walk By



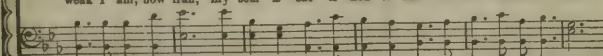
fal - t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How



faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

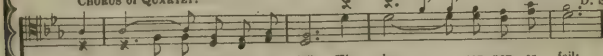


faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

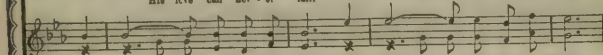


D. S.—My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

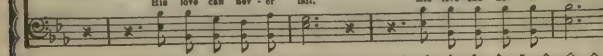
CHORUS or QUARTET.



His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;



His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

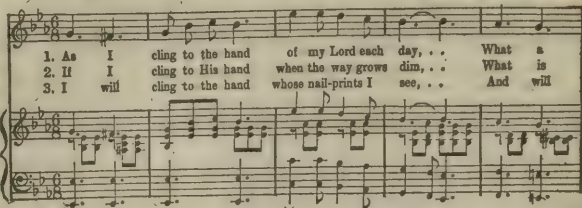


No. 129. Glinging Close to His Hand.

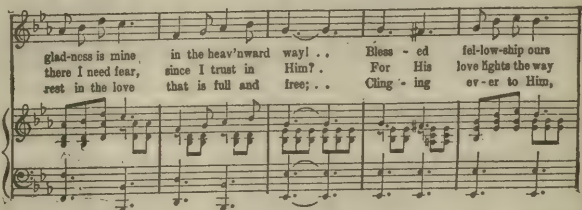
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

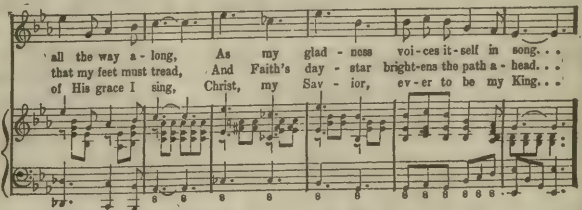
Samuel W. Bearley.



1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, . . . What a
 2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, . . . What is
 3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, . . . And will

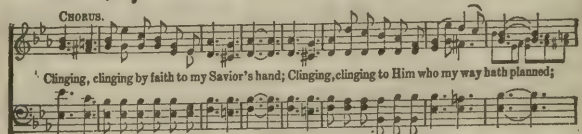


glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! . . . Bless - ed fel-low-ship ours
 there I need fear, since I trust in Him? . . . For His love lights the way
 rest in the love that is full and free; . . . Cling - ing ev - er to Him,

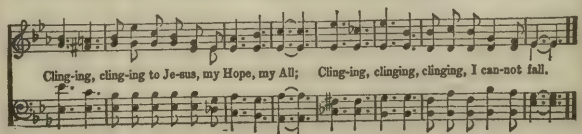


all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi - ces it - self in song. . .
 that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star bright - ens the path a - head. . .
 of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, ev - er to be my King. . .

CHORUS.



Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;



Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

No. 130.

His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Fred H. Byshe.

Introduction.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace flowing boundless and free, . . .
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil-dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words, "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;

But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .

CHORUS.*

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;

Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

No. 131.

It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-bie garments clad; The poor-est of the
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner
3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va-ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He

poor is He, No pil-low for His head; The hun-gry, wea-ry, sick and sad In
hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Eids
plead-ing now For those who cru-ci-fyl His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His
re-ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin-gers but a lit-tle while, To

crowds about Him press,— To ev-'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?
winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
Spir-it finds re-lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
com-fort and to bless; The heav'n's receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

CHORUS.

It is Je-sus, it is Je-sus, The Man of Gal-i-lee; It is Je-sus, bless-ed

Je-sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

Introduction.

rit.

dim.

No. 132.

Jesus and His Love.

John R. Clements.

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E. O. Excell.

Solo. For Introduction see last brace.

1. A voice is sweet-ly sing-ing Its mes-sage in my heart, And oft-en, o'er it
 2. How oft-en, when life's path-way Is heaped a-bout with care, And ev-'ry step that's
 3. I fan-cy, when the morn-ing Of heav-en's day shall break, And I from earth for-

mu-sing, The tears un-bid-den start; No day can be so drear-y But this a balm will
 tak-en Re-veals some hid-den snare, Will this sweet song of com-fort A ben-e-dic-tion
 ev-er My journey thence shall take, No song of an-gel voic-es More sweet to me shall

prove: Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Of Je-sus and His love;

CHORUS. This Chorus used by permission of the Author, Dr. W. H. Doane.

Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old

sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love. *Fine. Introduction. Moderate.*

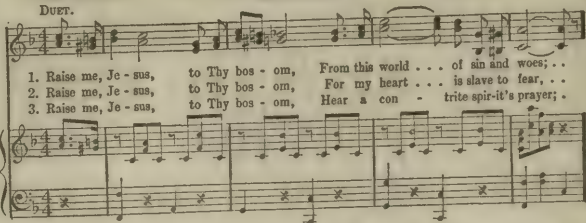
No. 133. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

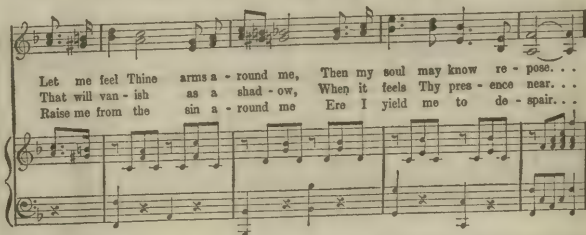
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
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Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.

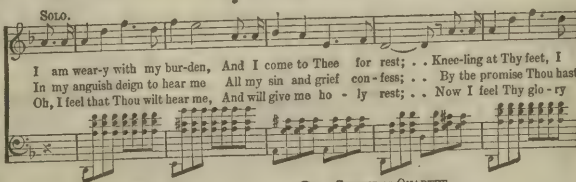


1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
 2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
 3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer; .



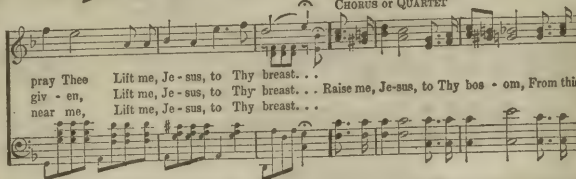
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
 That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
 Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .

SOLO.

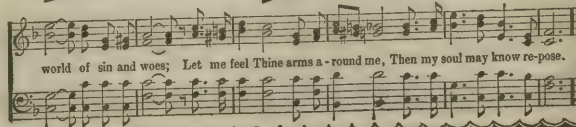


I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Kneeling at Thy feet, I
 In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
 Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry

CHORUS or QUARTET



pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .
 giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . . Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this
 near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .



world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.

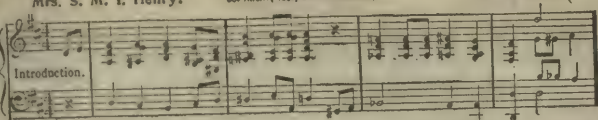
No. 134.

Just For His Sake.

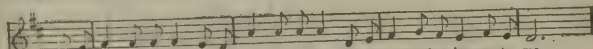
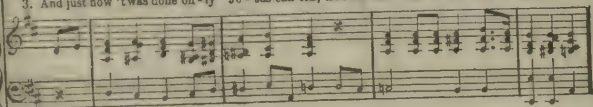
Mrs. S. M. I. Henry.

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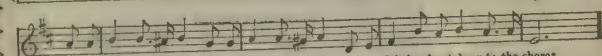
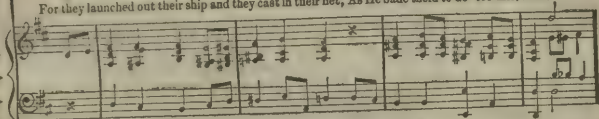
M. H. Evans.



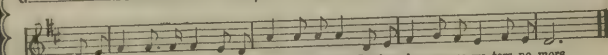
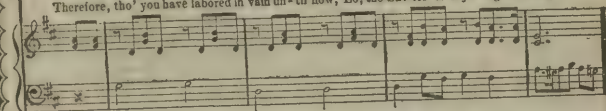
1. I have toiled all night and for man - y a day; For they say there are fish in the sea,
2. So he bent and la-bored at wash-ing his net, While the Sav-ior walked down to the sea;
3. And just how 'twas done on-ly Je - sus can tell, But the net was so full that it brake;



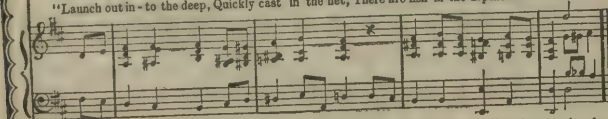
And yet I have caught nothing, my la - bor is vain, And there cometh no increase to me.
 Straight-way en-ter-ing in - to the ship, Je-sus said, "Thrust the boat out a lit - tle for Me,
 For they launched out their ship and they cast in their net, As He bade them to do for His sake.



I will wash out my net, I will hang it a-way, And my fish-ing-boat draw to the shore;
 Launch it out in the deep, quickly let down the net," But the fish-er-man answered, "In vain!
 Therefore, tho' you have labored in vain un-till now, Lo, the Sav-ior is say - ing to thee,



It is use - less to me; I will cast out my net In these bar-ren sea wa-ters no more.
 We have la-bored all night, Yet at Thy bid-ding, Lord, I will cast in my net once a - gain."
 "Launch out in - to the deep, Quickly cast in the net; There are fish in the depths of the sea."



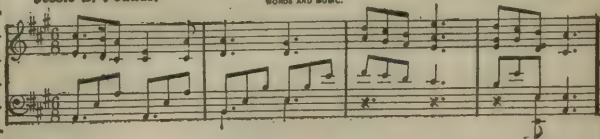
No. 135.

Beautiful Isle.

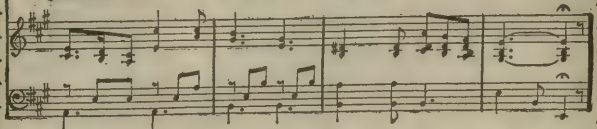
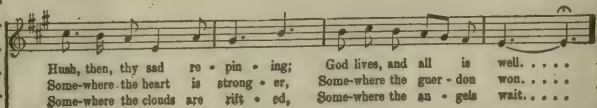
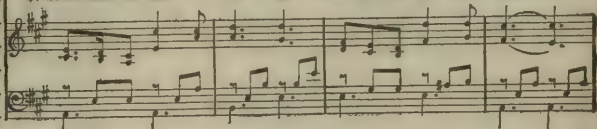
Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

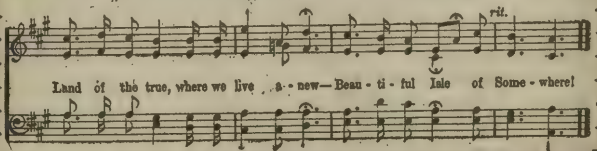
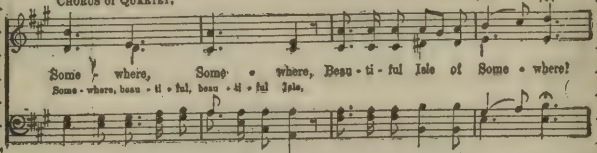


1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell; . .
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done; . .
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate; . .



CHORUS OF QUARTET,

rit.

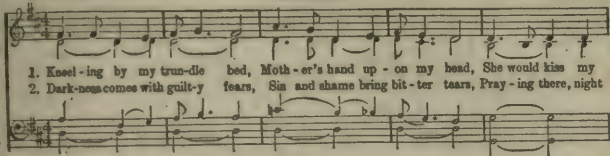


No. 136. "Heaven Is Not Far Away."

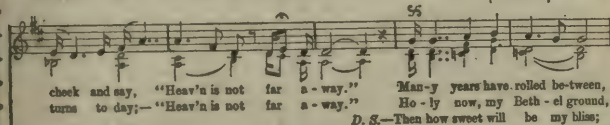
J. E. Ramsey.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

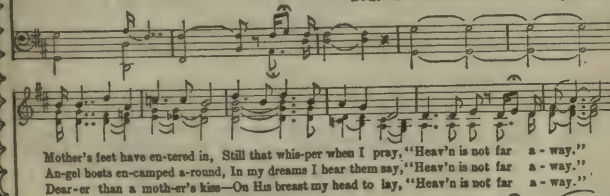
Roger Cox.



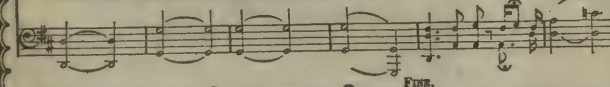
1. Kneel-ing by my trun-dle bed, Moth-er's hand up-on my head, She would kiss my
2. Dark-ness comes with guilt-y fears, Sin and shame bring bit-ter tears, Pray-ing there, night



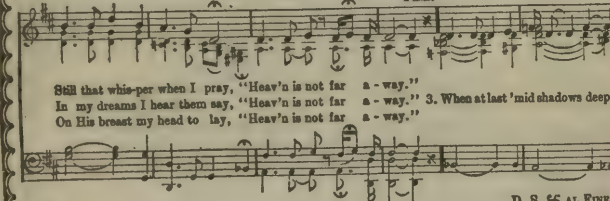
cheek and say, "Heav'n is not far a-way." Many years have rolled be-tween,
turns to day;—"Heav'n is not far a-way." Ho-ly now, my Beth-el ground,
D. S.—Then how sweet will be my bliss;



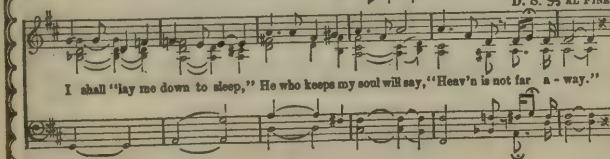
Mother's feet have en-tered in, Still that whis-per when I pray, "Heav'n is not far a-way."
An-gel hosts en-camped a-round, In my dreams I hear them say, "Heav'n is not far a-way."
Dear-er than a moth-er's kiss—On His breast my head to lay, "Heav'n is not far a-way."



FIN.



Still that whis-per when I pray, "Heav'n is not far a-way."
In my dreams I hear them say, "Heav'n is not far a-way." 3. When at last 'mid shadows deep,
On His breast my head to lay, "Heav'n is not far a-way."



D. S. AL FINE.
I shall "lay me down to sleep," He who keeps my soul will say, "Heav'n is not far a-way."

No. 137:

I'm Not Your Judge.

Sarah Spencer-Ruff.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction. *f*

1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God for - bids Me judge the rec - ord of your deeds; But
 2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un - fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ; He
 3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by; But
 4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up - on His throne will judge in love, His own; So,

tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un - der - stand; But tells me
 bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup; He bids me
 while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what - e'er be - tide; But while we
 o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sa - cred man - tle to the last; So o - ver

wait, with read - y hand, To love, and help, and un - der - stand.
 raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup.
 jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what - e'er be - tide.
 all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.

RESPONSE.

Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.

No. 138. The Handwriting On the Wall.

K. Shaw.

AM. COPYRIGHT 1884. PROPERTY OF E. G. EXCELL.

Knowles Shaw.
Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from gold-en
2. See the brave captive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng, And re-buked the haught-y
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now, Sin-ner, give your heart to

ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords; In the night, as they rev-el in the
mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the
Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a
Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow; For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must

roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, -'twas the hand up-on the wall.
doom of one and all, For the king-dom now was fin-ish-ed, -said the hand up-on the wall.
cap-tive in the hall- He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.
come to one and all, When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the wall; on the wall; Shall the

record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
writing on the wall.

No. 139.

My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Heary.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O

> ad lib.

clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day,
love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

He knows, He knows, And tem-pers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 140. No Room in the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. HILDO CARTER.
G. O. EDELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

Introduction. *Andante.* *poco rit.*

1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a man-ger,
2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No wel-come while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,

No where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness, No tho't for their sin,
No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sor-row for sin,
No staff but a spear; No seek-ing His treas-ure, No weep-ing for sin,

rit. **CHORUS.**
No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No pray'r for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Je-sus, Oh,
No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit.
give Him wel-come free, Lest you should hear at heaven's gate, "There is no room for thee."
rit.

No. 141.

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton.

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E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
 Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

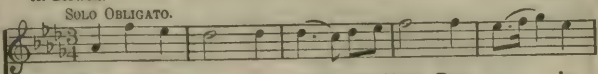
No. 142.

From Every Stormy Wind.

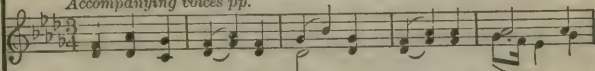
H. Stowell.

S. Wilder.

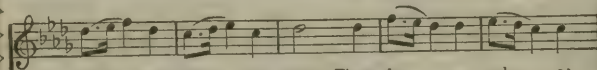
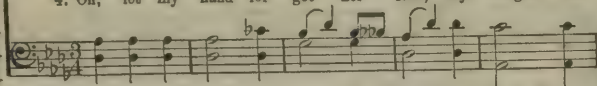
SOLO OBLIGATO.



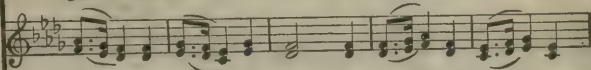
- 1 From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

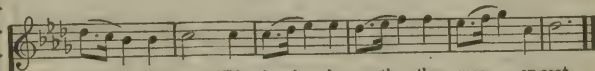
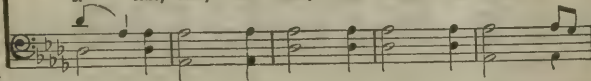
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
giad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-



fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-



sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides moresweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.



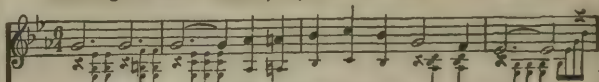
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat!



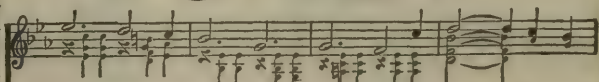
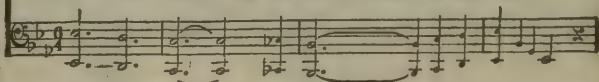
Chas. Reign Scoville.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY SCOVILLE & SMITH.

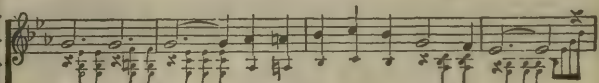
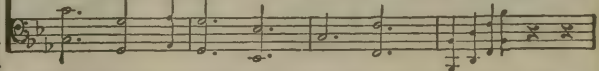
De Luss Smith.



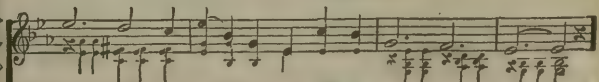
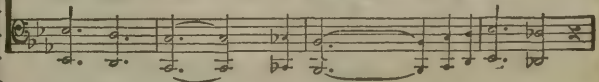
1. Come friends sing, of the faith that's so dear to me,
2. Cru - ci - fied, thus He suf - fered and bled for me;
3. At His feet on old Ol - i - vet's Hill they say,



Re - vealed thro' God's Son, in Gal - i - lee; He brought
 Death and the grave won sin's vic - to - ry; Then the
 Cloud char-iots halt - ed, took Christ a - way; Then the



peace on earth and good will to the sons of men,
 sky grew dark and the tem-ple veil rent in twain,
 an - gels came and to wond'ring dis - ci - ples said



Go tell it to the world, her King reigns a - gain.
 Rocks rent, and An - gels came, for He lived a - gain.
 He'll come, and earth and sea shall yield up their dead.



Christ is King.

CHORUS.

I am so hap-py in Je - sus, Cap - tiv - i - ty's Cap - tor is

He; . . . An - gels re - joice when a souls saved, Some day we

like Him shall be, . . . Sor - row and joy have the same Lord,

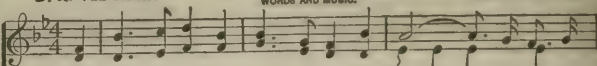
Val - ley of shadows shall sing; . . . Death has its life, its door

o - pens in heav - en e - ter - nal - ly, Christ is King. . .

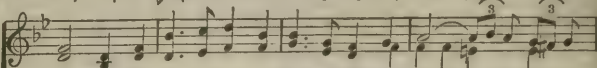
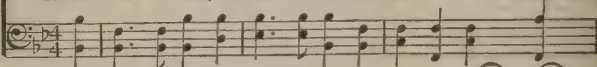
D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

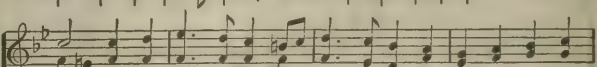
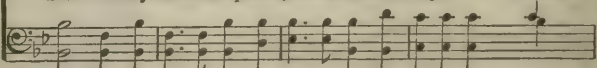
Chas. H. Gabriel.



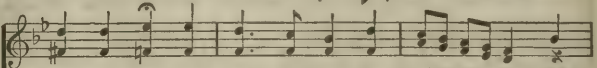
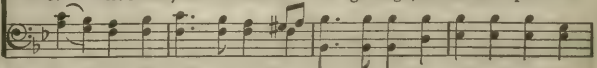
1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and



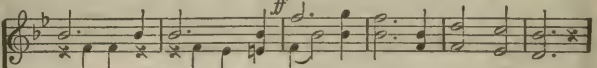
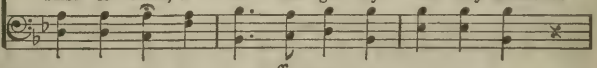
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-



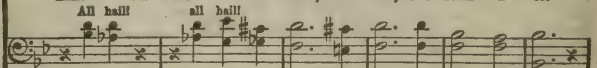
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
 crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is



heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain: All
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All



hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man - u - el!



All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - ell Hail to the King we love so well,

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im - man - u - ell
Hail!

Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - ell Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail!

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im - man - u - ell
Hail!

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-ell

No. 145.

Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

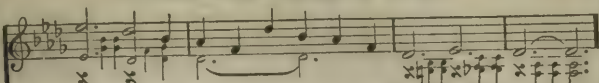
VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom-age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the night - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav-en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.



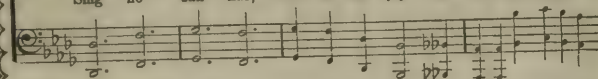
Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign
Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-que-ers our ev - 'ry foe!
Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!



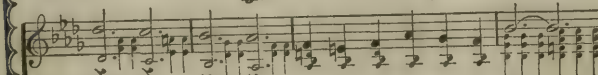
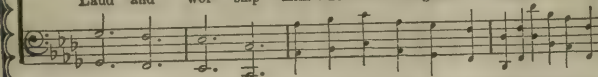
CHORUS.



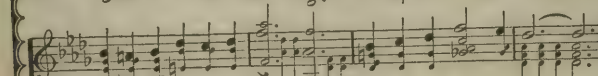
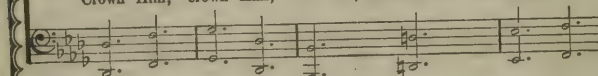
Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an - thems ring,



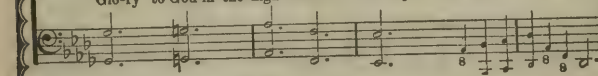
Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!



Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,

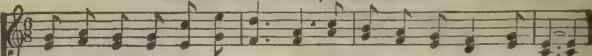


Glo-ry to God in the high - est— Glo-ry for - ev - er - more!

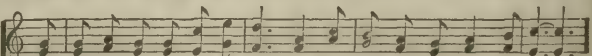
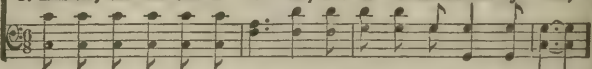


USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

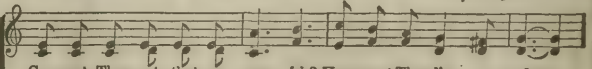
H. R. Palmer



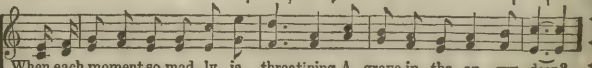
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



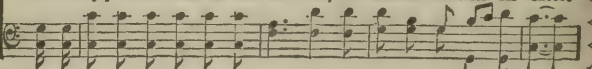
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;



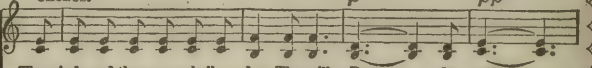
Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Ro-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



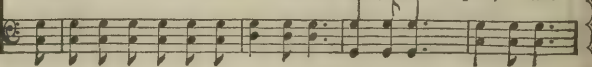
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



CHORUS.



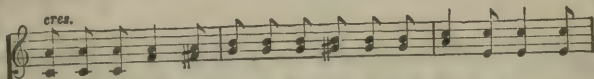
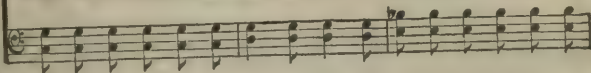
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace . . . be still . . .
 Peace, be still! Peace, be still!



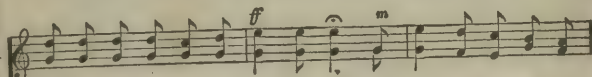
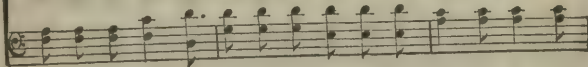
Master, the Tempest is Raging.



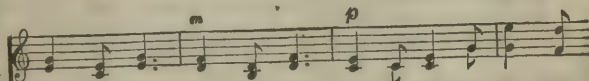
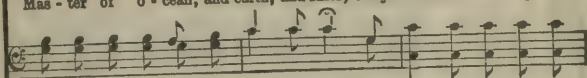
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what



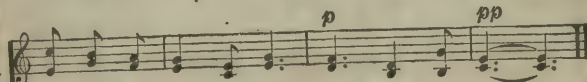
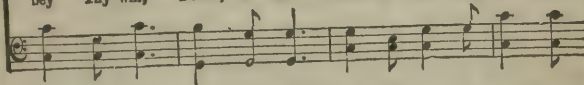
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The



Mas-ter of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall



sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still

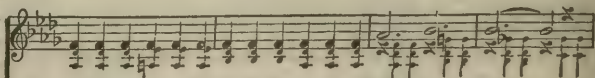
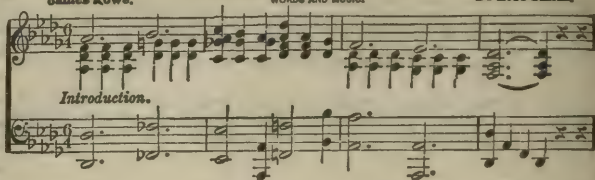


No. 147. Praise Him with Strains Sublime.

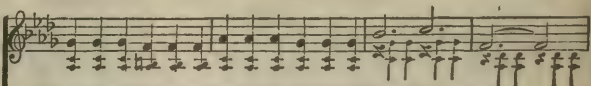
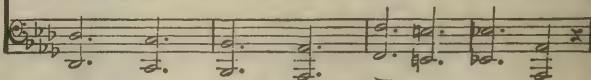
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REMM BOOVILLE.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

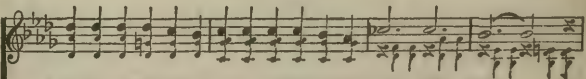
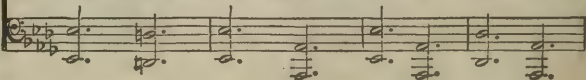
De Loss Smith.



1. Ye who believe in the gos-pel of Je-sus, look up and sing;
2. Ye who have faith in the grace that redeems you, extol His love;
3. Out of the darkness and sin He is lead-ing each tribe and race,




Sing and rejoice, 'till the heavens are glad and the val - leys ring;
Sing, till your voices are heard in the mansions of bliss a - bove;
Sav - ing, and lift-ing them out of their fetters, by sav - ing grace;



Love is up-lift-ing the rac-es and tribes of the sin - ful earth;
Speed a glad song thro' the aisles of the heavens, on joy - ous wings,
Je - sus is wor-thy of all ad - o - ra - tion and joy - ous praise;

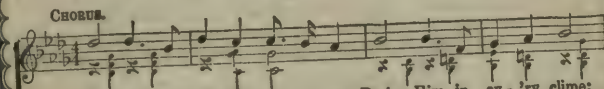


Praise Him with Strains Sublime.

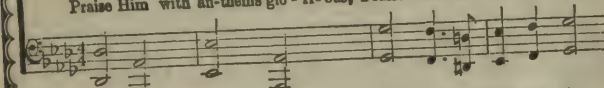


Nations and people are praising with joy the Re-deem - er's worth....
Sing till the un - i-verse tremble with praise for the King of kings
Serve Him and trust Him, oh, love and adore Him for countless days.....

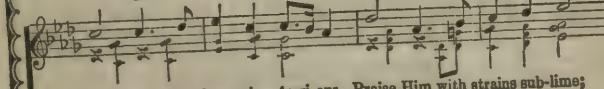
CHORUS.



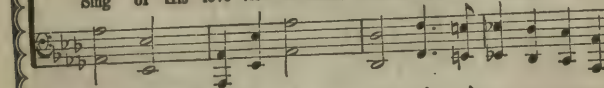
Praise Him with an-thems glo - ri - ous, Praise Him in ev - 'ry clime;



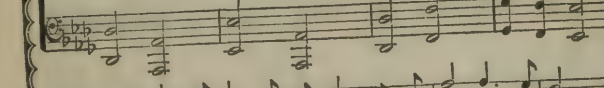
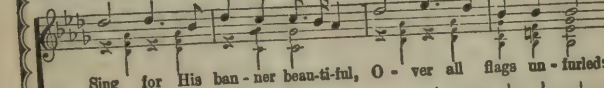
Sing of His love vic - to - ri - ous, Praise Him with strains sub - lime;



Sing for His ban - ner beau - ti - ful, O - ver all flags un - furled:



Sing, for His good - ness and mer - cy are sav - ing the world.

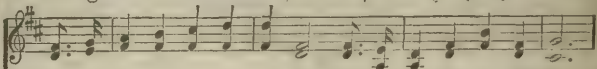
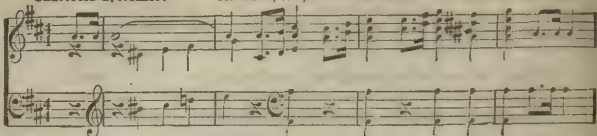


Charlotte G. Homer.

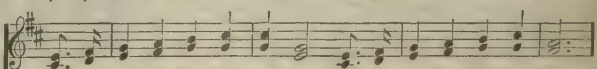
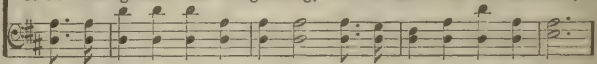
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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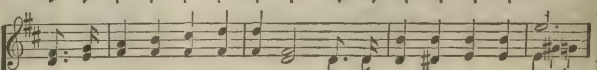
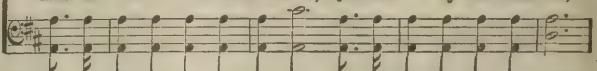
Chas. H. Gabriel.



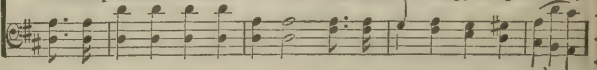
1. Like an ar-my we are mov-ing Stead-i-ly, and at com-mand,
2. Ma-n-y foes concealed a-bout us, Would in-vade our ranks to-day,
3. In the light our ban-ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,



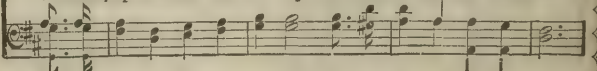
Thro' a strange and hos-tile coun-try, To a bet-ter, bright-er land;
 And with sub-tile ag-i-ta-tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
 And the voice of our Re-deem-er, Qui-ets ev-'ry doubt and fear;



Full e-quip'd, cour-age-ous, loy-al, With the gos-pel firm-ly shod,
 But our Lead-er, on be-fore us, All their se-cret cun-ning knows,
 Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev-er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,



We are march-ing on to glo-ry, To the cit-y of our God.
 And His wis-dom is for-ev-er Proof a-against the chief of foes.
 On-ward, up-ward to the cit-y Built for us thro' Je-sus' love.



Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

With a firm de-term-i-na-tion, And a trust that shall not wane,

For the King we have en-list-ed, And are march-ing in His train;

Our song of joy is ev-er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way

To a cit-y bright, e-ter-nal, In a land of cloud-less day,
land of cloud-less day,

To a cit-y bright e-ter-nal, In a land of cloud-less day.

1. I'm go - ing to the land of end - less day, . . . Where there'll
 2. I'm go - ing to the land of end - less day, . . . Where they
 3. I'm go - ing to the land of end - less day, . . . Where I'll
 4. I'm go - ing to the land of end - less day, . . . Where with

be no night, and tears are wiped a - way; . . . On that
 do not live by faith or e - ven pray; . . . There I'll
 meet my loved ones clothed in bright ar - ray; . . . All with
 Christ and all His saints I'll reign for aye; . . . In the

gold - en, hap - py shore, I shall live for - ev - er - more, Yea! I'm
 know my Sav - ior's grace, When I look up - on His face, Yea! I'm
 Him, and not to part, Ne'er to have an ach - ing heart, Yea! I'm
 white-robed choir I'll sing, Glo - ry to our Lord and King, Yea! I'm

go - ing to the land of end - less day. . . .
 go - ing to the land of end - less day. . . .
 go - ing to the land of end - less day. . . .
 go - ing to the land of end - less day. . . .

The Land of Endless Day.

CHORUS.

Won't you come, friend, to the land of end - less

day? . . . God would not have an - y

soul to go a - stray; . . . And the Gos - pel - ship will

call . . . At each heart to wel - come all: . . .

Say you'll come, friend, to that land of end - less day.

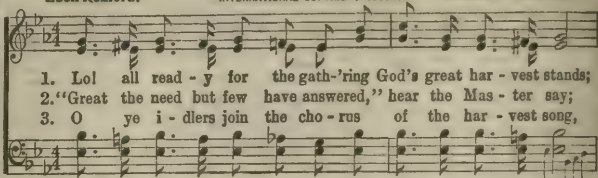
No. 150.

Reapers for the Harvest.

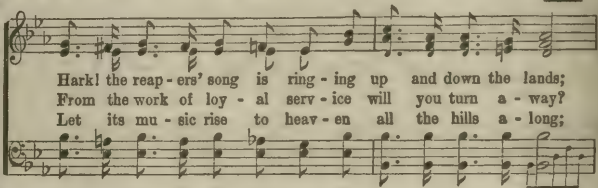
Eben Rexford.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

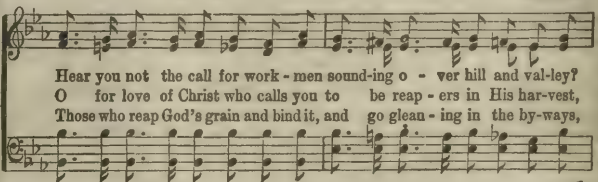
Samuel W. Beasley.



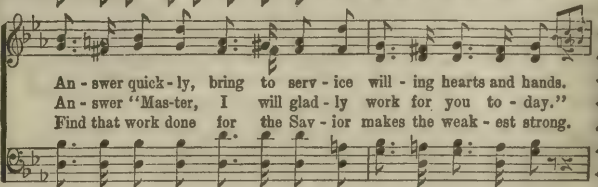
1. Lol all read - y for the gath - 'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,



Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

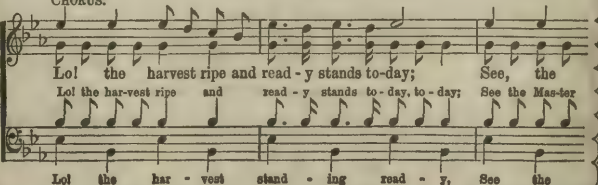


Hear you not the call for work - men sound - ing o - ver hill and val - ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har - vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by - ways,



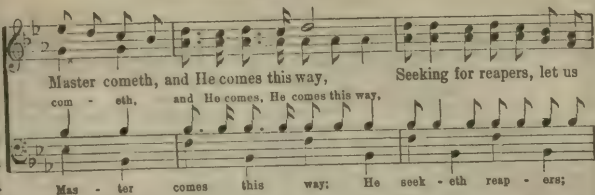
An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas - ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

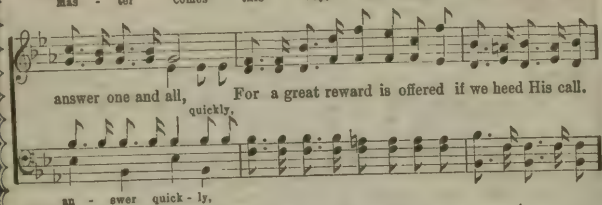


Lol the harvest ripe and read - y stands to - day; See, the
Lol the har - vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas - ter
Lol the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

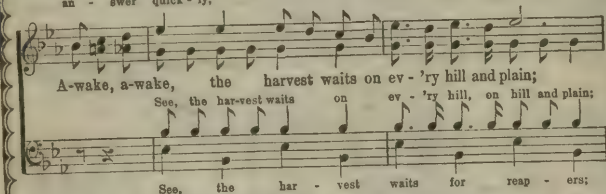
Reapers for the Harvest.



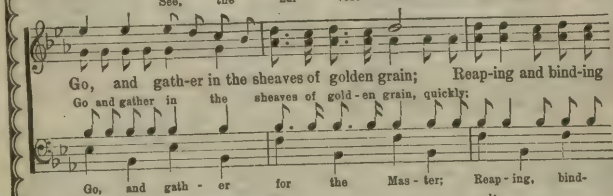
Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers, let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,
Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;



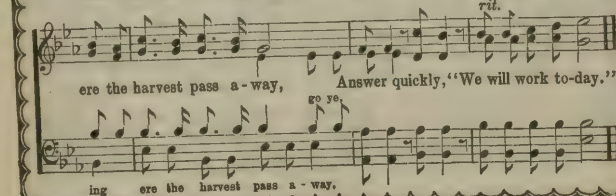
answer one and all, For a great reward is offered if we heed His call.
quickly,
an - swer quick - ly,



A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;



Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reap-ing and bind-ing
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold-en grain, quickly;
Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind -



ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day,"
go ye,
ing ere the harvest pass a - way,

No. 151.

But For a Moment.

Jno. R. Clements.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. "But for a mo-ment" this weight of af-flic-tion; "But for a
 2. "But for a mo-ment" this bond of re-strain-ing; "But for a
 3. "But for a mo-ment" this day of a-lone-ness; "But for a

mo-ment" this darkness, this gloom; Then the bright to-mor-row, Then
 mo-ment" this tri-al, this care; Then the glad a-wak-ing, Then
 mo-ment" this pa-thos, this blight; Then the morn of glo-ry, Then,

no more sin or sor-row; Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the
 Heaven's glo-ry break-ing; Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-
 then the new, new, sto-ry; Heav-en, and joy with-out a

tomb, Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the tomb.
 pare, Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-pare.
 night, Heav-en, and joy with-out a night.

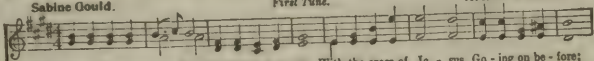
Devotional Hymns.

No. 152. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

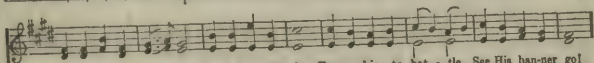
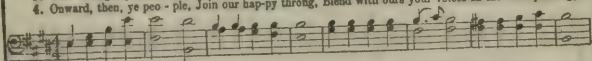
Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

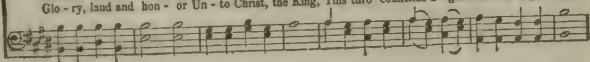
Arthur Sullivan.



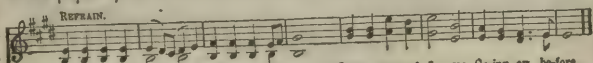
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;
2. At the sign of tri-umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic-to-ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;



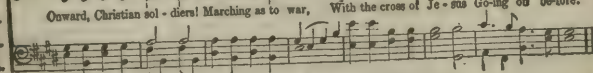
Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ner go!
 Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voice-es, Loud your anthems raise.
 We are not di-vid-ed; All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
 Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' count-ess a-ges Men and angels sing.



REFRAIN.



Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

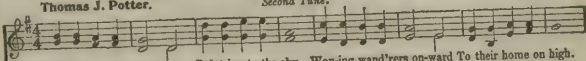


No. 153. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

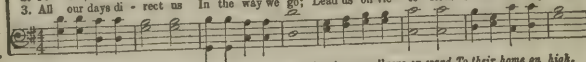
Thomas J. Potter.

Second Tune.

Haydn.

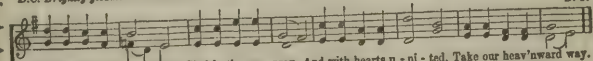


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic-to-rious O-ver ev-'ry foe;

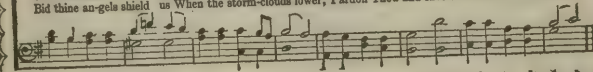


D.C.-Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.

D. C.



Journeying o'er the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u-ni-ted, Take our heav'nward way.
 Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a-stray; Keep us, might-y Sav-ior, In the nar-row way.
 Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.



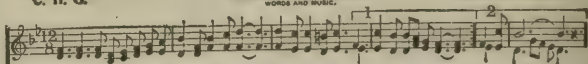
No. 154.

C. H. G.

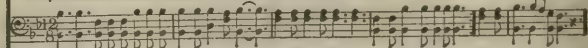
Calling the Prodigal.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

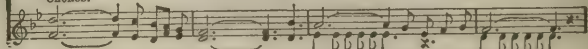
Chas. H. Gabriel.



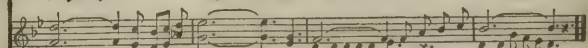
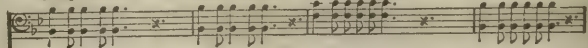
1. { God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
The 'ye' is wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit. for thee:] calling still. (calling still.)



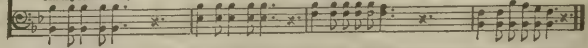
CHORUS.



Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;



Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

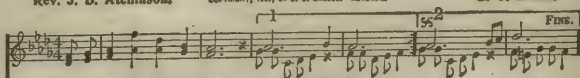
3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 155.

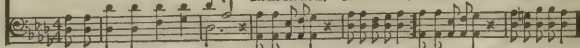
Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

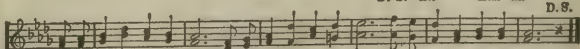
E. O. Excell.



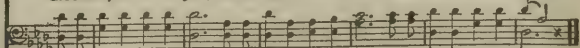
1. { There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
He has been there oft be-fore, [Omit] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



D. S.—Let Him in. D. S.



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,



2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 156.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Arr. by Gabriel.

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise. Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In thy be-half appears;
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re - deem - ing love His pre - cious blood to plead;

D. S. for Chorus.

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

CHO.—His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me:
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let the ransomed sinner die,"
 "Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear Anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
 And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 157.

All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to [Omit] Him;
 D. C.—Ev - er - more His good - ness tell - ing, It be - longs to [Omit] Him.

Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er - more His prais - es swell - ing,

2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 All my voice I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 Pleading for the young and hoary,
 Telling of His power and glory,
 Singing o'er and o'er the story,
 It belongs to Him.

3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 All my love I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 Loving Him for love unceasing,
 For His mercy e'er increasing,
 For His watch-care never ceasing,
 It belongs to Him.

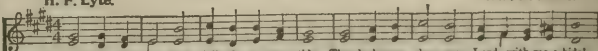
4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 All my life I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
 Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
 Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
 It belongs to Him.

No. 158.

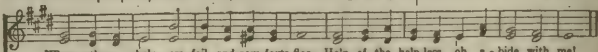
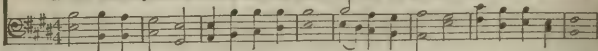
Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

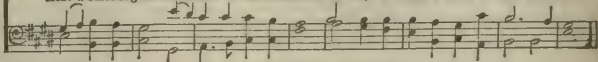
Wm. H. Monk.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

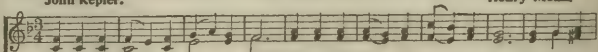


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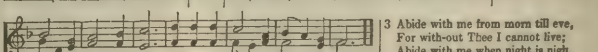
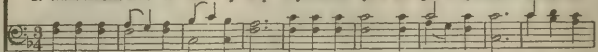
Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last



earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.



- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

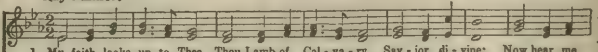
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 160.

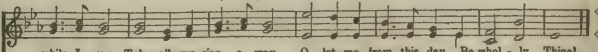
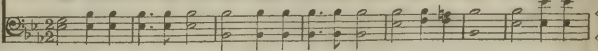
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

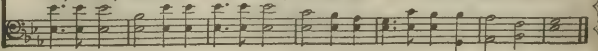
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior



while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

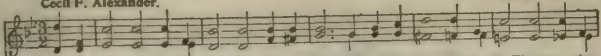


No. 161.

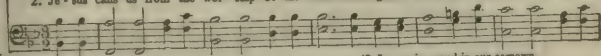
Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.



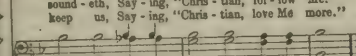
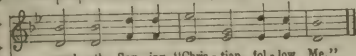
1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i-dol that would



sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."

- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

- 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

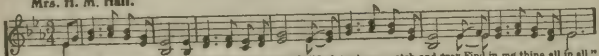


No. 162.

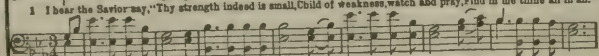
Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

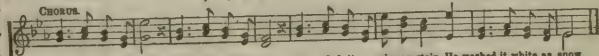
John T. Grape.



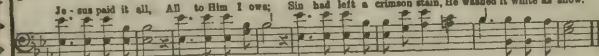
- 1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."



CHORUS.



Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.



- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

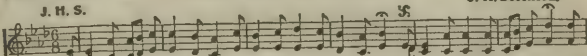
- 4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 163.

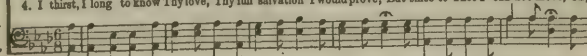
Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

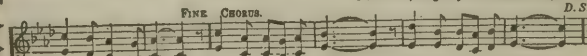


1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prepa-ration can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,



D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

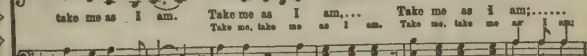
D. S.



take me as I am.

Take me as I am, . . .
Take me, take me as I am.

Take me as I am; . . .
Take me, take me as I am.

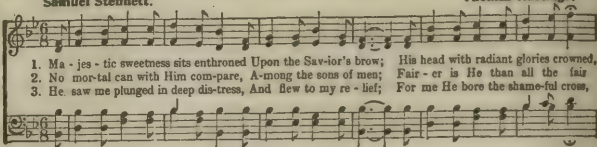


take me as I am.

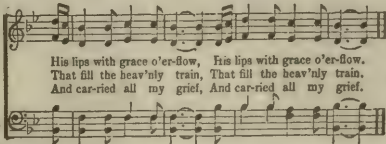
No. 164. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav - ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross,



His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 165.

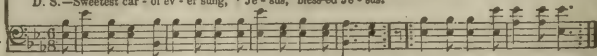
The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter

J. H. Stockton.



1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser - aph song, }
- { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }
- { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
- D. S. — Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, 7 Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.



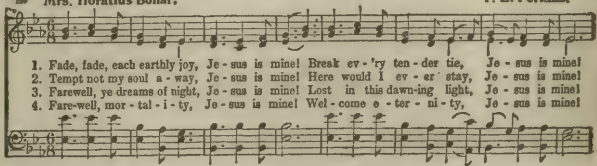
- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Obl hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Obl how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 166.

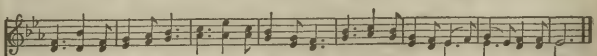
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

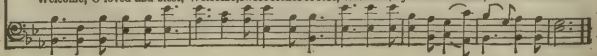
T. E. Perkins.



1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!



Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!



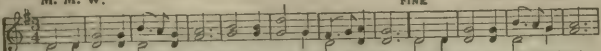
No. 167.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

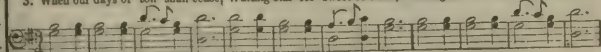
M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

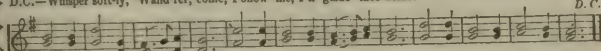


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

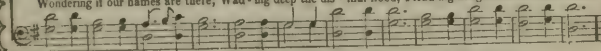


D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.



Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad-ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

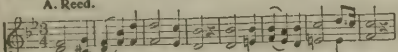


No. 168.

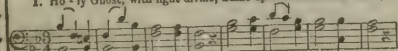
Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

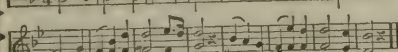
Gottschalk.



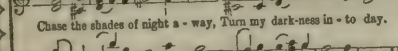
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;



- 2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

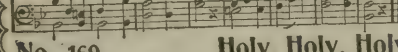


- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

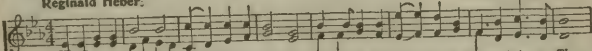


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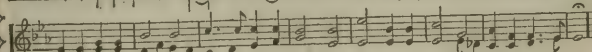
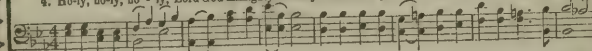
Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.



No. 170.

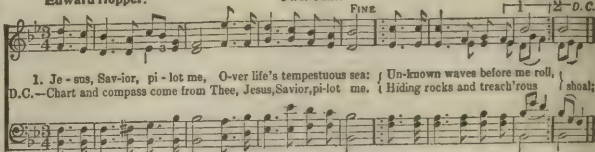
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

J. E. Gould.

1 2 D.C.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea; { Un-known waves before me roll, }
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal; }

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them: "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 171.

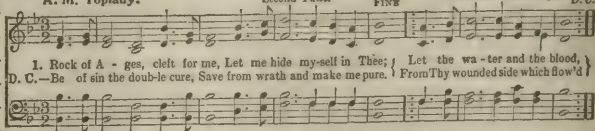
Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

FINE

Thomas Hastings. D.C.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

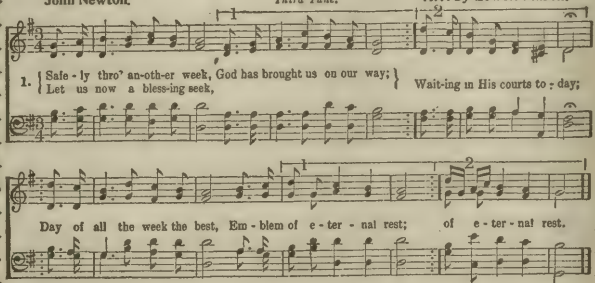
3 While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 172. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Third Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; } { Waiting in His courts to - day; }

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

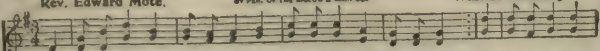
No. 173.

The Solid Rock.

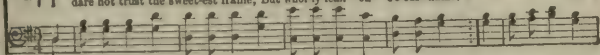
Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE SINGLOW & HAIN CO.

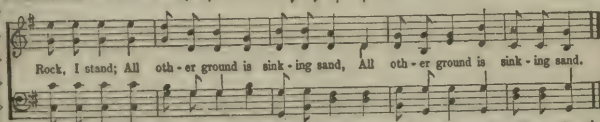
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.



Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

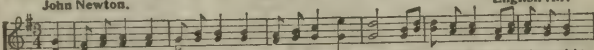


- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face; His oath, His covenant, His blood; 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
I rest on His unchanging grace; Support me in the whelming flood; O may I then in Him be found,
In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way. Drest in His righteousness alone,
My anchor holds within the veil. He then is all my hope and stay. Faultless to stand before the throne.

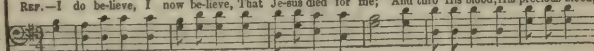
No. 174. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton.

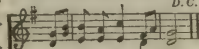
English Air.



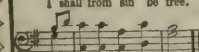
1. In e-vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
REF.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;



D. C.



And stopped my wild ca-reer.
I shall from sin be free.



- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

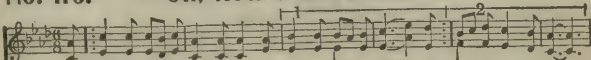
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His
Tho' not a word He spoke. [death,

- 4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

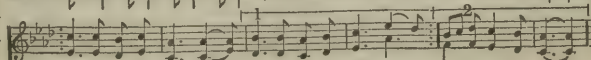
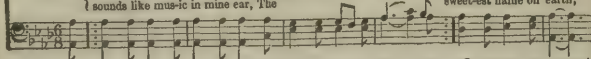
- 5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 175.

Oh, How I Love Jesus.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,



{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.



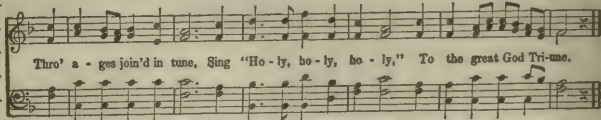
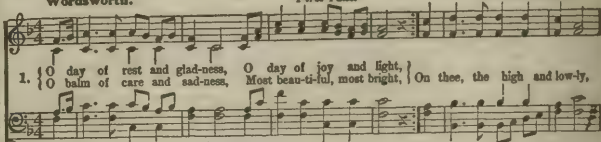
- 3 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.
- 4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 176. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth.

First Tune.

Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest;
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 177. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

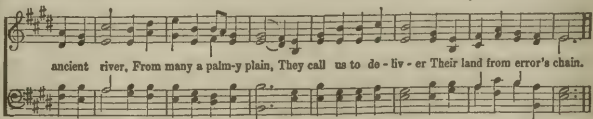
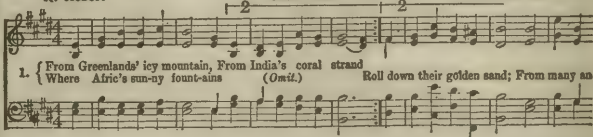
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 178. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.



2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

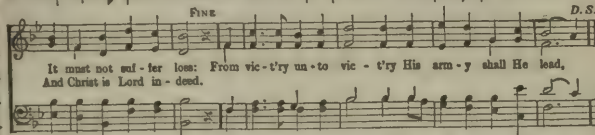
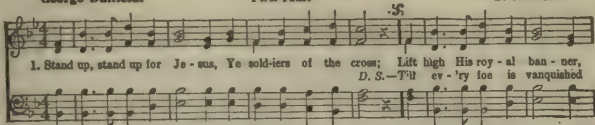
No. 179.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 180. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

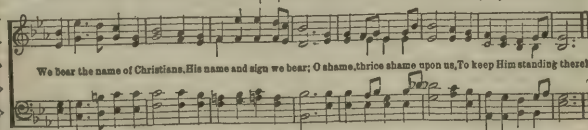
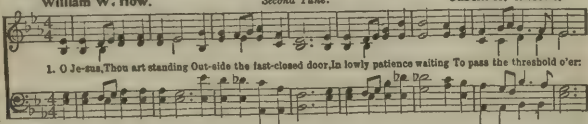
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 181. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.



1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

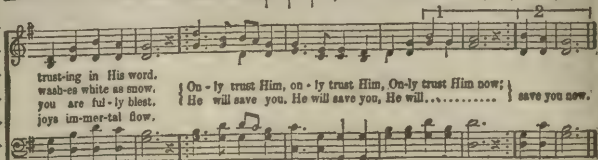
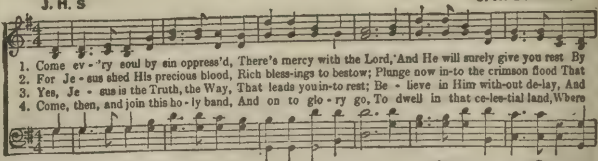
3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 182.

J. H. S

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.

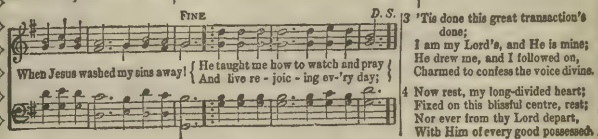
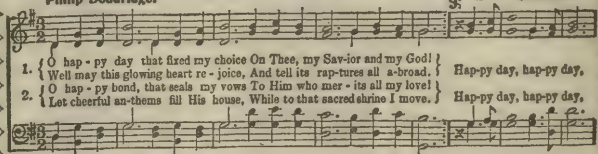


No. 183.

Phillip Doddridge.

O Happy Day.

S. E. F. Rimbault.

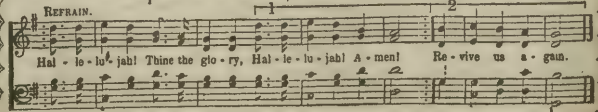
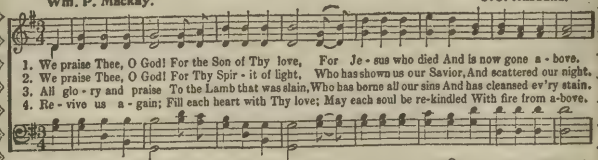


No. 184.

Wm. P. Mackay.

Revive Us Again.

J. J. Husband.



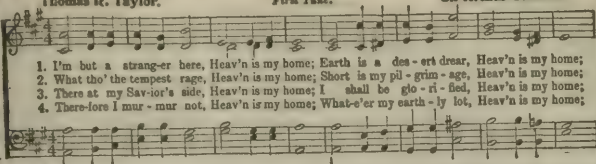
No. 185.

Heaven is My Home.

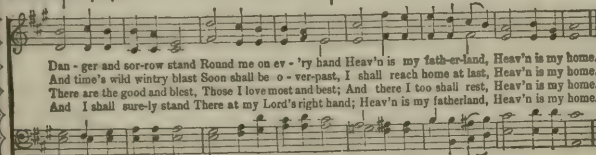
Thomas R. Taylor.

First Tune.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.



1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home;



Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

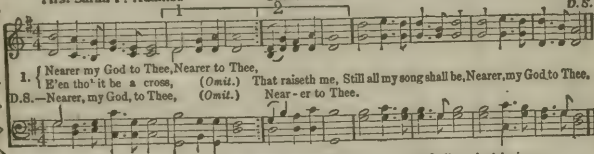
No. 186.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.

D. S.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
{ 'E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee.
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near-er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me;
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

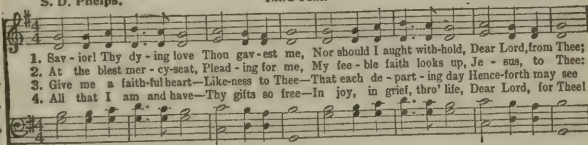
No. 187.

Something for Jesus.

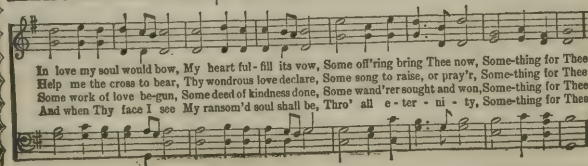
S. D. Phelps.

Third Tune.

Lowell Mason.



1. Sav-ior! Thy dy-ing love Thon gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee;
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de-part-ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!



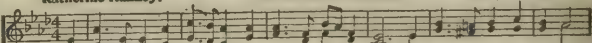
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 188. I Love To Tell The Story.

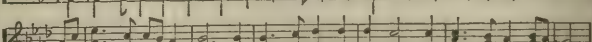
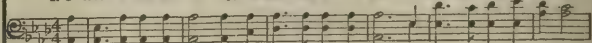
Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WIL. G. FISCHER.

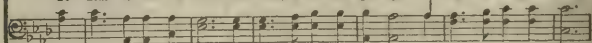
William G. Fischer.



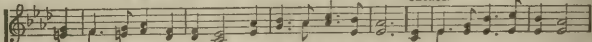
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



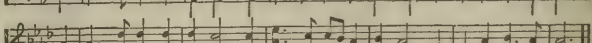
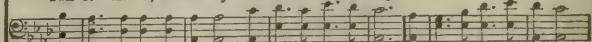
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



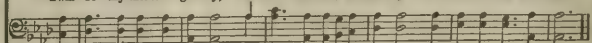
CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



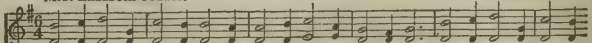
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



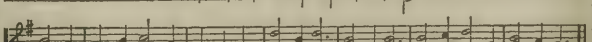
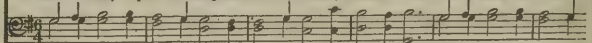
No. 189. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

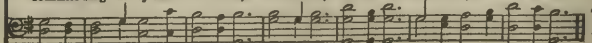
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and



fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



No. 190. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet.

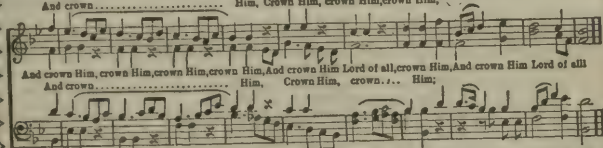
First Tune.

James Ellor.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown... Him;

And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown... Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

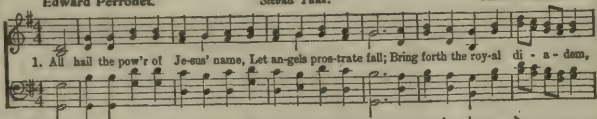
4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 191. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

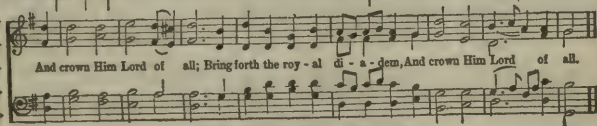
Edward Perronet.

Second Time.

Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,



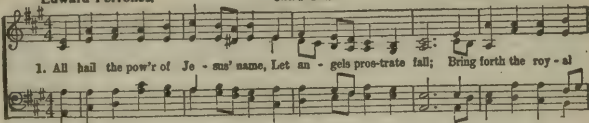
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 192. All Hail the Power.

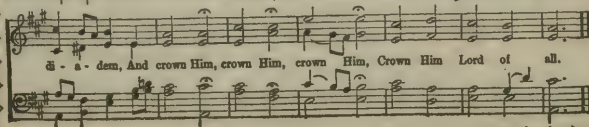
Edward Perronet.

Third Tune.

William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels proe-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al



di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

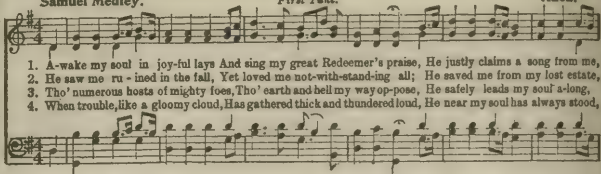
No. 193.

Loving Kindness.

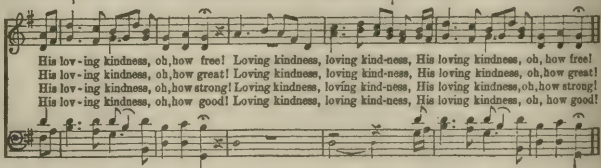
Samuel Medley.

First Tune.

Ands.



1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and bell my way-op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,



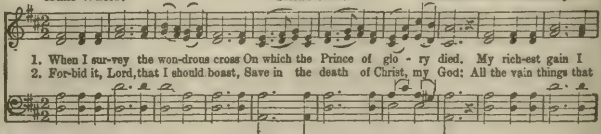
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 194. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

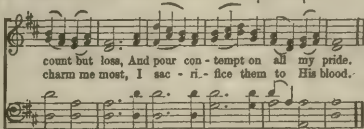
Isaac Watts.

Second Tune.

Isaac Baker Woodbury.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that



count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,

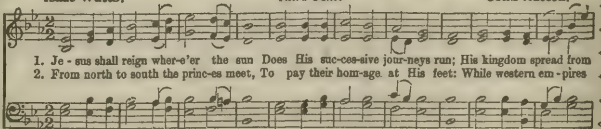
No. 195.

Jesus Shall Reign.

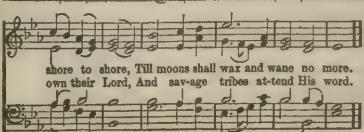
Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires



shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

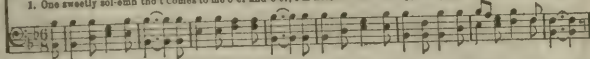
No. 196. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phoebe Carey.

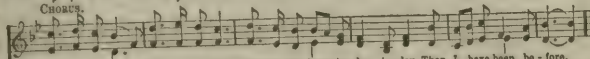
Philip Phillips.



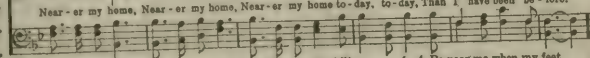
1. One sweetly sol-ern tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.



CHORUS.



Near-er my home, Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

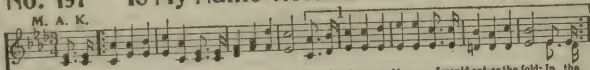
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

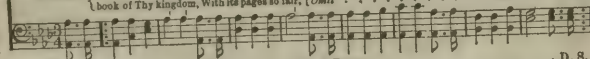
No. 197 Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

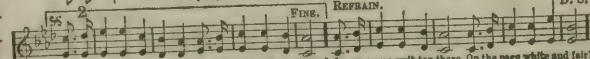


1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit . . .]

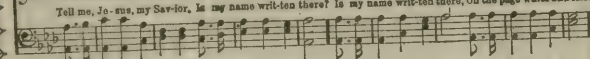


FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.



Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?



D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written in bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are walking, Is my name written there?

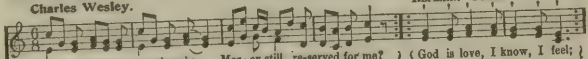
No. 198.

God is Love.

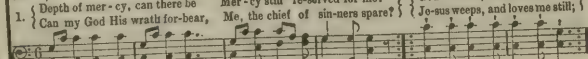
J. Stevenson.

Charles Wesley.

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

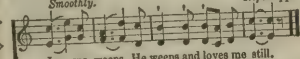


1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? } { God is love, I know, I feel; }
{ Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare? } { Je-sus weeps, and loves me still; }

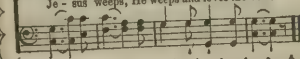


Smoothly.

Repeat pp



Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.



2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sin lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 199. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that eat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed.

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 200. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Welser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleaned my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-na'an on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly union, There is glo-ry in my soul.
Life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

glo-ry in my soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

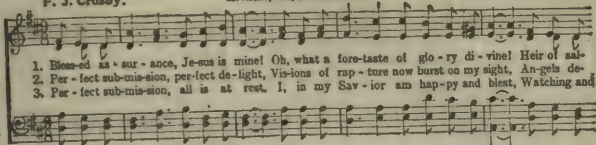
No. 201.

Blessed Assurance.

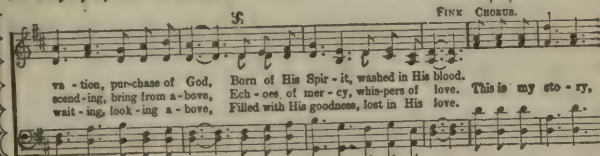
F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1875, BY JOS. F. KNAAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

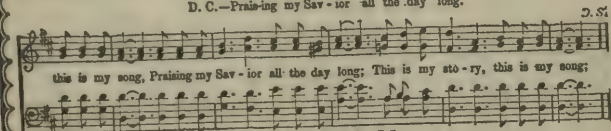


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest. I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and



va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
 wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.



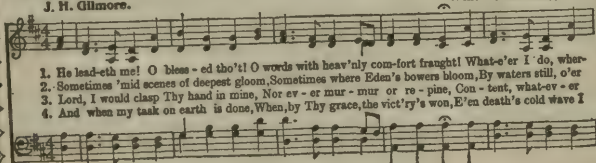
this is my song. Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

No. 202.

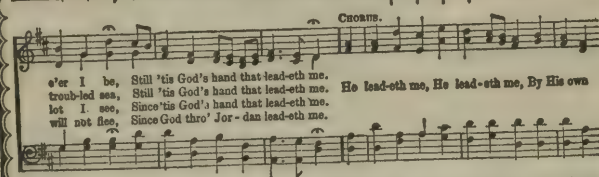
He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

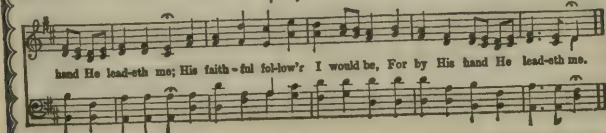
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort franght! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I



e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
 troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



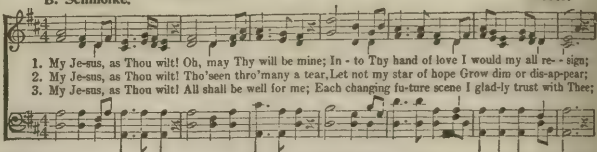
hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 203.

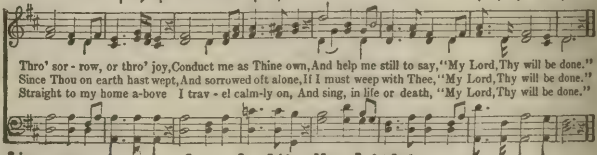
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke.

Weber.



1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;



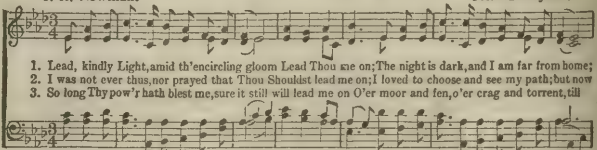
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 204.

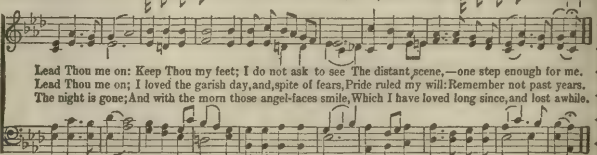
Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till



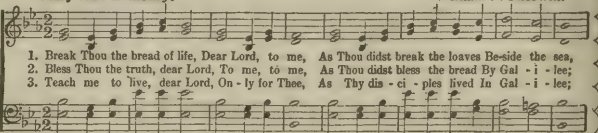
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 205.

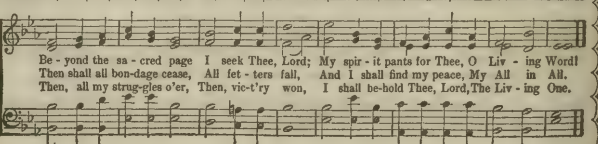
Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 206.

Wash Me in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. Cowper.

First Tune. CHORUS.

E. O. Excell.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Savior wash..... me in the blood, 8
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. 8 Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, 8

Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whi-er than the snow.
 Sav-ior wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh.

No. 207.

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Lose all their
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
 guilty stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the
Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

No. 208.

Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins; Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.
 all their guilty stains;

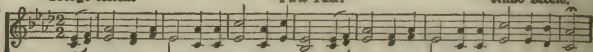
No. 209.

How Firm a Foundation.

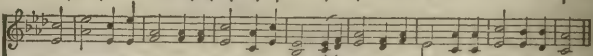
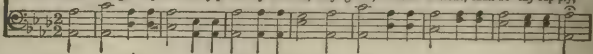
George Keith.

First Tune.

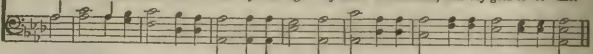
Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,



What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled!
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.



5. "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 210. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful 'God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 211. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

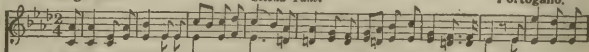
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How Firm a Foundation.

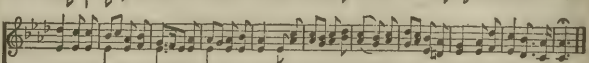
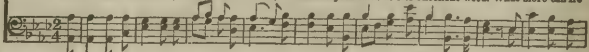
George Keith.

Second Tune.

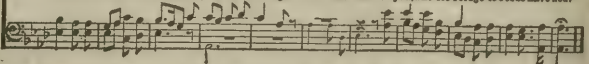
Portogallo.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He



say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?



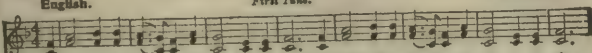
No. 213.

My Jesus I Love Thee.

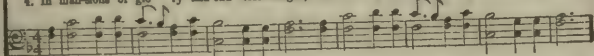
English.

First Tune.

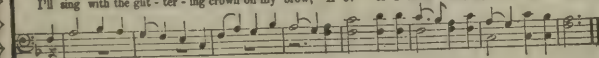
A. J. Gordon.



1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."



No. 214. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- 3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or wait you to mansions of glory on high?
- 4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 215. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.
- 2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.
- 3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.
- 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

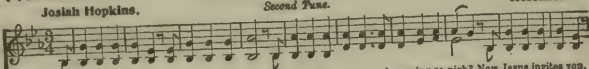
No. 216.

Expostulation.

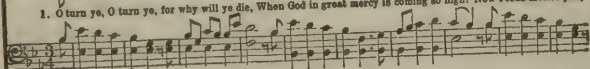
Josiah Hopkins.

Second Tune.

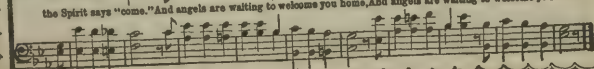
Koschat.



1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,



the Spirit says "come." And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.



No. 217. I'm Coming Back To-Night.

Emma Pitt.

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H. A. Lewis.

DUET.

1. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Guilt-y and full of sin; I've wandered so far from His mer - cy,
2. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Back to the arms of love; I'll come, and, all broken with sor - row,
3. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Leav-ing all else be - hind; Fare-well to the sins that be-guile me,

REFRAIN.

Still He will take me in.
His sweet for-give-ness prove. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Back to the truth and right; I know it will
Now I shall par - don find.

cres. cost me a strug-gle, But I'm coming back to-night; I'm coming back to Je-sus, I'm coming back to-night. *Repeat pp.*

No. 218. Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the cross from day to day,
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my soul on man-na sweet,
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the love my soul de-sires,

I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where Je - sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crimson tide,
I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-self for me;
I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share,

Near - er my Sav-ior's wounded side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.
Near - er to Him I still would be; Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.
Near - er the crown I soon shall wear, I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.

No. 219.

The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker.

E. F. Miller.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. F. MILLER.

1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be broken, The heart held captive
 2. Must I go on in sun and sor-row, To-day in sun-shine, clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sinning,
 3. With anguish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je-sus' blood To make in me a
 4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin, Will wash a-way your

CHORUS.

yet be free Lord, is this bless-ing not for me? The blood, the blood is all my plea,
 then re-pen-ting Now I'm stub-born, then re-lent-ing. To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
 per-fect cure? To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
 guilt-y stains, And cleanse, till not one spot re-mains,

Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me; The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! for it cleanseth me.

No. 220.

The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vall.

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a-far
 2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal-va-tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,

REFRAIN.

The Sav-ior's love re-veal-ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a-jar for me?
 Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion.

For me..... for me?.... Was left a-jar for me?
 For me For me

- 3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown.
 While mercy's gate is open,
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love Him more in heaven.

No. 221.

My Happy Home.

Anon.

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E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor - rows have an end?
 2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone Most glo - rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl,
 3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight
 4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
 Have nev - er yet been seen.
 And prais - es nev - er end.

1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;..... 2 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
 in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 222.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling placé there.
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 223. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-nig of His ter-ri-
al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
heart of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-
bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make

PINK CHORUS.

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (D.S. 2d time.)
make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 224. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di- vide you.

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
till we meet:

- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

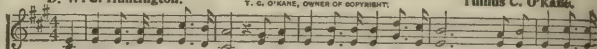
No. 225.

The Home Over There.

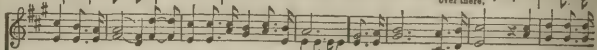
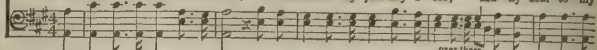
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

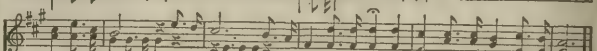
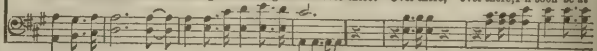
Tullius C. O'Kane.



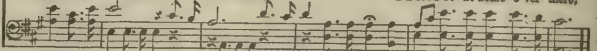
1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my



mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
 breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
 sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
 heart, o- ver there, Are watching and waiting for me over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at



home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
 home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,

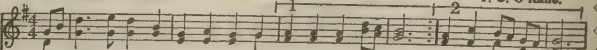


No. 226. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

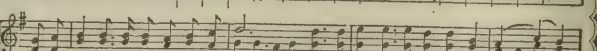
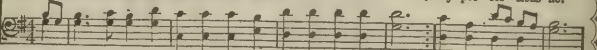
Rev. Samuel Stennett

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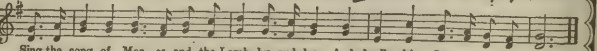
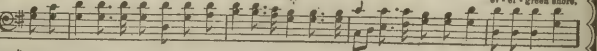
T. C. O'Kane.



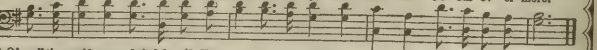
1. { On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, } my pos - ses - sions lie.
 { To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where }



We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, by and by, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore,
 by and by, ev - er - green shore,



Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.



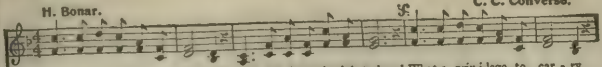
- 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 227.

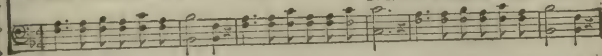
What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Conversa.

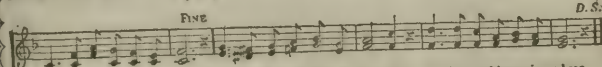


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privi - lege to car - ry
D. S. — All be - cause we do not car - ry

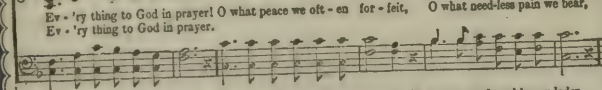


FINE

D. S.



Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

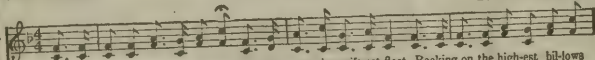
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace, there. [thee,

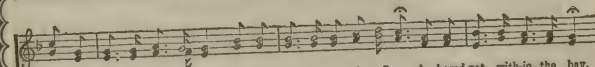
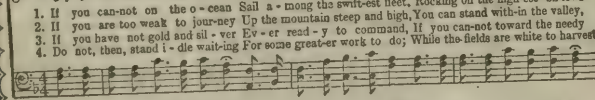
No. 228.

Your Mission.

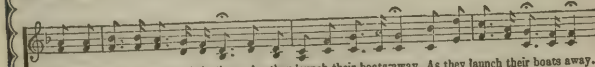
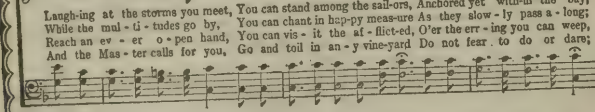
S. M. Grannis.



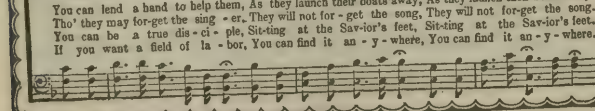
1. If you can-not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rocking on the high - est bil - lows
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand with - in the valley,
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command, If you can-not toward the needy
4. Do not, then, stand i - dle wait - ing For some great - er work to do; While the fields are white to harvest



Laugh - ing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sail - ors, Anchored yet with - in the bay,
While the mul - ti - tudes go by, You can chant in hap - py meas - ure As they slow - ly pass a - long;
Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can vis - it the at - flit - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep;
And the Mas - ter calls for you, Go and toil in an - y vine - yard Do not fear to do or dare;



You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
Tho' they may for - get the sing - er. They will not for - get the song. They will not for - get the song.
You can be a true dis - ci - ple, Sit - ting at the Sav - ior's feet, Sit - ting at the Sav - ior's feet.
If you want a field of la - bor, You can find it an - y - where, You can find it an - y - where.



No.-229.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
 { There to my heart was the blood applied; }
 2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.
 { There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.
 D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied,

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

- 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to His name.
- 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
 Glory to His name.

No. 230.

Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

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E. O. Excell.

1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; } full sal-va-tion find, Hal-le-lu-jah!
 { I am counting all but dross; I shall }

Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
 Long has evil reign'd within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store,
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 231.

Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 { The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name }
 2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 { 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name }

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

- 3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc, 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc, When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 232.

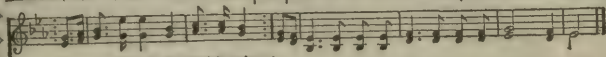
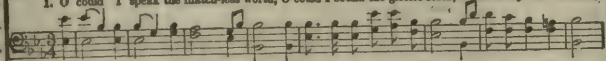
Samuel Medley.

O Gould I Speak.

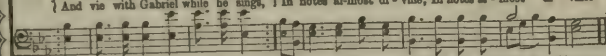
Lowell Mason.



1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,



{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, }
{ And vie with Gabriel while he sings, } In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.



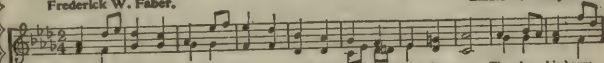
- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.</p> | <p>3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.</p> | <p>4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see His face; (home,
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.</p> |
|---|---|---|

No. 233.

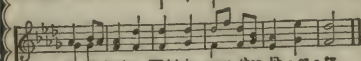
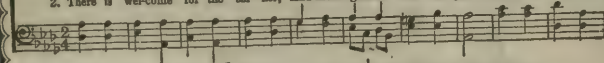
Frederick W. Faber.

There's a Wideness.

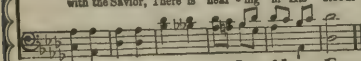
Lizzie S. Tourjee.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good; There is mer-cy



in His justice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
with the Savior, There is heal-ing in His blood.



- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

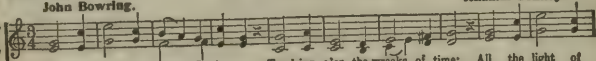
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 234.

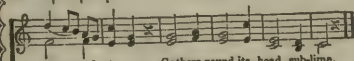
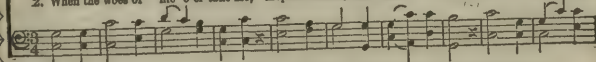
John Bowring.

In the Cross.

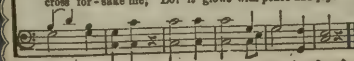
Itthamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er shall the



ea-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.



- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming.
Adds more luster to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
'ry the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 235.

John Fawcett.

Blest Be the Tie.

Hans George Naegell.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

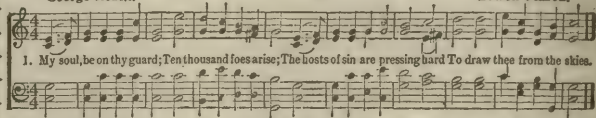
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 236. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

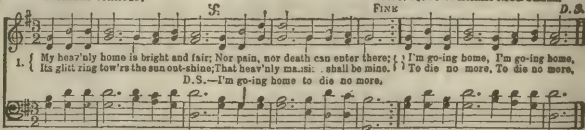
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath.

No. 237. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home,
Its glit-ter-ing tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. To die no more. To die no more,
D.S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

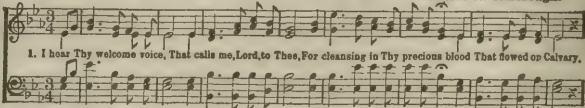
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 238. I Am Coming, Lord.

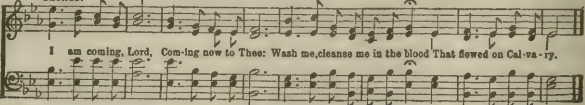
L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.



I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-vary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

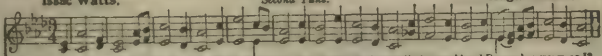
4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 239. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

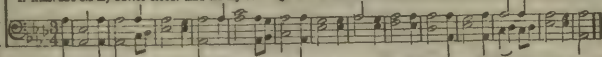
Isaac Watts.

Second Tune.

Hugh Wilson.



1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?



2 Was it for crimes that I have done, 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
He groaned upon the tree? And shut His glories in, [died, The debt of love I owe:
Amazing pity! grace unknown! When Christ, the mighty Maker, Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
And love beyond degree! For man, the creature's sin. 'Tis all that I can do.

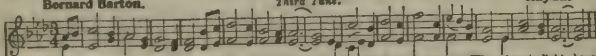
No. 240.

Walk in the Light.

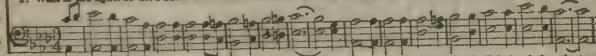
Bernard Barton.

Third Tune.

Haydn.



1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.



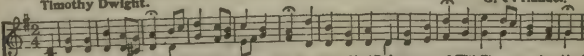
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
Thy heart made truly His, [adorned, Thy darkness passed away, [shown No fearful shade shall wear;
Who dwells in cloudless light on- Because that light hath on thee Glory shall chase away its gloom,
In whom no darkness is. In which is perfect day. For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 241.

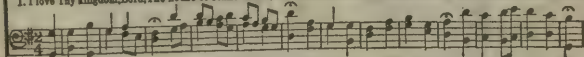
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

G. F. Handel.



1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.



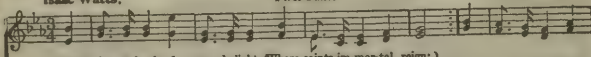
2 I love Thy Church, O God; 3 For her my tears shall fall; 4 Beyond my highest joy
Her walls before Thee stand, For her my prayers ascend, I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, To her my cares and toils be given, Her sweet communion, solemn
And graven on Thy hand. Till toils and cares shall end. Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 242. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

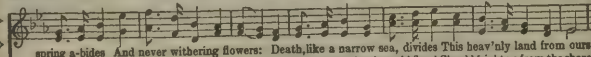
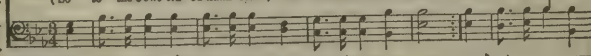
Isaac Watts.

First Tune.

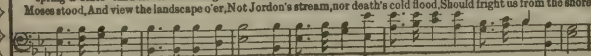
J. C. H. Rink.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; } There ev-er-last-ing
In a - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stands dressed in living green; } Could we but climb where
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.



spring a-bides And never withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

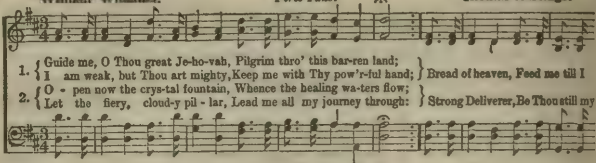


No. 243. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

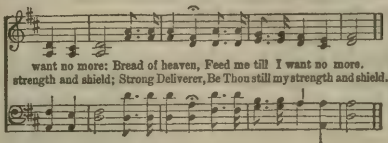
William Williams.

First Tune.

Thomas Hastings.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; }
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
 2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; }
 { Let the fiery, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey through: } Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my



want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
 strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me thro' the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

No. 244. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance.
 Zion's King will surely send.

No. 245. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O Thou God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin;
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win,
 I will praise Thee;
 Where shall I Thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifesta His pardoning favor;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall His glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
 "Glory to the great I AM,"
 I with them will still be ying—
 "Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

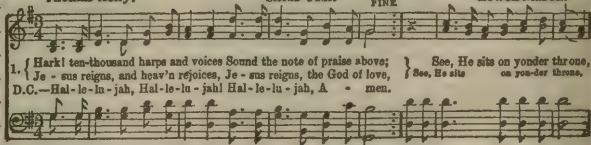
No. 246. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly.

Second Tune.

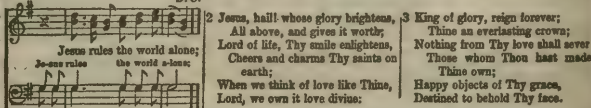
FINE.

Lowell Mason.



1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, He sits on yonder throne,
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, } See, He sits on yon-der throne,
 D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

D. C.



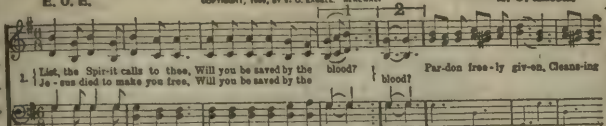
Jesus rules the world alone;
 Je-sus rules the world a-lone;
 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on
 earth;
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine;
 3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made
 Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 247. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

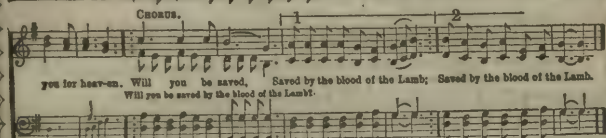
E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.



1. Let the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be saved by the blood? blood? Par-don free-ly giv-on, Cleans-ing
Je-sus died to make you free, Will you be saved by the



CHORUS.
you for heav-en. Will you be saved, Saved by the blood of the Lamb; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be saved by the blood of the Lamb?

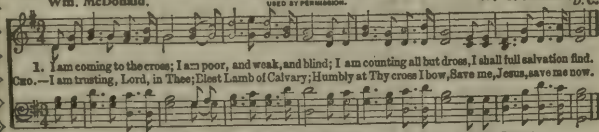
- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever. | 3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power. | 4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding. |
|--|---|--|

No. 248. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. O. Fischer, D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
Caro.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Eldest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin." | 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore. | 4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified. |
|---|---|--|

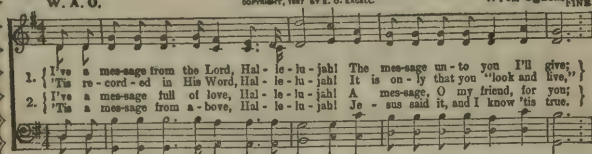
No. 249.

W. A. O.

Look and Live.

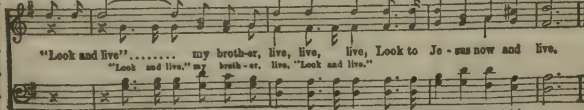
COPYRIGHT, 1907 BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. Ogden, FINE



1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The mes-sage un-to you I'll give;
'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live," }
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you; }
'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true. }

D. C.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live." D. C.



"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je-sus now and live.
"Look and live," my broth-er, live. "Look and live."

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save. | 4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul. |
|--|---|

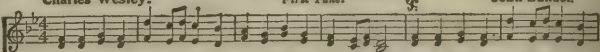
No. 250.

Love Divine.

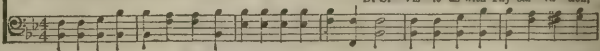
Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

John Zundel.

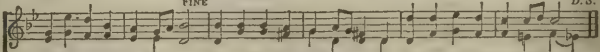


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy bum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,

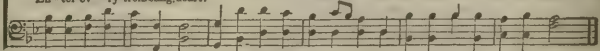


FINE

D. S.



All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart!



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without cess-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 251. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

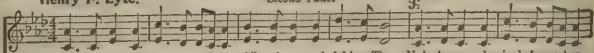
3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 252 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

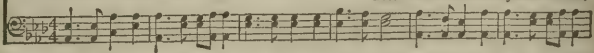
Henry F. Lyte.

Second Tune.

Mozart.

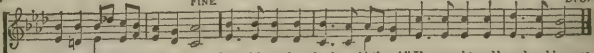


1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-dition,

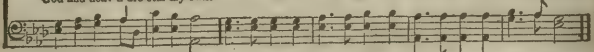


FINE

D. S.



Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped; and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.



2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, (me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! 4
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 253. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

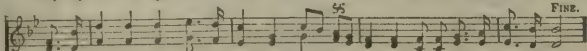
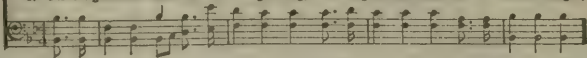
W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

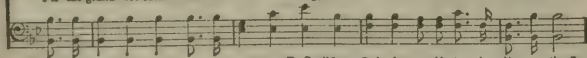
W. A. Ogden.



1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;

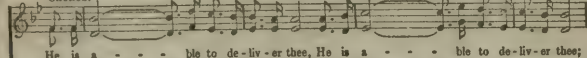


'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

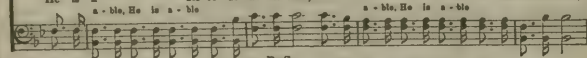


D. S.—"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.



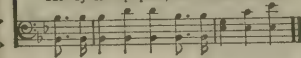
He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee;
a - ble, He is a - ble a - ble, He is a - ble



D. S.



Tho' by sin op-pressed, Go to Him for rest,



2 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main;

'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain; -

'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,

"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll

To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;

Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

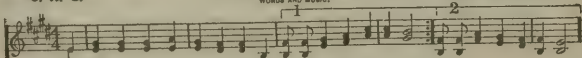
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 254. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

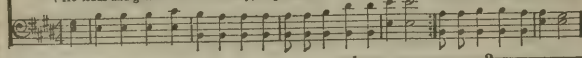
C. H. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

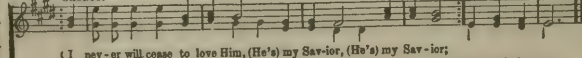
Chas. H. Gabriel.



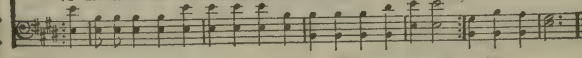
1. { For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I [Omit] nev-er will cease to love Him.
2. { He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
He leads and guides me all the way, I [Omit] nev-er will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.



- { I nev-er will cease to love Him, (He's) my Sav-ior, (He's) my Sav-ior;
- { I nev-er will cease to love Him, (for) He's done [Omit] so much for me.



3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

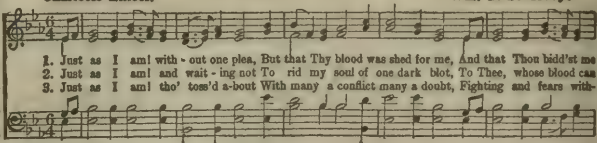
4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 255.

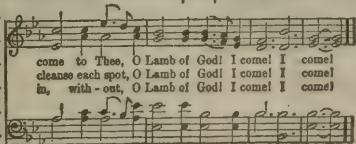
Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' tom'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-



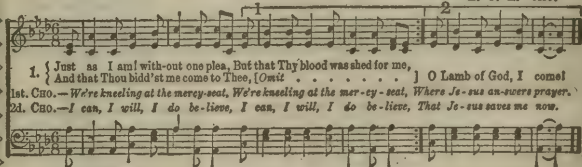
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

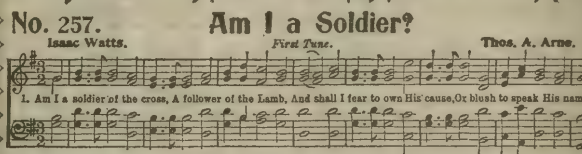
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 256. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



1. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit] O Lamb of God, I come!
1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.
2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.



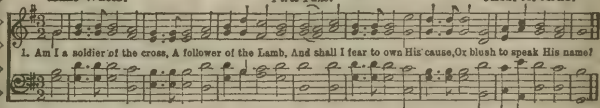
No. 257.

Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts.

First Tune.

Thos. A. Arne.



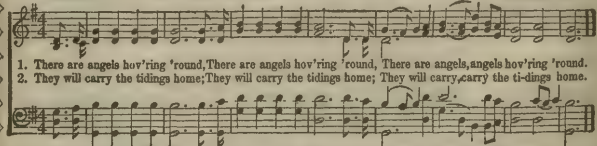
1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name!
2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, [prize, While others fought to win the And sailed thro' bloody seas?
3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
4 Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

No. 258.

Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon.

Unknown.



1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the ti-dings home.

- 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc. 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. 7 There is glory all around, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. 6 Let him that heareth come, etc. 8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 259.

Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; } Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
 2. { I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul; }
 2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know;
 { And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; }

FIN. CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
 D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet.
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 260.

Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S.

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Frank A. Simpkins.

1. { Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; }
 { Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; }
 D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me,
 O make.
 Make....me white as snow.
 Make....me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, yes. Whit-er than the snow, yes. Whit-er than the snow, yes. Whit-er than the snow.

2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me, 3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me, 4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
 For I know not where to go; More Thy love to others show; From temptation here below;
 Guide me to the crystal fountain, Teach me how to better serve Thee Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
 Make me white as snow. Make me white as snow. Keep me white as snow.

No. 261.

The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, it was good for our mothers, it was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
 3 It has saved our fathers.
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 8 It will do when I am dying.
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

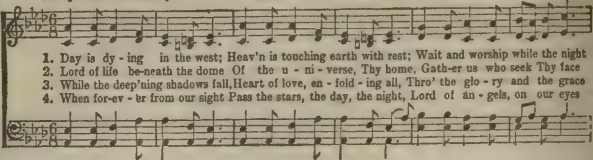
No. 262.

Day is Dying in the West.

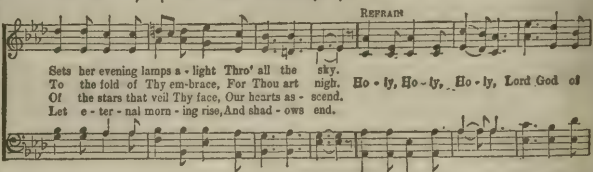
Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. M. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'n'g shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes



Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art night. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

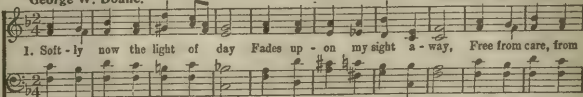


Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

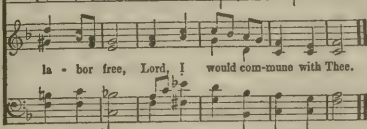
No. 263. Softly Now the Light of Day.

George W. Doane.

Carl M. von Weber



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way, Free from care, from



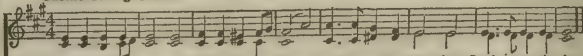
la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sor - row free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

No. 264. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould..

Joseph Barnby.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak - ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.



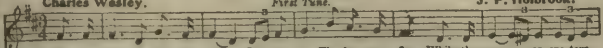
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 265. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

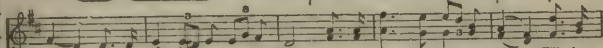
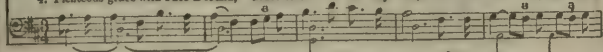
Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

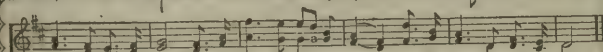
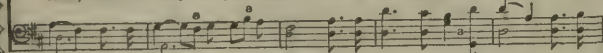
J. P. Holbrook.



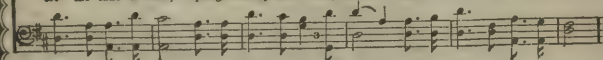
1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near-er wa-ters
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal-len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin; Let the heal-ing streams a-



roll, While the tem-pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup- port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am
 bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly



storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
 all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

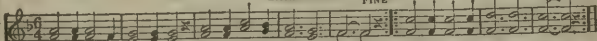


No. 266. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

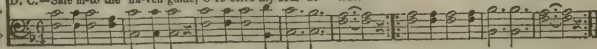
FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.



1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
- { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

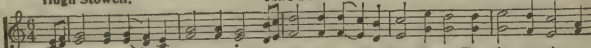


No. 267. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

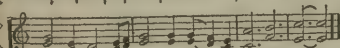
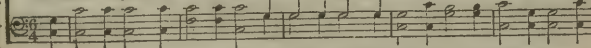
Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

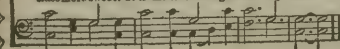
Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A place than all be-



sure re- treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.
 sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.



13 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

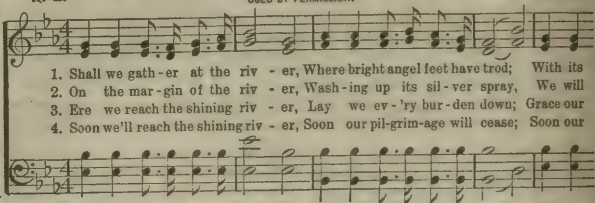
4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 268. Shall We Gather at the River?

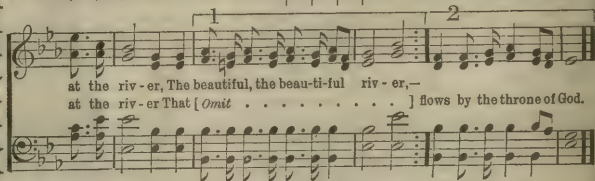
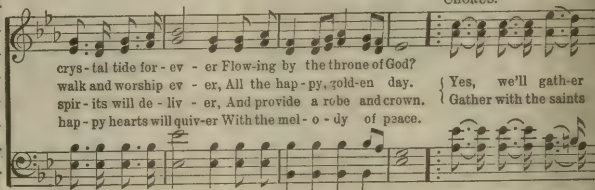
R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
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Robert Lowry.



CHORUS.

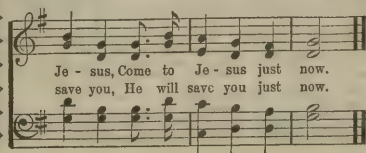
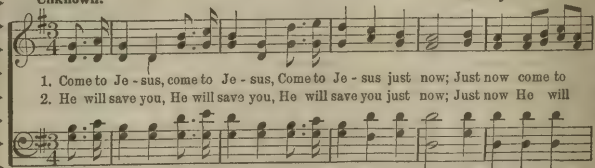


No. 269.

Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 Call upon Him.
- 6 He will hear you.
- 7 He'll forgive you.
- 8 He will cleanse you.
- 9 Jesus loves you.
- 10 Only trust Him.

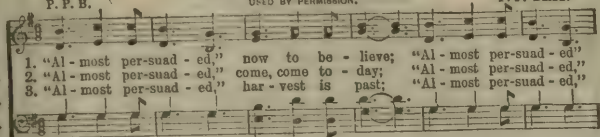
No. 270.

Almost Persuaded.

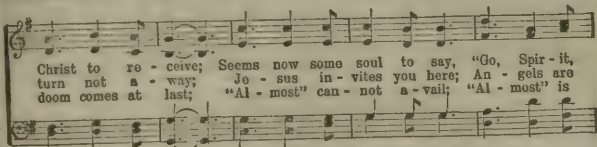
P. P. B.

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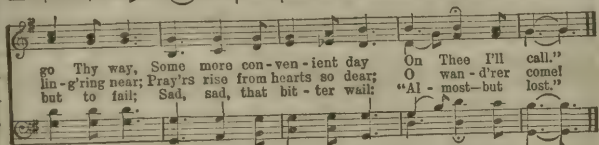
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near; Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'r'er come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most - but lost."

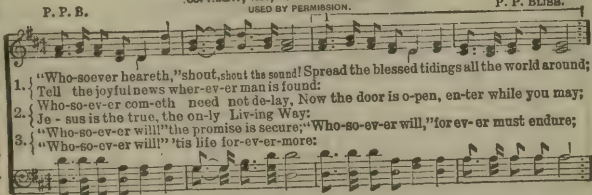
No. 271.

"Whosoever Will."

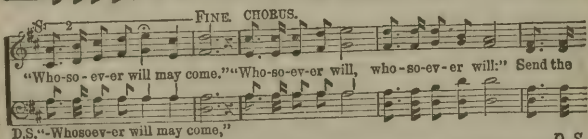
P. P. B.

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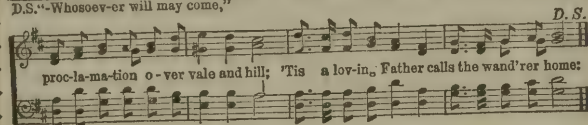
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-ever man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-ev-er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:



FINE. CHORUS.
"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will:" Send the
D.S. - "Whosoever will may come,"



D. S.
proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'r'er home:

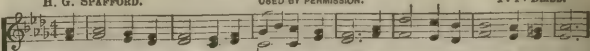
No. 272.

It is Well With My Soul.

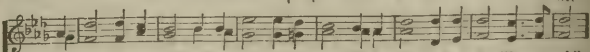
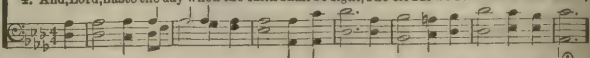
H. G. SPAFFORD.

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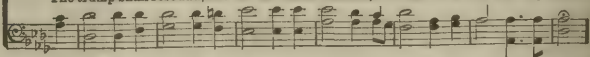
P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!— My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,



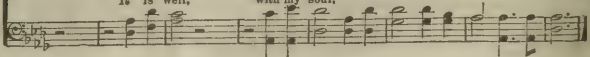
Whatev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul.



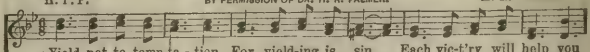
No. 273.

Yield Not to Temptation.

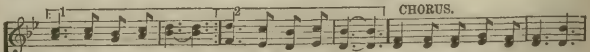
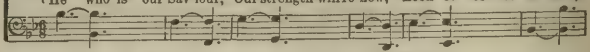
H. P. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

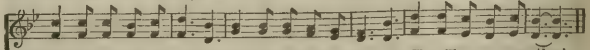
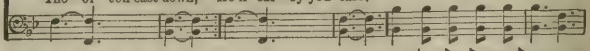
H. B. PALMER.



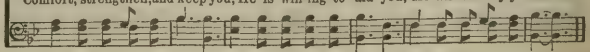
1. Yield not to tempt-a-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
2. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
3. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
4. Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
5. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
6. He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,



Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'.



Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.



No. 274. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
3. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
4. When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
5. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
6. Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the

morning breaks, eter-nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo-ry of His res-ur-ec-tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

D.S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon-der, When the roll is called up yon-der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, When the

No. 275. While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. WITTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je-sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 276.

Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
 4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has prom-ised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me,
 Why should we linger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, and death's night is com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.
 Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 277. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

USED BY PERMISSION.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
 { What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- } ing arms.
 2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
 { Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.
 3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
 { I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.

CHORUS.
 Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning the everlasting arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

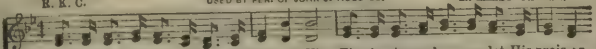
No. 278.

Standing On the Promises.

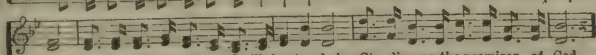
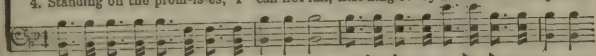
R. E. C.

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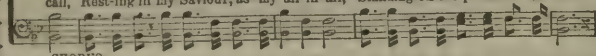
B. KELSO CARTER.



1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro'-o-ter-nal a- ges let His prais-es
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nally by love's strong
4. Standing on the prom-is-es, I can not fail, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's



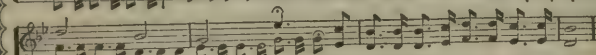
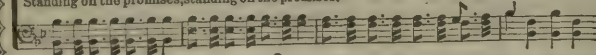
ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.
sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the promises of God.
cord, O - ver-coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the promises of God.



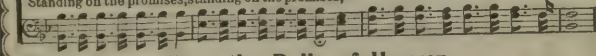
CHORUS.



Stand - ing, stand - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour;
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises.



Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



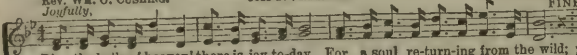
No. 279. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.
Joyfully,

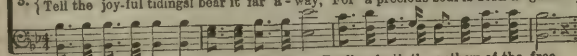
COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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GEO. F. ROOF.

FINE.



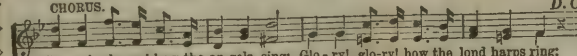
1. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
Seel the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child. }
2. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'r'er now is re-con-ciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child. }
3. { Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain. }



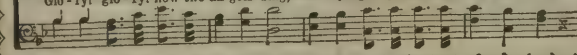
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

D. C.



Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;



No. 280.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tiently waits To save by His pow-er di-vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice," And I entered the Haven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whoso-ev-er will have A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm, - Secure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov-ed is mine."

D. S. - The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.

I've anchor'd my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 281.

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 282.

Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. { God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far flung bat - tie line, } Lord God of
 { Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine; }
 2. { The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part; } Lord God of
 { Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice An hum - ble and a con-trite heart; }

Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
 Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 To all our pomp of yesterday;
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
 Judge of the nations spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 283.

Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

- 1 Faith of our fathers! living still
 In spite of dungeon, fire and
 sword: [Joy
 O how our hearts beat high with
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to Thee till death!]
- 2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience
 free; [late,
 How sweet would be their children's
 If they, like them, could die for Thee!
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to Thee till death!]
- 3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our
 strife: [how,
 And preach Thee, too, as love knows
 By kindly words and virtuous life:
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 284.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America,

English:

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free - dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
 land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 285.

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

- 1 God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.
- 2 Thro' every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King,
 Long may he reign;
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His thrones maintain.
- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

Responsive Readings

No. 286 Selection

Communion

1. For I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread;

2. And when he had given thanks he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you; this do in remembrance of me.

3. In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: This do, as often as ye drink it in remembrance of me.

4. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come.

5. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord.

6. But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup.

7. For he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body.

8. Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, wait one for another.

9. If any man is hungry, let him eat at home; that your coming together be not unto judgment. And the rest will I set in order whensoever I come.—1 Cor. 11:23-24.

No. 287 Selection

The Grace of Giving

1. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase.

2. Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him.

6. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8. Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9. He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold to them that walk uprightly.

No. 288 Selection

Closing Sentences

1. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

2. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

3. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

4. The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

5. Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

Responsive Readings

6. Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

7. Now unto him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

8. Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

9. Now unto him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,

10. To the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and ever. Amen.

No. 289 Selection

The Holy Spirit

1. And he, when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

2. Of sin, because they believe not on me;

3. Of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye behold me no more;

4. Of judgment, because the Prince of this world hath been judged.—Jno. 16:8-11.

5. Nevertheless I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send him unto you.—Jno. 16:7.

6. But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you.—Jno. 14:26.

7. But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts 1:8.

8. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit:

9. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28:19-20.

10. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—Jno. 3:5.

No. 290 Selection

Conversion of the Jailer

1. But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them;

2. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison house were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened; and everyone's bands were loosed.

3. And the jailer, being roused out of sleep and seeing the prison doors open, drew his sword and was about to kill himself, supposing that the prisoners had escaped.

4. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm; for we are all here.

5. And he called for lights and sprang in, and, trembling for fear, fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

6. And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.

7. And they spake the word of the Lord unto him, with all that were in his house.

8. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his immediately.

9. And he brought them up into his house and set food before them, and rejoiced greatly, with all his house, having believed in God.—Acts. 16:25-34.

No. 291 Selection

Wine Is a Mocker

1. Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20:1.

Responsive Readings

2. He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.—Prov. 21:17.

3. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath complainings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

4. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek out mixed wine.

5. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly:

6. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23:29-32.

7. And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

8. I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air:

9. But I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected.—I Cor. 9:25-27.

10. And be not drunken with wine wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5:18.

No. 292 Selection

Prophecy

Isaiah 53:1-8.

1. Who hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of Jehovah been revealed?

2. For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness: and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3. He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

4. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of

our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7. He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

8. By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

No. 293 Selection

Prayer.

1. Jesus.—And he went forward a little, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.—Matt. 26:39.

2. And there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him.—Luke 22:43.

3. Church:—Peter therefore was kept in the prison; but prayer was made earnestly of the church unto God for him.

4. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by him, and a light shined in the cell; and he smote Peter on the side, and awoke him, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.—Acts 12:5-7.

5. Apostles:—These all with one accord continued steadfastly in prayer, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren.—Acts 1:14.

6. Disciples:—And when they had prayed, the place was shaken wherein they were gathered together: and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and they spake the word of God with boldness.—Acts 4:31.

7. Paul and Silas:—But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them;

8. And suddenly there was a great

Responsive Readings

earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison house were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened; and every one's bands were loosed.—Acts 16:25-6.

9. James:—Confess your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working.

10. Elijah was a man of like passions with us, and he prayed fervently that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for three years and six months.

11. And he prayed again; and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.—Jas. 5:16-18.

No. 294 Selection

Repentance

1. I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—Luke 5:32.

2. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem.—Luke 24:47.

3. Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not.—Matt. 11:20.

4. Except ye repent, ye shall all in like manner perish.—Luke 13:3.

5. The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent.—Acts 17:30.

6. The men of Nineveh shall stand up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and behold, a greater than Jonah is here.—Luke 11:32.

7. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some count slackness; but is long-suffering to you-ward, not wishing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.—2 Peter 3:9.

8. Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Brethren, what shall we do?

9. And Peter said unto them, Repent ye, and be baptized every one

of you in the name of Jesus Christ, unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.—Acts 2:37, 38.

10. I say unto you that even so there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, who need no repentance.—Luke 15:7.

No. 295 Selection

The New Birth

John 3:1-8.

1. Now there was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2. The same came unto him by night, and said to him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no one can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him.

3. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew.

8. The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knoweth not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

No. 296 Selection

Confessing Christ

1. Everyone therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven.

2. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10:32-33.

3. Wherefore also God highly ex-

Responsive Readings

alted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name;

4. That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and thing under the earth.

5. And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—Phil. 2:9-11.

6. The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is the word of faith, which we preach:

7. Because if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved;

8. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation—Rom. 10:8-10.

No. 297 Selection

Righteousness

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

4 His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

5 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. (over)

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

7 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

8 But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

9 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

10 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

11 He that backbiteth not with his

tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

12 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.

13 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

14 He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

No. 298 Selection

Salvation

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for ever—

Psalm

9 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

10 The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

11 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

12 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

13 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

14 To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

Responsive Readings

No. 299 Selection

Dominion

- W**HY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?
- 2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.
 - 3 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.
 - 4 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.
 - 5 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.
 - 6 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
 - 7 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
 - 8 Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
 - 9 Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
 - 10 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.
 - 11 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.
 - 12 Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

No. 300 Selection

God's Law

- T**HE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.
- 2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.
 - 3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.
 - 4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

- 5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
- 6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
- 7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
- 8 The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
- 9 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
- 10 The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
- 11 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
- 12 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
- 13 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
- 14 And in keeping of them there is great reward.
- 15 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.
- 16 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
- 17 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
- 18 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

No. 301 Selection

Confidence

- H**E that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
- 2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.
 - 3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
 - 4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings

Responsive Readings

- shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
- 5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
 - 6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
 - 7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.
 - 8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.
 - 9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
 - 10 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
 - 11 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
 - 12 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.
 - 13 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
 - 14 I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
 - 15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.
 - 16 With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

No. 302 Selection

Hope

- A**S the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
- 2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?
 - 3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
 - 4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I

went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

- 5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?
- 6 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.
- 7 O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
- 8 Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.
- 9 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
- 10 All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
- 11 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime,
- 12 And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
- 13 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
- 14 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?
- 15 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
- 16 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

No. 303 Selection

Trust

- O**TASTE and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
- 2 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
 - 3 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
 - 4 But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
 - 5 Come, ye children; hearken unto me:
 - 6 I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
 - 7 What man is he that desireth

Responsive Readings

- life, and loveth many days,
that he may see good?
- 8 **Keep** thy tongue from evil, and
thy lips from speaking guile:
depart from evil, and do good;
seek peace, and pursue it.
- 9 The eyes of the Lord are upon
the righteous, and his ears are
open unto their cry.
- 10 The face of the Lord is against
them that do evil, to cut off the
remembrance of them from the
earth.
- 11 The righteous cry, and the Lord
heareth, and delivereth them
out of all their troubles.
- 12 The Lord is nigh unto them that
are of a broken heart; and
saveth such as be of a contrite
spirit.
- 13 Many are the afflictions of the
righteous: but the Lord deliv-
ereth him out of them all.
- 14 He keepeth all his bones: not
one of them is broken.
- 15 Evil shall slay the wicked: and
they that hate the righteous
shall be desolate.
- 14 The Lord redeemeth the soul of
his servants: and none of them
that trust in him shall be deso-
late.

No. 304 Selection

Mercy

BLESS the Lord, O my soul;
2 And all that is within me,
bless his holy name.

- 3 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and
forget not all his benefits:
- 4 Who forgiveth all thine iniqui-
ties; who healeth all thy dis-
eases;
- 5 Who redeemeth thy life from de-
struction; who crowneth thee
with loving-kindness and ten-
der mercies;
- 6 Who satisfieth thy mouth with
good things; so that thy youth
is renewed like the eagle's.
- 7 The Lord executeth righteousness
and judgment for all that are
oppressed.
- 8 He made known his ways unto
Moses, his acts unto the chil-
dren of Israel.
- 9 The Lord is merciful and gra-
cious, slow to anger, and plen-
teous in mercy.

- 10 He will not always chide; neither
will he keep his anger for ever.
- 11 He hath not dealt with us after
our sins;
- 12 Nor rewarded us according to
our iniquities.
- 13 For as the heaven is high above
the earth, so great is his mercy
toward them that fear him.
- 14 As far as the east is from the
west, so far hath he removed
our transgressions from us.
- 15 Like as a father pitieth his chil-
dren, so the Lord pitieth them
that fear him.
- 16 For he knoweth our frame; he
remembereth that we are dust.
- 17 As for man, his days are as grass:
as a flower of the field, so he
flourisheth.
- 18 For the wind passeth over it, and
it is gone; and the place there-
of shall know it no more.
- 19 But the mercy of the Lord is
from everlasting to everlasting
upon them that fear him, and
his righteousness unto chil-
dren's children;
- 20 To such as keep his covenant,
and to those that remember his
commandments to do them.
- 21 The Lord hath prepared his throne
in the heavens;
- 22 And his kingdom ruleth over all.
- 23 Bless the Lord, ye his angels,
that excel in strength, that do
his commandments, hearkening
unto the voice of his word.
- 24 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his
hosts; ye ministers of his, that
do his pleasure.
- 25 Bless the Lord, all his works in
all places of his dominion:
- 26 Bless the Lord, O my soul.

No. 305 Selection

Easter

THE Lord is risen!
2 The Lord is risen indeed!
(To be read by all in unison.)

- 3 In the end of the Sabbath, as it
began to dawn toward the first
day of the week, came Mary
Magdalene and the other Mary
to see the sepulchre.
- 4 And, behold, there was a great
earthquake: for the angel of
the Lord descended from heav-
en, and came and rolled back

Responsive Readings

the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

- 5 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.
- 6 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.
- 7 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.
- 8 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.
- 9 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.
- 10 Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.
- 11 But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.
- 12 Ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.
- 13 If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.
- 14 Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.
- 15 Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

No. 306 Selection

Fellowship

ONE is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.

- 2 Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love

as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.

See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.

- 3 As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.
- 4 Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.
- 5 Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.
- 6 I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.
- 7 With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love;
- 8 Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.
- 9 There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.
- 10 One Lord, one faith, one baptism.
- 11 One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.
- 12 Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.
- 13 And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.
- 14 And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles.
- 15 And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.
- 16 (All)—And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

Responsive Readings

No. 307 Selection -

Temperance

WHO hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

- 2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.
- 3 (All)—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.
- 4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.
- 5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.
- 6 (All)—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
- 7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.
- 8 Let us not judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.
- 9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.
- 10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.
- 11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.
- 12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

No. 308 Selection

The Christian Standard

BEHOLD, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,

2 That we should be called the sons of God.

3 Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be:

4 But we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

5 And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

6 Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

7 In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

8 For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.

9 We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

10 And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment.

11 And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him.

And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.

12 And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

No. 309 Selection

Love

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,

2 I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

3 And if I have the gift of prophecy,

And know all mysteries and all knowledge;

And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains.

Responsive Readings

- 4 But have not love, I am nothing.
- 5 And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
And if I give my body to be burned,
- 6 But have not love, it profiteth me nothing.
- 7 Love suffereth long and is kind;
- 8 Love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;
- 9 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own;
- 10 Is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;
- 11 Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, But rejoiceth with the truth;
- 12 Beareth all things, believeth all things,
Hopeth all things, endureth all things.
- 13 Love never faileth:
- 14 But whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;
- 15 Whether there be tongues, they shall cease;
- 16 Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.
- 17 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;
- 18 But when that which is perfect is come,
That which is in part shall be done away.
- 19 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:
- 20 Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.
- 21 For now we see in a mirror, darkly;
- 22 But then face to face:
- 23 Now I know in part,
- 24 But then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.
- 25 But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three;
- 26 But the greatest of these is love.

No. 310 Selection

The Beatitudes

- A**ND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,
Blessed are the poor in spirit:
- 2 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
 - 3 Blessed are they that mourn:
 - 4 For they shall be comforted.
 - 5 Blessed are the meek:
 - 6 For they shall inherit the earth.
 - 7 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
 - 8 For they shall be filled.
 - 9 Blessed are the merciful:
 - 10 For they shall obtain mercy.
 - 11 Blessed are the pure in heart:
 - 12 For they shall see God.
 - 13 Blessed are the peacemakers:
 - 14 For they shall be called the children of God.
 - 15 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
 - 16 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
 - 17 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
 - 18 Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 311 Selection

Mizpah. Genesis 31:49.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

No. 312.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 313.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 314.

All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye

praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim.
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 315.

Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

Indices

Alphabetical Index arranged by first lines and titles

A		D		H	
A call for loyal soldiers...	11	DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST.	262	Had we only sunshine....	31
A friend I have called Jesus	64	DEAR LITTLE STRANGER....	119	HALLELUJAH.....	245
A SINNER MADE WHOLE...	127	DELAY NOT.....	211	HARK TEN THOUSAND.....	246
A voice is sweetly singing...	132	Depth of Mercy.....	198	HARK THE VOICE OF JESUS.	251
A WONDERFUL SAVIOR....	76	DON'T TURN HIM AWAY....	106	Hark 'tis the Shepherd's....	117
ABIDE WITH ME.....	158	DOXOLOGY.....	314	Harvest fields are waving.	13
AFTER A WHILE.....	98	Down at the Cross.....	229	Have you heard this.....	95
ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR..	239	Do you fear the foe will in.	111	HEAVEN IS MY HOME.....	185
ALL FOR JESUS.....	157	DRAW ME NEARER.....	79	HEAVEN IS NOT FAR AWAY.	136
ALL HAIL IMMANUEL.....	144			HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER....	253
ALL HAIL THE....190-191-192				HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME.	6
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON.....	314			HE LEADETH ME.....	202
ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR..	50	Each Cooing Dove.....	15	HE LIVES AGAIN.....	95
Almost persuaded.....	270	Earthly Pleasures Vainly..	24	HE LOVED ME SO.....	44
AMERICA.....	284	ERE YOU LEFT YOUR ROOM.	75	HE SURELY MEANS ME....	87
AM I A SOLDIER.....	257	EVEN ME, EVEN ME.....	189	HE TOOK ME IN.....	69
ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.	258	EVER WILL I PRAY.....	59	HELP SOMEBODY TODAY...	43
ARISE MY SOUL ARISE....	156	EXCEEDING ABUNDANT....	94	High in the treetop.....	115
AROUND THE CROSS.....	90	EXPOSTULATION.....	216	HIS LOVE CAN NEVER FAIL.	128
AS A VOLUNTEER.....	11			HIS LOVE FOR ME.....	130
As I cling to the hand....	129			HOLD MY HAND FAST O....	36
At the feast of Belshazzar.	138			HOLY BIBLE BOOK DIVINE.	141
Awake my soul.....	193			HOLY GHOST WITH LOVE..	168
B		F			
BATTLE HYMN OF THE.....	223	FADE, FADE EACH EARTHLY.	166	HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.....	169
BEAUTIFUL ISLE.....	135	Failing in strength.....	126	HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL....	167
Before I knew Jesus my...	63	FAITH OF OUR FATHERS...	283	HOW FIRM A.....209-212	
Behold one cometh in the..	131	FAITH WILL BRING THE....	88	How many times has He..	86
Behold the loving Savior..	106	Father in the morning....	59	How sweet in the love of..	62
Be not dismayed.....	46	FOLLOW ME.....	72		
BLESSED ASSURANCE.....	201	For all the Lord has done.	254		
BLESSED BE THE NAME....	231	For workers the Lord of..	40		
BLEST BE THE TIE.....	235	FROM EVERY STORMY..	142-267		
BREAK THOU THE BREAD..	205	FROM GREENLAND'S ICY...	178		
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR....	153	From over hill and plain..	18		
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.	17				
BRING PEACE TO MY SOUL..	67				
BRING THEM IN.....	117				
BUT FOR A MOMENT.....	151				
C		G		I	
CALLING THE PRODIGAL...	154	GATHERING FOR THE KING.	13	I am a stranger here.....	12
CHRIST IS KING.....	143	GATHERING HOME.....	37	I AM COMING LORD.....	238
CLINGING CLOSE TO HIS..	129	GLORIA PATRI NO. 1.....	312	I am coming to the....	230-248
Come every soul by sin...	182	GLORIA PATRI NO. 2.....	313	I AM HAPPY IN HIM.....	26
Come friends sing.....	143	GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.....	203	I AM SATISFIED WITH....	68
COME TO JESUS.....	269	Glory be to the Father.	312-313	I am Thine O Lord.....	79
COME WHILE THE DOOR IS..	103	Glory to God for the Joy..	101	I am thinking today.....	30
Come whosoever will....	87	GLORY TO HIS NAME.....	229	I AM TRUSTING LORD IN..	248
COUNT IT ALL JOY.....	9	GOD BE WITH YOU.....	224	I Can Hear my Savior....	107
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS...	78	GOD IS calling the prodigal.	154	I do not ask to see the....	128
Crown Him, Crown Him..	145	GOD IS LOVE.....	198	I Have a song I love to..	199
CROWN HIM KING OF.....	145	God of our fathers.....	282	I have toiled all night...	134
		GOD SAVE THE KING.....	285	I hear the Savior say....	162
		God will take care of you.	46	I hear Thy welcome voice.	238
		Gone from my heart.....	93	I knew that God in His..	219
		GOOD NEWS.....	244	I know I love Thee better.	57
		GRACE ENOUGH FOR ME...	27	I know my heavenly.....	139
		GROWING DEARER EACH..	62	I LOVE HIM.....	93
		GROWING UP FOR JESUS..	124	I LOVE HIM MORE AND...	4
		GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT.	243	I LOVE THY KINGDOM LORD.	241
				I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.	188
				I must needs go home....	2
				I MUST TELL JESUS.....	35

I NEVER WILL CEASE TO... 254
 I once heard a sweet story. 49
 I SEE IT DIFFERENTLY... 63
 I SHALL LOOK LIKE THE... 74
 I think God gives the... 112
 I WANT TO GO THERE... 54
 I WILL NOT FORGET THEE. 38
 I WOULD BE LIKE JESUS... 24
 I'LL BE A SUNBEAM... 110
 I'M A SUNNY HEARTED... 118
 I'm but a stranger here... 185
 I'M COMING BACK TONIGHT. 217
 I'm going to the land of... 149
 I M NOT YOUR JUDGE... 137
 I've a message from the... 249
 I've found a friend... 70
 If Christ the Redeemer... 10
 If you cannot on the... 228
 If you need uplifting... 88
 If you wish to turn from... 97
 IMMORTALITY LAND... 96
 In a world where sorrow... 33
 IN EVIL LONG I TOOK... 174
 IN HEAVENLY LOVE... 177
 In looking thro' my tears... 27
 IN THE CROSS... 234
 Into a tent where a gipsy. 34
 IS MY NAME WRITTEN... 197
 IT IS JESUS... 131
 IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL. 272
 IT TRULY IS MARVELOUS... 42
 It was good for our... 261
 It's JUST LIKE HIS GREAT... 64

J

Jerusalem my happy home. 221
 JESUS AND HIS LOVE... 132
 JESUS BIDS US SHINE... 122
 JESUS CALLED THEE... 109
 JESUS CALL US... 161
 JESUS I MY CROSS HAVE... 252
 JESUS IS CALLING... 23
 Jesus is calling for Soldiers. 99
 Jesus is tenderly calling... 23
 Jesus keep me near the... 61
 JESUS LOVER OF MY... 265-266
 JESUS LOVES ME... 123
 Jesus my Lord to Thee I... 163
 JESUS PAID IT ALL... 162
 JESUS SAVIOR PILOT ME... 170
 JESUS SHALL REIGN... 195
 Jesus wants me for a... 110
 JESUS WILL DO THE... 32
 JOY TO THE WORLD... 1
 JUST AS I AM... 255-256
 JUST FOR HIS SAKE... 134
 JUST THE LOVE OF... 19
 JUST WHEN I NEED HIM... 21

K

KEEP THE HEART SINGING. 48
 Kneeling by my trundle... 136

L

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT... 204
 Lead me O my Savior... 260
 LEANING ON THE... 277
 LEST WE FORGET... 282
 LET HIM IN... 155
 LET THE SUNSHINE IN... 111
 Let us gather up the... 80
 Like a chime of silver bells. 72
 Like an army we are... 148
 LINE UP FOR JESUS... 28
 List the spirit calls to Thee. 247
 LITTLE SUNBEAMS... 112
 Lol All ready for the... 150
 Look all around you... 43
 LOOK AND LIVE... 249
 LOOK TO JESUS... 215
 Lord I care not for riches... 197
 Lord I hear of Show'rs... 189
 Lord Jesus I long to be... 259
 LOVE DIVINE... 250
 LOVING KINDNESS... 193
 Low in a manger... 119
 LOYALTY TO CHRIST... 18

M

MAJESTIC SWEETNESS SITS. 164
 MAKE CHRIST YOUR... 92
 MAKE ME WHITE AS SNOW. 260
 Many are anxiously... 5
 Many are turning from... 66
 March along with a song... 120
 MARCHING IN HIS NAME... 148
 MASTER THE TEMPEST IS... 146
 MEMORIES OF GALILEE... 15
 Mine eyes have seen the... 223
 MORE ABOUT JESUS... 51
 MORE LIKE THE MASTER... 58
 My country 'tis of Thee... 284
 My days are gliding... 77
 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO... 160
 MY FATHER KNOWS... 139
 MY HAPPY HOME... 221
 My heavenly home... 237
 My hope is built on... 173
 MY JESUS AS THOU WILT... 203
 MY JESUS I LOVE THEE... 213
 MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL... 56
 MY SHEPHERD... 210
 MY SOUL BE ON THY... 236
 My soul in sad exile... 280
 My soul is so happy in... 26
 MY SOUL'S DESIRE... 25

N

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE... 186
 NEARER THE CROSS... 218
 NEAR THE CROSS... 61
 No beautiful chamber... 140
 NO COMPROMISE... 3
 NO ROOM IN THE INN... 140

NOBODY TOLD ME OF JESUS. 53
 NOT FAR FROM THE... 29
 NOW IS THE TIME... 97
 NOW THE DAY IS OVER... 264

O

O COULD I SPEAK... 232
 O DAY OF REST AND... 176
 O eyes that are weary... 215
 O for a thousand tongues... 231
 O HAPPY DAY... 183
 O have you not heard... 45-76
 O Heart of grief... 20
 O how often I think as I... 74
 O JESUS THOU ART... 181
 O lost ones in danger... 104
 O THAT WILL BE GLORY... 8
 O the joy of the souls... 96
 O think of the home over... 225
 O thou God of my... 245
 O TURN YE... 214-216
 O youth with life before... 92
 OH HOW I LOVE JESUS... 175
 Oh swiftly the moments... 121
 O'er Judah's plain... 44
 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN... 196
 Only one thing my soul... 25
 ONLY TRUST HIM... 182
 ON JORDAN'S STORMY... 226
 ON MY KNEES... 81
 On the mountain's top... 244
 ONWARD AND FORWARD... 102
 ONWARD CHRISTIAN... 102-152
 OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE... 113
 OVER AND OVER AGAIN... 86

P

PASS ME NOT... 55
 PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM... 315
 PRAISE HIM WITH STRAINS... 147
 PRECIOUS PROMISE... 47

R

RAISE ME JESUS TO THY... 133
 REAPERS FOR THE... 150
 RESCUE THE PERISHING... 85
 REVIVE US AGAIN... 184
 RING THE BELLS OF... 279
 ROCK OF AGES... 171

S

SAFELY THROUGH... 172
 SATISFIED... 14
 SAVED! SAVED!... 70
 Savior Thy dying love... 187
 SCATTER SEEDS OF... 80
 SCATTER SUNSHINE... 33
 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE... 268
 SHOUT THE TIDINGS... 100

SINCE I HAVE BEEN 199
 Since I lost my sins 200
 Sing the wondrous love... 52
 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY... 276
 SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT... 263
 SOLDIERS FOR THE KING... 120
 SOMEBODY DID A GOLDEN... 65
 SOMEBODY KNOWS... 126
 SOME DAY MAY BE TOO... 105
 Some day you say while... 105
 SOMETHING FOR JESUS... 187
 SOMETHING IN THAT... 84
 Somewhere the sun is... 135
 So precious is Jesus... 6
 Sowing in the morning... 17
 SPEND ONE HOUR WITH... 16
 STANDING ON THE... 278
 STAND UP FOR JESUS... 179
 SUNDAY SCHOOL CADETS... 116
 SUN OF MY SOUL... 159
 SUNSHINE AND RAIN... 31
 SWEET BY AND BY... 222
 Sweet is the promise... 38

T

TAKE ME AS I AM... 163
 TAKE MY LIFE AND LET... 71
 TAKE THE BIBLE WITH... 108b
 Take the name of Jesus... 108a
 TELL IT AGAIN... 34
 TELL IT WHEREVER YOU... 10
 THAT SWEET STORY... 49
 THE BIRDS' NEST... 115
 THE BLOOD IS ALL MY... 219
 THE CAUSE OF... 39
 THE GATE AJAR... 220
 THE GLORY SONG... 8
 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN... 165
 THE HALF HAS NEVER... 57
 THE HANDWRITING ON... 138
 THE HAVEN OF REST... 280
 THE HEAVENLY HOME... 237
 THE HOME OVER THERE... 225
 THE HOUR OF PRAYER... 101
 THE KING'S BUSINESS... 12
 THE LAND OF ENDLESS... 149

The Lord is my Shepherd... 210
 The love of Jesus... 68
 THE MORNING LIGHT IS... 180
 The night shadows gather... 36
 THE OLD CHURCH BELL... 73
 THE OLD TIME RELIGION... 261
 The powers of sin and... 39
 THE PRECIOUS NAME... 108
 THE SHINING SHORE... 77
 THE SOLID ROCK... 173
 The storehouse of God... 94
 THE SUNDAY SCHOOL... 114
 THE SUN WILL SHINE... 20
 THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND... 125
 The voice of the Father... 29
 THE WAY OF THE CROSS... 2
 THE WAY-SIDE CROSS... 82
 There are angels hovering... 258
 THERE IS A... 206-207-208
 There is a gate that... 220
 THERE IS A LAND... 242
 There is a name I love... 175
 THERE IS GLORY IN MY... 200
 There is something in the... 84
 THERE'S A GREAT DAY... 281
 There's a land that is... 222
 There's a song in my... 127
 There's a stranger at the... 155
 THERE'S A WIDENESS... 233
 They tell of a city... 54
 'TIS MIDNIGHT AND ON... 91
 'Tis the grandest theme... 253
 TRUST HIS PRECIOUS... 7

U

UNDER THE CROSS... 230
 Up on my knees... 81
 Up to the bountiful Giver... 37

W

WALK IN THE LIGHT... 240
 WASH ME IN THE BLOOD... 206
 Weary soul by sin... 16
 We may lighten toil and... 48
 We must win them one by... 60
 We praise Thee O God... 184
 We're cadets that want... 116
 WE'RE KNEELING AT THE... 256

WERE YOU THERE... 83
 What a Fellowship... 277
 WHAT A FRIEND... 227
 What is making life so... 19
 What is sweeter tell me... 125
 WHAT MORE CAN HE DO... 104
 What wondrous love the... 69
 When all my labors and... 8
 When earthly cares and... 67
 When I have finished... 14
 WHEN I SURVEY THE... 194
 When my earthly day is... 22
 When my life work is... 56
 When peace like a river... 272
 When the blessed Savior... 32
 When the old church... 73
 When the roll is called... 274
 When the trumpet of the... 274
 When upon life's billows... 78
 WHEN WE ALL GET TO... 52
 WHERE HE LEADS ME... 107
 WHERE THEY NEED NO... 22
 WHERE WE'LL NEVER... 45
 WHICH ARE YOU... 40
 Which way shall I take... 82
 WHILE JESUS WHISPERS... 275
 WHITER THAN SNOW... 259
 WHOM HAVE YOU... 5
 Whosoever heareth... 271
 WHOSOEVER WILL... 271
 WHO WILL GO?... 89
 WHY NOT YOU... 66
 WILLING AM I... 41
 WILL THERE BE ANY... 30
 WILL YOU BE SAVED BY... 247
 WIN THEM ONE BY ONE... 60
 Would you care if some... 53
 Would you feel your life... 7

Y

Ye who believe in the... 147
 YIELD NOT TO... 273
 You have heard of the... 130
 YOUR MILESTONE... 121
 YOUR MISSION... 228
 YOUR SAVIOR IS CALLING... 99

Responsive Readings

Beatitudes, The... 310
 Christian Standard, The... 308
 Closing Sentences... 288
 Communion... 286
 Confessing Christ... 296
 Confidence... 301
 Conversion of the Jailer... 290
 Dominion... 299
 Easter... 305

Fellowship... 306
 God's Law... 300
 Grace of Giving, The... 287
 Holy Spirit, The... 289
 Hope... 302
 Love... 309
 Mercy... 304
 Mizpah... 311
 New Birth, The... 295

Prayer... 293
 Prophecy... 292
 Repentance... 294
 Righteousness... 297
 Salvation... 298
 Temperance... 307
 Trust... 303
 Wine is a Mockery... 291

